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EDITED BY J. Y. W. MACALISTER AND
ALFRED W. POLLARD

IN COLLABORATION WITH
KONRAD BURGER
LÉOPOLD DELISLE MELVIL DEWEY

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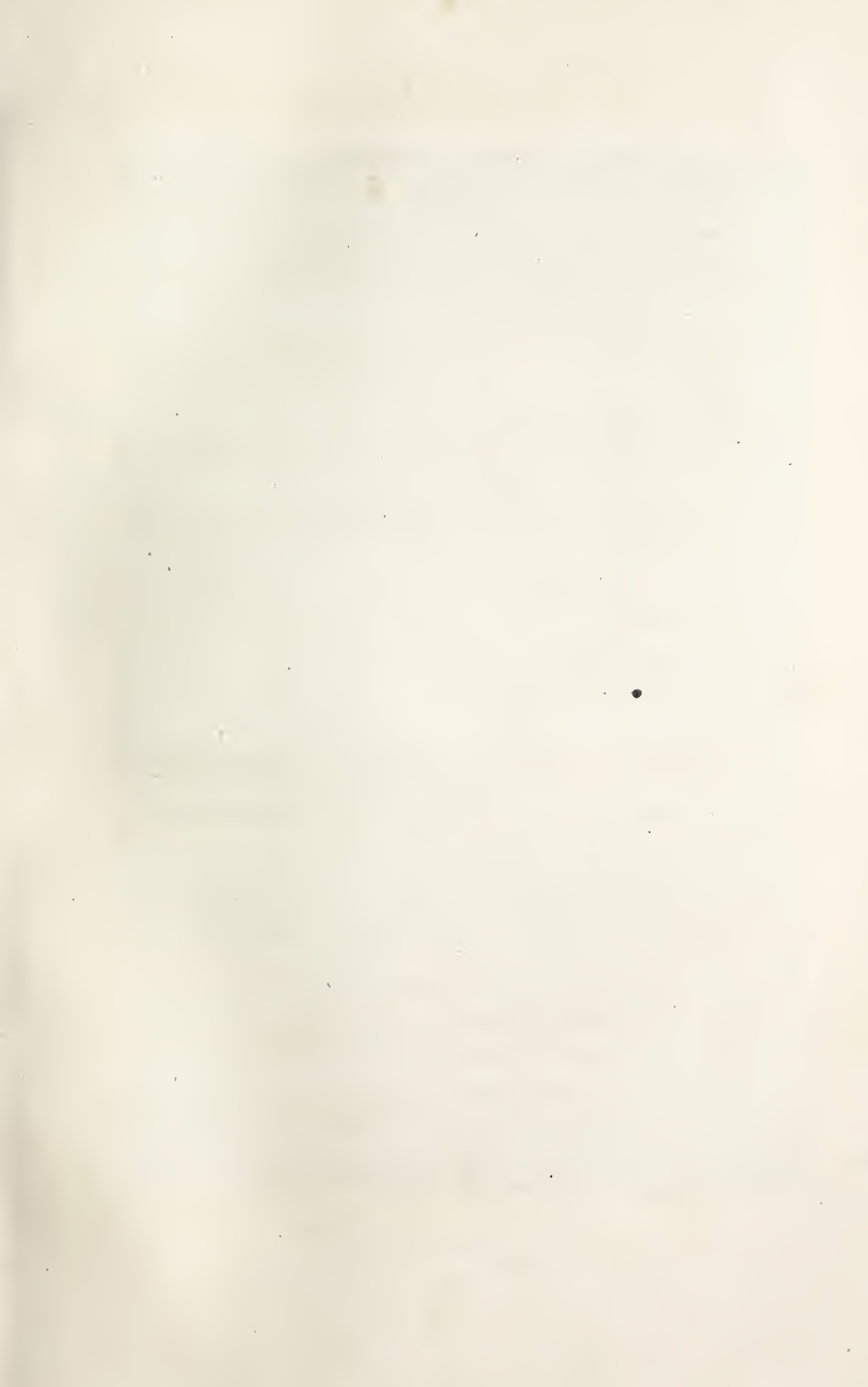
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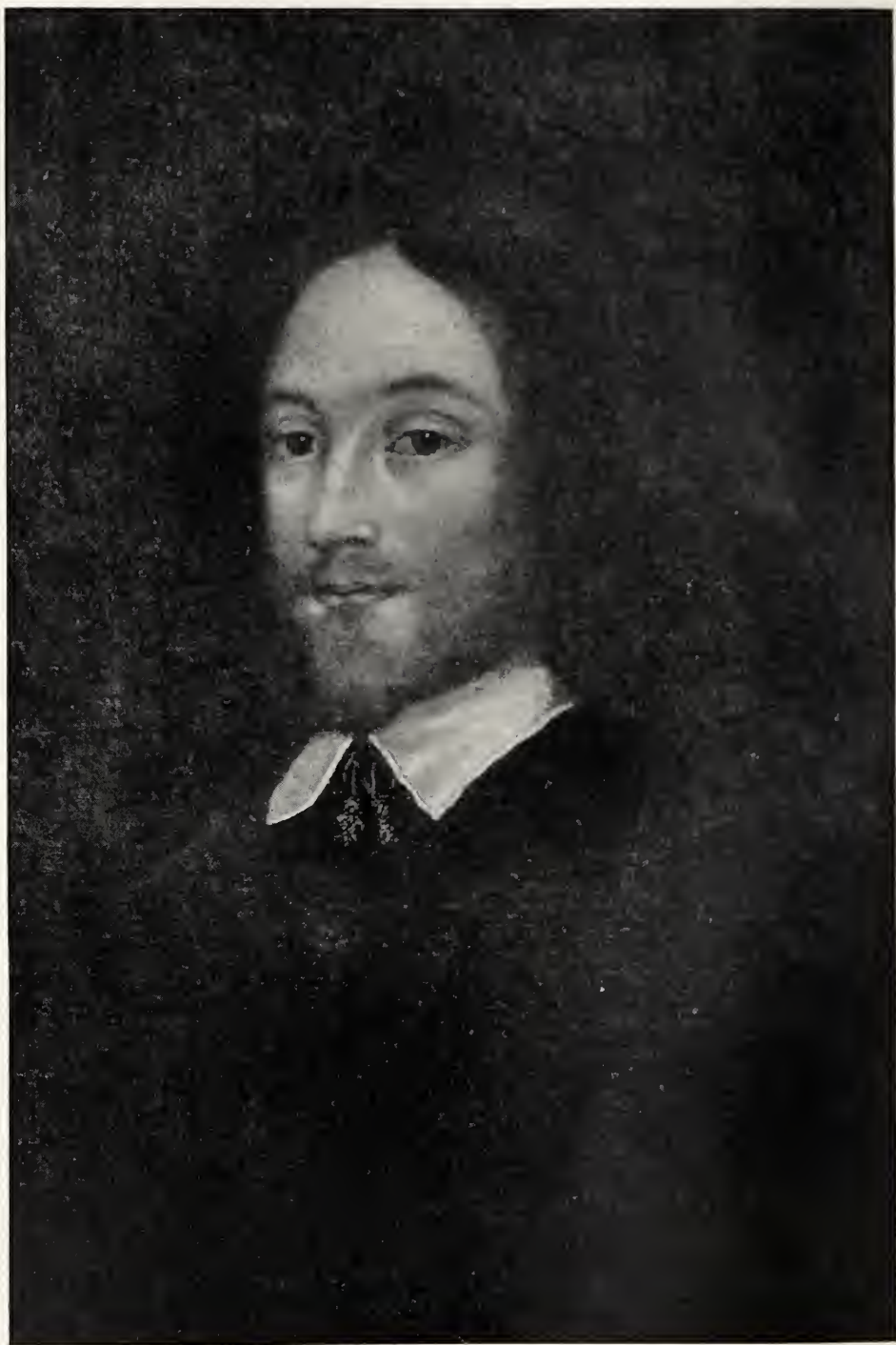
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SIR THOMAS BROWNE

From the portrait at St. Peter's Mancroft, Norwich

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THE 'RELIGIO MEDICI.'¹



As a boy it was my good fortune to come under the influence of a parish priest of the Gilbert White type, who followed the seasons of Nature no less ardently than those of the Church, and whose excursions into science had brought him into contact with physic and physicians. Father Johnson, as his friends loved to call him, founder and Warden of the Trinity College School near Toronto, illustrated that angelical conjunction (to use Cotton Mather's words) of medicine and divinity more common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than in the nineteenth. An earnest student of Sir Thomas Browne, particularly of the 'Religio Medici,' he often read to us extracts in illustration of the beauty of the English language, or he would entertain us with some of the author's quaint conceits, such as the man without a navel (Adam), or that woman was the rib and crooked piece of man. The copy which I hold in my hand (J. T. Fields's

¹ An address delivered at the Physical Society, Guy's Hospital, October 12, 1905.

edition of 1862), my companion ever since my schooldays, is the most precious book in my library. I mention these circumstances in extenuation of an enthusiasm which has enabled me to make this almost complete collection of the editions of his works I show you this evening, knowing full well the compassionate feeling with which the bibliomaniac is regarded by his saner colleagues.

I.—THE MAN.

The little Thomas was happy in his entrance upon the stage, 19th October, 1605. Among multiplied acknowledgements, he could lift up one hand to Heaven (as he says) that he was born of honest parents, 'that modesty, humility, patience, and veracity lay in the same egg, and came into the world' with him. Of his father, a London merchant, but little is known. There is at Devonshire House a family picture which shows him to have been a man of fine presence, looking not unworthy of the future philosopher, a child of three or four years, seated on his mother's knee. She married a second time, Sir Thomas Dutton, a man of wealth and position, who gave his stepson every advantage of education and travel. We lack accurate information of the early years—of the school days at Winchester, of his life at Broadgate Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford, and of the influences which induced him to study medicine. Possibly he got his inspiration from the Regius Professor of Medicine, the elder Clayton, the Master of Broadgate Hall and afterwards of Pembroke College. That he was a dis-

tinguished undergraduate is shown in his selection at the end of the first year in residence to deliver an oration at the opening of Pembroke College. Possibly between the years 1626, when he took the B.A., and 1629, when he commenced M.A., he may have been engaged in the study of medicine; but Mr. Charles Williams, of Norwich, who is perhaps more familiar than any one living with the history of our author, does not think it likely that he began until he went abroad. In these years he could at least have 'entered upon the physic line' and could have proceeded to the M.B. He was too early to participate in the revival of science in Oxford, but even after that had occurred Sydenham flung the cruel reproach at his Alma Mater that he would as soon send a man to her to learn shoemaking as practical physic. It was possible, of course, to pick up a little knowledge of medicine from the local practitioners and from the Physic Garden, together with the lectures of the Regius Professor, who, as far as we know, had not at any rate the awkward failing of his more distinguished son, who could not look upon blood without fainting, and in consequence had to hand over his anatomy lectures to a deputy.

Clayton's studies and work would naturally be of a somewhat mixed character, and at that period even many of those whose chief business was theology were interested in natural philosophy, of which medicine formed an important part. Burton refers to an address delivered about this time by Clayton dealing with the mutual relations of mind and body. The 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' which appeared in 1621, must have proved a stimulating *bonne bouche* for

the Oxford men of the day, and I like to think of the eagerness with which so ardent a student as Browne of Pembroke would have pounced on the second and enlarged edition which appeared in 1624. He may, indeed, have been a friend of Burton, or he may have formed one of a group of undergraduates to watch Democritus Junior leaning over the bridge and laughing at the bargees as they swore at each other. It is stated, I know not with what authority, that Browne practised in Oxford for a time.

After a visit to Ireland with his stepfather he took the grand tour—France, Italy, and Holland—spending two years in study. Of his Continental trip our knowledge is very meagre. He went to Montpellier, still famous, but failing, where he probably listened to the teaching of Riviere, whose 'Praxis' was for years the leading textbook in Europe—thence to Padua, where he must have heard the celebrated Sanctorius of the *Medicina Statica*—then on to Leyden, just rising into prominence, where it is said he took his doctor's degree in 1633. Of this, however, there is no certainty. A few years ago I looked through the register of that famous University, but failed to find his name. At the end of two years' travel he may have had cobwebs in his pocket, and the Leyden degree was expensive, as that quaint old contemporary of Browne, the Rev. John Ward of Stratford-on-Avon, tells us ('Diary'): 'Mr. Burnet had a letter out of the Low Countries of the charge of a doctor's degree, which is at Leyden about £16, besides feasting the professors; at Angers in France, not above £9, and feasting not necessary neither.' No doubt the

young Englishman got of the best that there was in the teaching of the day, and from the 'Religio' one learns that he developed from it an extraordinary breadth of culture, and a charity not always granted to travellers. He pierced beneath the shell of nationalism into the heart of the people among whom he lived, feeling at home everywhere and in every clime; hence the charity, rare in a Protestant, expressed so beautifully in the lines: 'I can dispense with my hat at the sight of a cross, but scarce with the thought of my Saviour.'

He must have made good use of his exceptional opportunities as he was able to boast, in a humble way it is true, that he understood six languages.

Returning to England in 1634 he settled at Shibden Dale, close to Halifax, not, as Mr. Charles Williams has pointed out, to practice his profession, but to recruit his health, somewhat impaired by shipwreck and disease. Here, in Upper Shibden Hall, he wrote the 'Religio Medici,' the book by which to-day his memory is kept green among us. In his travels he had doubtless made many observations on men and in his reading had culled many useful memoranda. He makes it quite clear—and is anxious to do so—that the book was written while he was very young. He says: 'My life is a miracle of thirty years.' 'I have not seen one revolution of Saturn.' 'My pulse hath not beat thirty years.' Indeed, he seems to be of Plato's opinion that the pace of life slackens after this date, and there is a note of sadness in his comment, that while the radical humour may contain sufficient oil for seventy, 'in some it gives no light past thirty,' and

he adds that those dying at this age should not complain of immaturity. In the quiet Yorkshire valley, with leisurable hours for his private exercise and satisfaction, the manuscript was completed, 'with,' as he says, 'such disadvantages that (I protest) from the first setting pen to paper I had not the assistance of any good book.' 'Communicated to one it became common to many,' and at last in 1642, seven years after its completion, reached the press in a depraved form.

In 1637, at the solicitation of friends, Browne moved to Norwich, with which city, so far as we know, he had had no previous connection. At that date the East Anglian capital had not become famous in the annals of medicine. True, she had given Caius to the profession, but he had only practised there for a short time and does not seem to have had any special influence on her destinies. Sir Thomas Browne may be said to be the first of the long list of worthies who have in the past two and a-half centuries made Norwich famous among the provincial towns of the kingdom. Here for forty-five years he lived the quiet, uneventful life of a student-practitioner, absorbed, like a sensible man, in his family, his friends, his studies and his patients. It is a life of singular happiness to contemplate. In 1641 he married Dorothy Mileham, 'a lady of such a symmetrical proportion to her worthy husband—that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism.' In the 'Religio' he had said some hard things of the gentle goddess and had expressed himself very strongly against Nature's method for the propagation of the race. He be-

lieved, with Milton, that the world should have been populated 'without feminine,' and in almost identical words they wish that some way less trivial and vulgar had been found to generate mankind. Dame Dorothy proved a good wife, a fruitful branch, bearing ten children. We have a pleasant picture of her in her letters to her boys and to her daughter-in-law in a spelling suggestive of Pitman's phonetics. She seems to have had in full measure the simple piety and the tender affection mentioned on her monument in St. Peter's Church. The domestic correspondence (Wilkin's edition of the 'Works') gives interesting glimpses of the family life, the lights and shadows of a cultured English home. The two boys were all that their father could have wished. Edward, the elder, had a distinguished career, following his father's footsteps in the profession and reaching the dignity of the Presidency of the Royal College of Physicians. Inheriting his father's tastes, as the letters between them prove, his wide interests in natural history and archaeology are shown in his well-known book of 'Travels,' and I am fortunate in possessing a copy of the 'Hydriotaphia' with his autograph.

Edward's son, the 'Tommy' of the letters, the delight of his grandfather, also became a physician, and practised with his father. He died in 1710 under rather unfortunate circumstances, and with him the male line of Sir Thomas ended. Of the younger son we have, in the letters, a charming picture—a brave sailor-lad with many of his father's tastes, who served with great distinction in the Dutch wars, in which he met (it is supposed) a sailor's death. The eldest

daughter married Henry Fairfax, and through their daughter, who married the Earl of Buchan, there are to-day among the Buchans and Erskines the only existing representatives of Sir Thomas.

The waves and storms of the Civil War scarcely reached the quiet Norwich home. Browne was a staunch Royalist, and his name occurs among the citizens who in 1643 refused to contribute to a fund for the recapture of the town of Newcastle. It is astonishing how few references occur in his writings to the national troubles, which must have tried his heart sorely. In the preface to the 'Religio' he gives vent to his feelings, lamenting not only the universal tyranny of the Press, but the defamation of the name of his Majesty, the degradation of Parliament, and the writings of both 'depravedly, anticipatively, counterfeitedly, imprinted.' In one of the letters he speaks of the execution of Charles I as 'horrid murther,' and in another he calls Cromwell a usurper. In civil wars physicians of all men suffer least, as the services of able men are needed by both parties, and time and again it has happened that an even-balanced soul, such as our author, has passed quietly through terrible trials, doing the day's work with closed lips. Corresponding with the most active decades of his life, in which his three important works were issued, one might have expected to find in them reference to the Civil War, or, at least, echoes of the great change wrought by the Commonwealth, but, like Fox, in whose writings the same silence has been noticed, whatever may have been his feelings, he preserved a discreet silence. His own rule of life,

no doubt, is expressed in the advice to his son: 'Times look troublesome, but you have an honest and peaceable profession which may employ you, and discretion to guide your words and actions.'

Busy with his professional work, interested in natural history, in archaeology, and in literature, with a wide circle of scientific friends and correspondents, the glimpses of Browne's life, which we have from the letters, are singularly attractive. He adopted an admirable plan in the education of his children, sending them abroad, and urging them to form early habits of independence. His younger boy, Thomas, he sent at the age of fourteen to France, alone, and he remarks in one of his letters to him: 'He that hath learnt not in France travelleth in vain.' Everywhere in the correspondence with his children there is evidence of good, practical sense. He tells one of the boys to 'cast off *pudor rusticus*, and to have a handsome garb of his body.' Even the daughters were taken to France. In his souvenir of Sir Thomas Browne Mr. Charles Williams has given an illustration of his house, a fine old building which was unfortunately torn down some years ago, though the handsome mantelpiece has been preserved.

An interesting contemporary account has been left by Evelyn, who paid a visit to Sir Thomas in 1673. He says: '. . . the whole house being a paradise and a cabinet of rarities, and that of the best collections, especially medails, books, plants, and natural things. Amongst other curiosities, Sir Thomas had a collection of the eggs of all the foule and birds he could procure, that country, especially

the promintory of Norfolck, being frequented, as he said, by several kinds which seldom or never go further into the land, as cranes, storkes, eagles, and a variety of other foule.'

After Dr. Edward Browne was established in London the letters show the keen interest Sir Thomas took in the scientific work of the day. Writing of his son's lecture on anatomy at the Chirurgical Hall, he warns him that he would have more spectators than auditors, and after that first day, as the lecture was in Latin, 'very many will not be earnest to come here-after.' He evidently takes the greatest interest in his son's progress, and constantly gives him suggestions with reference to new points that are coming up in the literature. Here and there are references to important medical cases, and comments upon modes of treatment. It is interesting to note the prevalence of agues, even of the severe haemorrhagic types, and his use of Peruvian bark. In one of the letters a remarkable case of pneumothorax is described: 'A young woman who had a juking and fluctuation in her chest so that it might be heard by standers-by.' Evidently he had a large and extensive practice in the Eastern Counties, and there are numerous references to the local physicians. There is a poem extolling his skill in the despaired-of case of Mrs. E. S., three or four of the lines of which are worth quoting:

He came, saw, cur'd! Could Caesar's self do more;
Galen, Hippocrates, London's four-score
Of ffamous Colledge . . . had these heard him read
His lecture on this Skeliton, half dead;

And seen his modest eye search every part,
Judging, not seeing.

The correspondence with his son is kept up to the time of his death. Only part of the letters appears in Wilkin's 'Life,' and there are many extant worthy of publication.

In 1671 he was knighted by Charles II. In 1664 he was made an honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, with which, through his son, he had close affiliations. His name does not appear in the roll of the Royal Society, with the spirit and objects of which he must yet have had the warmest sympathy. He was in correspondence with many of the leading men of the day—Evelyn, Grew, Elias Ashmole, Dugdale, Paston, Aubrey, and others. The letters deal with a remarkable variety of subjects—natural history, botany, chemistry, magic and archaeology, etc. The 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica' (1646) extended his reputation among all classes and helped to bring him into close relationship with the virtuosi of the period. There is in the Bodleian a delightful letter from Mr. Henry Bates, a wit of the court, a few extracts from which will give you an idea of the extravagant admiration excited by his writings: 'Sir,—Amongst those great and due acknowledgements this horizon owes you for imparting your sublime solid phansie to them in that incomparable piece of invention and judgment, R. M. gives mee leave, sir, here at last to tender my share, which I wish I could make proportionable to the value I deservedly sett upon it, for truly, sir, ever since I had the happiness to know your religion I have religiously honoured

you; hug'd your Minerva in my bosome, and voted it my *vade mecum*.' . . . 'I am of that opinion still, that next the "Legenda Dei," it is the master piece of Christendome; and though I have met sometimes with some *omnes sic ego vero non sic* men prejudicating pates, who bogled at shadowes in 't, and carpt at atoms, and have so strappadoed me into impatience with their senseless censures, yet this still satisfied my zeal toward it, when I found *non intelligunt* was the nurse of their *vituperant*, and they onely stumbled for want of a lanthorne.'¹

While interested actively in medicine, Browne does not seem to have been on intimate terms with his great contemporaries—Harvey, Sydenham, or Glisson—though he mentions them, and always with respect. He was a prudent, prosperous man, generous to his children and to his friends. He subscribed liberally to his old school at Winchester, to the rebuilding of the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and to the repairs at Christ Church, Oxford. A life placid, uneventful, and easy, without stress or strain, happy in his friends, his family, and his work, he expressed in it that harmony of the inner and of the outer man which it is the aim of all true philosophy to attain, and which he inculcated so nobly and in such noble words in the 'Religio Medici' and in the 'Christian Morals.'

A description of him given by his friend, the Rev. John Whitefoot, is worth quoting: 'He was never seen to be transported with mirth or dejected with sadness; always cheerful but rarely merry, at any sensible rate; seldom heard to break a jest, and

¹ Wilkin, vol. i., p. 253.

when he did he would be apt to blush at the levity of it. His gravity was natural, without affectation.'

The end came unexpectedly in his seventy-seventh year, after a sharp attack of colic, on his birthday, October 5th, 1682—a curious coincidence of which he speaks in the 'Letter to a Friend': 'But in persons who outlive many years, and when there are no less than 365 days to determine their lives every year—that the first day should make the last, that the tail of the snake should return into its mouth precisely at that time, and they should wind up upon the day of their nativity—is, indeed, a remarkable coincidence, which, though astrology hath taken witty pains to solve, yet hath it been very wary in making predictions of it.'

There are three good portraits of Sir Thomas—one in the College of Physicians, London, which is the best known and has been often reproduced, and from which is taken the frontispiece in Greenhill's edition of the 'Religio Medici'; a second is in the Bodleian, and this also has frequently been reproduced; the third is in the vestry of St. Peter's Mancroft, Norwich. Through the kindness of Mr. Charles Williams it is here reproduced as a frontispiece to this number of 'The Library.' In many ways it is the most pleasing of the three, and Browne looks in it a younger man, closer to the days of the 'Religio.' There is a fourth picture, the frontispiece to the fifth edition of the 'Pseudodoxia,' but it is so unlike the others that I doubt very much if it could have been Sir Thomas. If it was, he must have suffered from the artist, as did Milton, whose picture in the frontispiece to the

'Poems,' 1645, is a base caricature, but Browne has not had the satisfaction of Milton's joke and happy revenge.

II.—THE BOOK.

As a book the 'Religio Medici' has had an interesting history. Written at 'leisurable hours and for his private exercise and satisfaction,' it circulated in manuscript among friends, 'and was by transcription successively corrupted, until it arrived in a most depraved copy at the press.' Two surreptitious editions were issued by Andrew Crooke in 1642 (Fig. 1), both in small octavo, with an engraved frontispiece by Marshall representing a man falling from a rock (the earth) into the sea of eternity, but caught by a hand issuing from the clouds, under which is the legend 'A Coelo Salus.' Johnson suggests that the author may not have been ignorant of Crooke's design, but was very willing to let a tentative edition be issued—'a stratagem by which an author panting for fame, and yet afraid of seeming to challenge it, may at once gratify his vanity and preserve the appearance of modesty.'

There are at least six manuscripts of the 'Religio' in existence, all presenting minor differences, which bear out the author's contention that by transcription they had become depraved. One in the Wilkin collection, in the Castle Museum, Norwich, is in the author's handwriting. Had Browne been party to an innocent fraud he would scarcely have allowed Crooke to issue within a year a second imperfect edition—not simply a second impression, as the two differ in the size and number of the pages,



(1). FRONTISPIECE OF THE
SURREPTITIOUS EDITION



(2). FRONTISPIECE OF THE
AUTHORIZED EDITION

and present also minor differences in the text. The authorized edition appeared in the following year by the same publisher and with the same frontispiece, with the following words at the foot of the plate: 'A true and full copy of that which was most imperfectly and surreptitiously printed before under the name of "Religio Medici"' (Fig. 2). It was issued anonymously, with a preface, signed 'A. B.': 'To such as have or shall peruse the observations upon a former corrupt copy of this Booke.' A curious incident here links together two men, types of the intellectual movement of their generation—both students, both mystics—the one a quiet observer of nature, an antiquary and a physician; the other a restless spirit, a bold buccaneer, a politician, a philosopher, and an amateur physician. Sir Kenelm Digby, committed to Winchester House by the Parliamentarians, had heard favourably from the Earl of Dorset of the 'Religio Medici.' Though late in the day, 'the magnetic motion,' as he says, 'was impatience to have the booke in his hands,' so he sent at once to St. Paul's churchyard for it. He was in bed when it came. 'This good natur'd creature I could easily perswade to be my bedfellow and to wake me as long as I had any edge to entertain myselfe with the delights I sucked in from so noble a conversation. And truly I closed not my eyes till I had enricht myselfe with (or at least exactly surveyed) all the treasures that are lapt up in the folds of those new sheets.' Sir Kenelm holds the record for reading in bed; not only did he read the 'Religio' through, but he wrote 'Observations' upon it the same night

in the form of a letter to his friend, which extends to three-fourths of the size of the 'Religio' itself. As Johnson remarks, he 'returned his judgement of it not in the form of a letter but of a book.' He dates it at the end 'the 22nd. (I think I may say the 23rd, for I am sure it is morning and I think it is day) of December, 1642.' Johnson says that its principal claim to admiration is that it was written within twenty-four hours, of which part was spent in procuring Browne's book and part in reading it. Sir Kenelm was a remarkable man, but in connection with his statements it may be well to remember the reputation he had among his contemporaries, Stubbs calling him 'the Pliny of our age for lying.' However this may be, his criticisms of the work are exceedingly interesting and often just. This little booklet of Sir Kenelm has floated down the stream of literature, reappearing at intervals attached to editions of the 'Religio,' while his weightier tomes are deep in the ooze at the bottom.

The 'Religio Medici' became popular with remarkable rapidity. As Johnson remarks, 'It excited attention by the novelty of paradoxes, the dignity of sentiment, the quick succession of images, the multitude of abstrusive allusions, subtilty of disquisition, and the strength of language.' A Cambridge student — Merryweather — travelling in Europe, translated it into Latin, and it was published in 1644 by Hackius at Leyden in a very neat volume. A second impression appeared in the same year, and also a Paris edition—a reprint of the Leyden. The Continental scholars were a good deal puzzled and not altogether certain of the

orthodoxy of the work. Merryweather, in a very interesting letter (1649) says that he had some difficulty in getting a printer at Leyden. Salmasius, to whom Haye, a book merchant, took it for approbation, said 'that there was in it many things well said, but that it contained also many exorbitant conceptions in religion and would probably find much frowning entertainment, especially amongst the ministers.' Two other printers also refused it. The most interesting Continental criticism is by that distinguished member of the profession, Guy Patin, professor in the Paris Faculty of Medicine. In a letter to Charles Spon of Lyons, dated Paris, October 21st, 1644, he mentions having received a little book called the 'Religio Medici,' written by an Englishman, 'a very mystical book containing strange and ravishing thoughts.' In a letter, dated 1645, he says 'the book is in high credit here; the author has wit, and there are abundance of fine things in the book. He is a humorist whose thoughts are very agreeable, but who, in my opinion, is to seek for a master in religion may in the end find none.' Patin thought the author in a parlous state, and as he was still alive he might grow worse as well as better. Evidently, however, the work became a favourite one with him, as in letters of 1650-1653-1657 he refers to it again in different editions. It is remarkable that he nowhere mentions the author by name, but subsequently when Edward Browne was a student in Paris Patin sends kindly greetings to his father.

Much discussion occurred on the Continent as to the orthodoxy of the 'Religio.' It is no slight

compliment to the author that he should have been by one claimed as a Catholic, by another denounced as an Atheist, while a member of the Society of Friends saw in him a likely convert. The book was placed on the 'Index.' In England, with the exception of Digby's 'Observations,' there were no

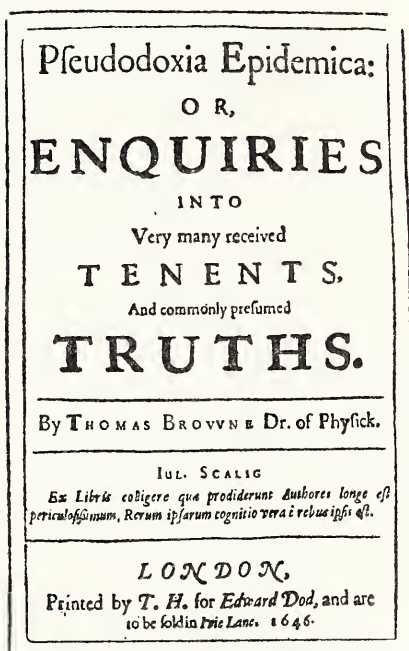


FIG. 3.—TITLE-PAGE OF THE
'PSEUDODOXIA.'

editions shows that all have the same frontispiece and are, with slight variations, reprints of that of 1643. The work also began to be reprinted with the 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica' (third edition, 1659). The Latin editions followed each other rapidly. As I mentioned, it first appeared at Leyden in 1644, and was reprinted the same year there and in Paris; then in 1650 in Leyden again, in 1652 in Strassburg, and in the same place in 1665 and 1667.

adverse criticisms of any note. Alexander Ross, that interesting old Southampton schoolmaster, who seems always to have been ready for an intellectual tilt, wrote a criticism entitled 'Medicus Medicatus, or the Physician's Religion cured by a Lenitive or Gentle Potion.'

In England there were two reprints in 1645, and it appeared again in the years 1656, 1659, 1669, 1672, and in 1682, the year of Browne's death.

A comparison of the early

The most important of these editions was that of Strassburg, 1652, with elaborate notes by Moltkuis, of which Guy Patin speaks as 'miserable examples of pedantry,' and indeed stigmatizes the commentator as a fool. The Dutch translation appeared in 1655 and a French in 1668, so that altogether during the author's lifetime there were at least twenty editions of the work.

In the seventeenth century there were in all twenty-two editions. In the eighteenth century there were four English editions, one Latin, and one German. Then a long interval of seventy-seven years elapsed, until in 1831 Thomas Chapman, a young Exeter College man, brought out a neat little edition, my own copy of which is made precious by many marginal notes by S. T. Coleridge, who was one of the earliest and most critical among the students of Sir Thomas. In the same year the first American edition was published, edited by the Rev. Alexander Young, of Boston. In 1838 appeared an excellent edition by J. A. St. John, 'traveller, linguist, author, and editor,' and in 1844 Longman's edition by John Peace, the librarian of the City Library, Bristol. This edition was re-published in America by the house of Lea and Blanchard,¹ Philadelphia, the only occasion, I believe, on which the 'Religio' has been issued by a firm of medical publishers. In 1845 appeared Pickering's beautiful edition, edited, with many original notes, by the Rev. Henry Gardiner, in many ways the most choice of nineteenth century issues. In 1862 James Ticknor

¹ They did not issue an edition in 1848, as mentioned by Greenhill on the authority of J. T. Fields.

Fields, the well-known Boston scholar and publisher, brought out a very handsome edition, of which, for the first time in the history of the book, an *édition de luxe* was printed on larger paper. In 1869 appeared Sampson Low and Co.'s edition by Willis Bund; and in 1878 Rivington's edition edited by W. P. Smith. Then in 1881 there came what must always remain the standard edition, edited by Dr. Greenhill for the Golden Treasury Series, and reprinted repeatedly by Macmillan and Co. To his task Dr. Greenhill brought not only a genuine love of Sir Thomas Browne, but the accuracy of an earnest, painstaking scholar. Since the year 1881 a dozen or more editions have appeared, of which I may mention the excellent one by Dr. Lloyd Roberts, of Manchester. I may finish this dry summary by noting the contrast between the little parchment-covered surreptitious edition of 1642 and the sumptuous folio of the Vale Press. In all, including those which have appeared with the collected works, there have been about fifty-five editions. Browne states that the work had also been translated into High Dutch and into Italian, but I can find no record of these editions, nor of a German translation, 1680, mentioned by Watt.

Space will allow only a brief reference to Browne's other writings. 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica: or, Inquiries into very many received Tenets and commonly presumed Truths,' appeared in 1646 in this small folio (Fig. 4). In extent this is by far the most pretentious of Browne's works. It forms an extraordinary collection of old wives' fables and popular beliefs in every department of human know-

ledge, dealt with from the standpoint of the science of that day. In a way it is a strong protest against general credulity and inexactness of statement, and a plea for greater accuracy in the observation of facts and in the recording of them. Walter Pater has drawn attention to the striking resemblance between Browne's chapter on the sources of Error and Bacon's doctrine of the Idola—shams which men fall down and worship. He discusses cleverly the use of doubts; but, as Pater remarks, 'Browne was himself a rather lively example of entertainments of the Idols of the Cave—Idola Specus—and, like Boyle, Digby, and others, he could not quite free himself from the shackles of alchemy and a hankering for the philosopher's stone.' The work was very popular, and extended the reputation of the author very widely. Indeed, in 1646 Browne was not known at large as the author of the 'Religio,' as his name had not appeared on the title-page of any edition issued at that date. The Pseudodoxia was frequently reprinted, a sixth edition being published in 1672, and it appeared in French both in France and in Holland.

Equalling in popularity among certain people the 'Religio,' certainly next to it in importance, is the remarkable essay known as 'Hydriotaphia—

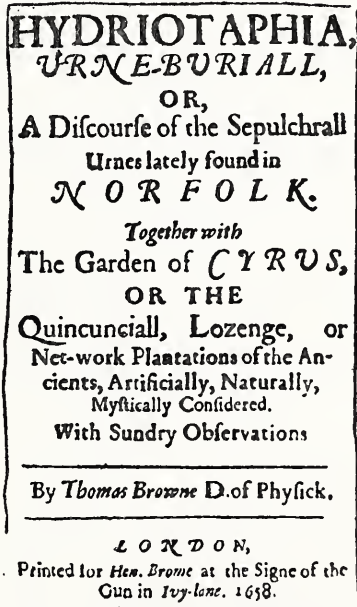


FIG. 4.—TITLE-PAGE OF
THE 'URN-BURIAL.'

Urne-Burial: or, A Discourse of the Sepulchrale Urnes lately found in Norfolk' (1658). Printed with it is 'The Garden of Cyrus,' a learned discourse on gardens of all forms in all ages. Naturally, when an unusual number of funeral urns were found at Walsingham, they were brought to the notice of Browne, the leading antiquary of the county. Instead of writing a learned disquisition upon their date—he thought them Roman, they were in reality Saxon—with accurate measurements and a catalogue of the bones, he touches upon the whole incident very lightly, but, using it as a text, breaks out into a noble and inspiring prose poem, a meditation upon mortality and the last sad rites of all nations in all times, with learned comments on modes of sepulchre, illustrated with much antiquarian and historical lore. Running through the work is an appropriate note of melancholy at the sad fate which awaits the great majority of us, upon whom the iniquity of oblivion must blindly scatter her poppy.' 'The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man.'

Nowhere in his writings does the prose flow with a more majestic roll. Take, for example, this one thought: 'If the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity unto it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs and no calamity in half senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying, when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politically cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old and before the days

of age. Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights, and time hath no wings unto it.'

Closely connected in sentiment with the 'Urn-Burial' is the thin folio pamphlet—the rarest of all Browne's works, printed posthumously in 1698—'A Letter to a Friend on the Occasion of the Death of his Intimate Friend' (Fig. 6). It is a splendid dissertation on death and modes of dying, and is a unique study of the slow progress to the grave of a consumptive. It is written in his most picturesque and characteristic vein, with such a charm of diction that some critics have given it the place of honour among his works. Pater, in most enthusiastic terms, speaks of it with the 'Urn-Burial' as 'the best justification of Browne's literary reputation.'

The tender sympathy with the poor relics of humanity which Browne expresses so beautifully in these two meditations has not been meted to his own. 'Who knows the fate of his bones or how often he is to be buried?' he asks. In 1840, while workmen were repairing the chancel of St. Peter Mancroft, the coffin of Sir Thomas was accidentally opened, and one of the workmen took the skull, which afterwards came into the possession of Dr. Edward Lubbock, who deposited it in the

A
L E T T E R
TO A
F R I E N D.
Upon occasion of the
D E A T H
OF HIS
Intimate Friend.

By the Learned
Sir THOMAS BROWN, Knight,
Doctor of Physick, late of *Norwich*.

L O N D O N :
Printed for *Charles Brome* at the Gun at the West End
of *S. Paul's Church-yard*. 1690.

FIG. 5.—TITLE-PAGE OF
'A LETTER TO A FRIEND.'

Museum of the Norfolk and Norwich Infirmary. When I first saw it there in 1872 there was on it a printed slip with these lines from the 'Hydriothaphia': 'To be knaved out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations escaped in burning burials.' The skull has been carefully described by Mr. Charles Williams, to whom I am indebted for the loan of photographs.

In addition to the 'Letter to a Friend,' there are three posthumous works, 'Certain Miscellany Tracts' (1684), edited by Archbishop Tenison, and 'Posthumous Works,' 1712, containing chiefly papers of antiquarian interest. In the same year, 1712, appeared the 'Christian Morals,' edited by Archdeacon Jeffrey of Norwich, from a manuscript found among Browne's papers. Probably a work of his later life, it forms a series of ethical fragments in a rich and stately prose which, in places, presents a striking parallelism to passages in the Hebrew poetry. The work is usually printed with the 'Religio,' to which in reality it forms a supplement.

Of the collected editions of Browne's works, the first, a fine folio, appeared in 1686. In 1836, Simon Wilkin, himself a Norwich man, edited the works with the devotion of an ardent lover of his old townsman, and with the critical accuracy of a scholar. All students of Sir Thomas remain under a lasting debt to Mr. Wilkin, and it is pleasant to know, that through the kindness of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Wilkin, of Sidmouth, a Sir Thomas Browne Library has been founded in connexion

with the Castle Museum, Norwich, in which Mr. Simon Wilkin's collections have been placed. A three-volume edition of the works is in course of publication by Grant Richards. 1904-5.

III.—APPRECIATION.

Critics from Johnson to Walter Pater have put on record their estimate of Browne and of his place in literature. Among these for keenness of appreciation Pater takes the first rank. Lamb and Coleridge dearly loved the old Norwich physician, in whom they found a kindred spirit. In America the New England writers, Ticknor, Fields, Holmes, and Lowell were ardent students of his works. Lowell in particular is fond of apt quotations from him, and in one place speaks of him as 'our most imaginative mind since Shakespeare.' But no one has put so briefly and so clearly the strong characters of our author as the French critic, Taine: 'Let us conceive a kindred spirit to Shakespeare's, a scholar and an observer instead of an actor and a poet, who in place of creating is occupied in comprehending, but who, like Shakespeare, applies himself to living things, penetrates their internal structure, puts himself in communication with their actual laws, imprints in himself fervently and scrupulously the smallest details of their figure; who at the same time extends his penetrating surmises beyond the region of observation, discerns behind visible phenomena a world obscure yet sublime, and trembles with a kind of veneration before the vast, indistinct,

but populous abyss on whose surface our little universe hangs quivering. Such a one is Sir Thomas Browne, a naturalist, a philosopher, a scholar, a physician, and a moralist, almost the last of the generation which produced Jeremy Taylor and Shakespeare. No thinker bears stronger witness to the wandering and inventive curiosity of the age. No writer has better displayed the brilliant and sombre imagination of the North. No one has spoken with a more elegant emotion of death, the vast night of forgetfulness, of the all devouring pit of human vanity which tries to create an immortality out of ephemeral glory or sculptured stones. No one has revealed in more glowing and original expressions the poetic sap which flows through all the minds of the age.'

The growing popularity of Browne's writings testifies to the assured position he holds, if not in the hearts of the many, at least in the hearts of that saving remnant which in each generation hands on the best traditions of our literature. We, who are members of his profession, may take a special pride in him. Among physicians, or teachers of physic, there is, perhaps, but one name in the very first rank. Rabelais stands apart with the kings and queens of literature. Among the princes of the blood there are differences of opinion as to their rank, but Sir Thomas Browne, Holmes, and John Brown of Edinburgh, form a group together high in the circle. Of the three, two were general practitioners; Oliver Wendell Holmes only in the early part of his life, and for forty years a teacher of anatomy; but all three have far closer ties with us

than Goldsmith, Smollett, or Keats, whose medical affiliations were titular rather than practical.

Burton, Browne, and Fuller have much in common—a rare quaintness, a love of odd conceits, and the faculty of apt illustrations drawn from out-of-the-way sources. Like Montaigne—Burton even more—Browne's bookishness is of a delightful kind, and yet, as he maintains, his best matter is not picked from the leaves of any author, but bred among the 'weeds and tares' of his own brain. In his style there is a lack of what the moderns call technique, but how pleasant it is to follow his thoughts, rippling like a burn, not the stilled formality of the technical artist in words, the cadencies of whose precise and mechanical expressions pall on the ear.

As has been remarked, the 'Religio Medici' is a *tour de force*, an attempt to combine daring scepticism with humble faith in the Christian religion. Sir Thomas confesses himself to be 'naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition.' He 'cannot hear the Ave Maria bell without an elevation.' He has no prejudices in religion, but subscribes himself a loyal son of the Church of England. In clear language he says, 'In brief, where the Scripture is silent the Church is my text; where that speaks it is but my comment. When there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my religion from Rome or Geneva, but from the dictates of my own reason.' He is hard on the controversialist in religion—'every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity,' etc. While he disclaims any 'taint or tincture' of heresy, he con-

fesses to a number of heretical hopes, such as the ultimate salvation of the race, and prayers for the dead. He freely criticizes certain seeming absurdities in the Bible narrative. His travels have made him cosmopolitan and free from all national prejudices. 'I feel not in myself those common antipathies that I can discover in others, those national repugnancies do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch; but where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen's, I honour, love, and embrace them in the same degree. I was born in the eighth climate, but seem for to be framed and constellated unto all. I am no plant that will not prosper out of a garden; all places, all airs, make unto me one country; I am in England, everywhere, and under any meridian.' Only the 'fool multitude' that chooses by show he holds up to derision as 'that numerous piece of monstrosity, which, taken asunder, seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God; but confused together, make but one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra.' He has a quick sympathy with the sorrows of others, and, though a physician, his prayer is with the husbandman and for healthful seasons. No one has put more beautifully the feeling which each one of us has had at times about patients: 'Let me be sick myself, if sometimes the malady of my patient be not a disease unto me; I desire rather to cure his infirmities than my own necessities; where I do him no good, methinks it is scarce honest gain; though I confess 'tis but the worthy salary of our well-intended endeavours.'

He has seen many countries, and has studied their customs and politics. He is well versed in astronomy and botany. He has run through all systems of philosophy but has found no rest in any. As death gives every fool gratis the knowledge which is won in this life with sweat and vexation, he counts it absurd to take pride in his achievements, though he understands six languages besides the patois of several provinces.

As a scientific man Browne does not take rank with many of his contemporaries. He had a keen power of observation, and in the 'Pseudodoxia' and in his letters there is abundant evidence that he was an able naturalist. He was the first to observe and describe the peculiar substance known as adipocere, and there are in places shrewd flashes, such as the suggestion that the virus of rabies may be mitigated by transmission from one animal to another. We miss in him the clear, dry light of science as revealed in the marvellous works of his contemporary, Harvey. Busy as a practical physician, he was an observer, not an experimenter to any extent, though he urges: 'Join sense unto reason and experiment unto speculation, and so give life unto embryo truths and verities yet in their chaos.' He had the highest veneration for Harvey, whose work he recognized as epoch making—'his piece, "*De Circul. Sang.*," which discovery I prefer to that of Columbus.' He recognized that in the faculty of observation the old Greeks were our masters, and that we must return to their methods if progress were to be made. He had a much clearer idea than had Sydenham of the value of

anatomy, and tells his young friend, Power of Halifax, to make *Autopsia* his *fidus Achates*.

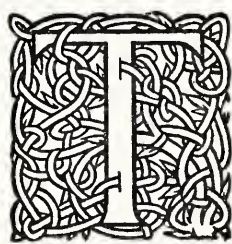
That he should have believed in witches, and that he should have given evidence in 1664 which helped to condemn two poor women, is always spoken of as a blot on his character; but a man must be judged by his times and his surroundings. While regretting his credulity, we must remember how hard it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries not to believe in witches—how hard, indeed, it should be to-day for any one who believes implicitly the Old Testament!—and men of the stamp of Reginald Scot and Johannes Wierus, who looked at the question from our point of view, were really anomalies, and their strong presentation of the rational side of the problem had very little influence on their contemporaries.

For the student of medicine the writings of Sir Thomas Browne have a very positive value. The charm of high thoughts clad in beautiful language may win some readers to a love of good literature; but beyond this is a still greater advantage. Like the 'Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius' and the 'Enchiridion' of Epictetus, the 'Religio' is full of counsels of perfection which appeal to the mind of youth, still plastic and unhardened by contact with the world. Carefully studied, from such books come subtle influences which give stability to character and help to give a man a sane outlook on the complex problems of life. Sealed early of this tribe of authors, a student takes with him, as *compagnons de voyage*, life-long friends whose thoughts become his thoughts and whose ways become his

ways. Mastery of self, conscientious devotion to duty, deep human interest in human beings—these best of all lessons you must learn now or never—and these are some of the lessons which may be gleaned from the life and from the writings of Sir Thomas Browne.

WILLIAM OSLER.

A PRINTER'S BILL IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



THE industry and foresight of a London bookseller have preserved to us copies of nearly all the books and pamphlets printed in this country during the Civil War and Commonwealth. But very little light has yet been thrown on such points as the cost of printing or the number of copies that formed an edition. In many cases we do not even know the names of the printers of the books which Thomason preserved, owing to the lack of documentary evidence. Most of the records of the London printing houses of the seventeenth century perished in the Fire of London, and it is therefore a matter for congratulation when any thing comes to light which will help us to realize the conditions under which the art of printing was carried on in those troublous times.

The documents to which I am about to call attention were discovered at the Record Office amongst the Chancery Proceedings. They relate to a suit brought, to recover a sum of money due to him for printing, by Thomas Brudnell or Brudenell, a London printer, against the executors of John Partridge, a London bookseller, who died in 1649. The documents are five in number:

1. The bill of complaint of Thomas Brudnell or Brudenell, stationer, *i.e.* printer, against Phile-

mon Stephens, and Luke Fawne, stationers, *i.e.* booksellers, executors to the will of John Partridge, stationer, with whom was joined Susan Partridge, daughter of the deceased, a minor. This bill is dated the 19th Feby. 1650 *i.e.* 165 $\frac{0}{1}$.

2. A schedule of the account put in by Thomas Brudnell for printing books for John Partridge, between the years 1644 and 1648.
3. The reply of the defendants.
4. A copy of the inventory of the goods of John Partridge, taken at his death, and lodged in the Court of Orphans by his executors according to the ancient custom of the city of London.
5. A further reply by the defendants, no doubt in answer to a 'replication' by the plaintiff, which is not in the series.

There was also a cross suit commenced by Stephens and Fawne, against Brudnell, to which he put in a reply as defendant.

Before dealing with these documents, a word may be said as to the *dramatis personae*. Not very much is known about the chief personage, Thomas Brudnell or Brudenell. When Sir John Lambe was ferreting out information for his list of the master printers to be appointed under the Act of 1637, he learned that Brudnell had been taken into partnership by John Beale in 1621, and had afterwards set up in Newgate Market, taking as a partner Robert White. In addition to the work mentioned in the bill under dispute, they were joint printers of a duodecimo edition of the Bible issued in 1647.

John Partridge had been in business as a bookseller since the year 1623, his earliest address being the Sun in St. Paul's Churchyard, from whence he moved to the Cock in Ludgate Street, and later to a shop in Blackfriars, at the entrance of Carter Lane. At the outbreak of the Civil War he added a trade in astrological books to his other branches of bookselling, and in company with Humphrey Blunden of the Castle in Cornhill, became the publisher of most of the writings of John Booker and William Lilly, the astrologers. Another of the same name, perhaps a son, was renowned for his astrological predictions, and furnished Dean Swift with a subject for satire.

Philemon Stephens was one of the large capitalist booksellers of that time, while Luke Fawne took an active part in the political unrest, being joint author with several other booksellers in publishing a remarkable pamphlet called 'A Beacon set on Fire,' in which attention was drawn to so-called Popish literature. Both men lived at that time in St. Paul's Churchyard, Stephens at the sign of the Golden Lion, and Fawne at the sign of the Parrot in the new rents.

So much for the men, now for the dispute. Brudnell's bill of complaint set out that for four years past he had been printing books for John Partridge, who at the time of his death was Brudnell's debtor in a sum of £362 18s. for work done, particulars of which were set out in a schedule attached to the bill. He had made frequent application to the executors for payment, but could not get his money, and prayed relief.

Then follows the schedule, the most important document of the series, which is given below:

A true scedule of all such bookes as were printed by mee Thomas Brudnell for the vse of John Partridge wth the particular names quantities & prices, as followeth.

1644.	Imprimis of the Collections of Prophecies 4 sheetes printed att 3 severall tymes 4500 of each sheete, whereof Mr Bishop did one of the sheets in the last impression beinge 1000 w ^{ch} is to bee deducted soe then the remayninge is 34 Reame w ^{ch} att 5s per Reame is	£ 08. 10. 0.
	Of the Sarry [<i>i.e.</i> Starry] Messinger two sheetes printed 2000 of twoe impressions att 5s per Reame comes to	2. 00. 0.
	Of Englands recouerye 42 sheetes & the 1500 printed of each sheete at 12s the sheete comes to	26. 2. 0.
1646.	Anglicus, 6 sheetes printed 13500. beinge 162 Reames at vjs viij ^d p reame comes to	54. 0. 0.
1646.	Booker's Bloudy Irish Almanack 4 sheetes & ½ printed 3000 beinge 27 Reames att 4s p reame comes to	5. 8. 0.
1647.	Anglicus. 6 sheetes printed 17.000 beinge 204 reames att 6s 8 ^d p reame comes to .	68. 0. 0.
	A sheete of newes printed 5 reames att 5s p Reame is	1. 5. 0.
	Introducon to astrologye 110 sheetes printed 1750 of a sheete, beinge 385 reames att 5s p reame comes to	96. 5. 0.
1648.	Anglicus 6 sheetes printed 18,500 beinge 198 reames att vjs viij ^d p reame comes to	74. 0. 0.
	Military Discipline 16 sheetes, 1500 printed being 18 ream att 4s p reame comes to .	3. 12. 0.
1648.	Astrologically predicions 10 sheetes 3000 printed, then of 6 sheetes 2000 more, againe of 6 sheetes 2000, the 4th tyme printed 7 sheetes 1500 of each sheete w ^{ch} comes to	25. 16. 0.
Sum totall is		£ 362. 18. 0.

No English document of this kind, of so early a date, has ever before been printed, and it serves as a basis of comparison between old and new methods and prices in the printing trade, as well as furnishing the bibliographer with some valuable information both as to the customs of the printing trade and the history of the books mentioned in the list. Of the eleven works which it contains, seven came from the pen of William Lilly the astrologer, and one from that of John Booker. Taking them in the order in which they occur, and studying the printed copies by the aid of the information this bill affords, many interesting points are brought out.

The work, briefly mentioned as the Collection of Prophecies, bore the title, 'A Collection of Ancient and Modern Prophecies, Concerning these present Times, with modest Observations thereon, and was published on the 14th November, 1645 without any printer's name in the imprint. It was a quarto of eight sheets, A-H in fours, so that Brudnell only printed a part of it, unless it is assumed that he had already rendered an account and been paid for the remaining portion, which seems unlikely. For the moment the question as to which of the eight sheets came from his press may be put aside. It will be more easily answered after an examination of some of the other works. Clearly there were three editions of the book. The first was perhaps an edition of two thousand copies which was speedily sold out, and a second edition of fifteen hundred copies, not being sufficient to satisfy the public demand, a third impression of

one thousand copies was put in hand; and Brudnell's press being apparently busy with other work, he entrusted one of the four sheets allotted to him to a brother printer, Richard Bishop, to work off for him. So that this last edition came from three different presses.

'The Sarry Messenger' was of course a mistake for 'The Starry Messenger,' published by William Lilly on 14th June, 1645. This was a quarto of seven sheets, A-G in fours, and the printer's name was omitted from the imprint, but Brudnell's portion of the work only consisted of two sheets. Copies of both the impressions are in the British Museum, and they are easily distinguished by the typographical variations.

The third work mentioned in this list, as 'Of England's Recovery,' is by far the most important and the most interesting of any in the series, being none other than Joshua Sprigge's 'Anglia Rediviva.' Its presence in this bill under the date of 1644 is altogether misleading, as the book did not appear until 1647. The work was a folio, and the full title and collation are here given in order that the reader may understand what follows:

Anglia Rediviva; | Englands Recovery: | Being the |
History | Of the Motions, Actions, and Suc | cesses of
the Army under the Immediate | Conduct of His Excel-
lency | Sr Thomas Fairfax, K^t. | Captain-General | Of all
the Parliaments Forces | in England. | Compiled for the
Publique good | By Ioshua Sprigge. M.A. | [Quotⁿ] |
London, | Printed by R. W. for Iohn Partridge, and are
to be sold at the Parot in Paul's Church-yard, and the
Cock in Ludgate-streete, 1647.

Collation: A 4 leaves. B 4 leaves, *b* one leaf. B 2 one leaf, followed by two leaves unsigned; B 2 one leaf, B 2. one leaf, followed by two leaves unsigned; C—Y in fours. Z two leaves. A a—V v in fours. X x 2 leaves.

It will be seen that there is no hint of Thomas Brudnell's connection with the printing in the imprint, but the R. W. unquestionably stands for his partner, Robert White, and an examination of the book proves that it was the joint production of both of them, the portion from sigs. Aa to Xx 2 being Brudnell's presswork. The work being a folio made up in double sheets, this would account for forty-one sheets. How the other part was made up is not quite clear.

White's portion of the work was printed in good founts of roman and italic, well and regularly cast, the italic especially being a clear and artistic letter. Brudnell's type can be easily distinguished, being more irregular and somewhat thicker in face, while the compositor's work is noticeable for its slovenly appearance; but in his portion of the book, from pages 313 to 320, occur two particularly fine founts of great primer, roman and italic, amongst the best I have ever seen in any books of that time. That 'Anglia Rediviva' was received favourably is clear from the fact that nearly the whole impression of fifteen hundred copies was sold out at the time of Partridge's death.

The work described as 'Anglicus' was an astrological almanac, the title of which in subsequent years became 'Merlinus Anglicus Ephemeris.' It was entirely printed by Brudnell, and has the printer's initials 'T. B.' in the imprint. It was an

octavo of six sheets (A^4 , $B-F^8$, G^4). The first point that becomes clear on examining this book is that Brudnell possessed a stock of astrological signs. It is important to remember this, because there were few printers in London at that time who stocked these signs; in fact, Lilly himself tells us, while apologizing for the 'Errata' in his 'Christian Astrology,' that 'things of this nature are seldom printed with us, and the printers are unacquainted with this kind of learning.' That the work was of a difficult nature may be inferred from the increased price which Brudnell charged for it, 6s. 8d. per ream instead of 5s. This book also shows that the printer possessed several good founts of roman and italic as well as a few large initial letters of a diaper pattern. These latter, however, seem to have been common, many other printers of that time using letters of the same kind.

Booker's 'Bloudy Irish Almanac' was the work of John Booker, another of the charlatans who had curried favour with the Roundheads by professing to foretell great victories for them. It appeared in March, 164 $\frac{5}{6}$, and consisted of eight and a half quarto sheets signed $A-H^4$, I^2 . The imprint ran, 'Printed at London for John Partridge 1646.' But Brudnell only printed four and a half sheets, and in this case there is little or no difficulty in identifying his part of the work as sigs. E to H and the half sheet I. The division at this point is clearly marked. In the first place the type used in the first part is a better one than that in the second. Again, the pagination which begins on sig. B is correct to pages 24, the verso of the last leaf of

sig. D, but the first page of sig. E is numbered 21 instead of 25, and the compositor was at fault all through the sheet. But the best and most conclusive proof of Brudnell's connection with this second half of Booker's 'Almanac' is the use of astronomical signs in sigs. E and F.

The largest work mentioned in this bill of Brudnell's is that called the 'Introduction to Astrology,' which was the sub-title of Lilly's 'Christian Astrology' published in 1647. The only copy of the work in the British Museum is badly cropped and imperfect, and appears to consist of 108 sheets whereas Brudnell describes it as consisting of 110 sheets, and taking his figures as correct, it is evident that he printed the whole book. In this case his name appears in full in the imprint, and consequently the work is useful as a help to the identification of his printing material. There are, for example, two metal blocks used in it, the one measuring 95×35 mm., having as the design the rose, thistle, and fleur-de-lys crowned; the other measuring 98×29 mm., being chiefly distinguished by the occurrence in it of two squirrels. But of this squirrel block there were at least two forms, one seen in the 'Collection of Prophecies' and 'Christian Astrology,' and the other in the 'Starry Messenger.' One of these is much narrower than the other, and differs in details, and it would be rash to say that both belonged to Brudnell without further evidence, but the probability is that they did.

One more book in this list remains to be noticed and it appears to have been popular, going through no less than four editions in one year—one o

3,000 copies, two of 2,000, and one of 1,500. This was Lilly's 'Astrologically Predictions of the Occurrences in England. Part of the years 1648, 1649, 1650,' a quarto bearing the imprint, 'Printed by T. B. for John Partridge and Humfrey Blunden. 1648.' This, again, was entirely printed by Brudnell and the two metal blocks alluded to above are found in it. Two copies of the ten-sheet edition of the 'Predictions' are in the British Museum, and as both show many typographical variations, it looks as if the printer had more than one press. Thomason dated his copy Sept. 4th and Lilly's epistle to 'To the Reader' was dated August 22nd. At present none of the smaller editions have been traced.

Having now examined most of the books in Brudnell's schedule, we may return to the first two, 'The Collection of Prophecies' and the 'Starry Messenger.' Of the first he printed four sheets out of eight, and, after careful examination, we are inclined to assign to him sigs. A, B, G and H, the first two showing his block with the squirrels; and the second two, because of the occurrence of astrological signs in them. But his share in the 'Starry Messenger' remains a mystery. It is in this that the variation of his squirrel block occurs on A2; but on the whole it seems more likely that the two sheets referred to in Brudnell's bill were the last two containing a reprint of a pamphlet by Geo. Wharton and Lilly's 'Postscript,' which were issued with it.

One thing at least becomes clear, from a study of this printer's bill, and that is, that it was a

common practice in the printing trade, during the first half of the seventeenth century, to entrust the printing of books and pamphlets to several printers instead of one only; and that the commonly accepted belief that the absence of the printer's name from the imprint was due either to fear of the censor or the growing importance of the publisher is no longer tenable. The real reason was that no single printer could claim the printing. Nor is it any longer safe to assume that where a printer's name appears in the imprint, that he was the printer of the whole work, as has been shown in the case of 'Anglia Rediviva,' the work was actually done by two.

The figures of the various editions printed by Brudnell are interesting as showing how many copies were needed to meet the demand for works appealing to the masses of the seventeenth century. The master printers, by the rules of the Company of Stationers, were forbidden to keep any form standing, except for a few classes of works such as Primers, Grammars, Almanacs and the A B C, and even those had to be distributed once a year. Books printed in brevier or nonpareil were limited to 3,000 and 5,000 copies, and all other books to 1,500 or 2,000. (See Arber's 'Transcript,' I. 23, 883; III. 22-26.) The steady growth in popularity of the astrological almanacs is shown in the rise of 'Anglicus' from 13,500 in 1646 to 18,500 in 1648.

As regards Brudnell's prices I am indebted to Mr. C. T. Jacobi, of the Chiswick Press, for the following opinion:

I assume that type-setting is not included in the charges made by Brudenell—nor paper—but that the prices were for actual presswork only. A ream is 500 sheets, but printed both sides means 1,000 impressions or pulls to each ream. The old wooden presses, with two men to each, could only turn out about 1,000 a day, so the prices, allowing for the value of money in those days, is certainly cheap, for 5s. per ream means two men's labour for one day, apart from ink, management, wear and tear of presses, or profit on the job. I think myself the prices certainly are very low, and interesting to us moderns.

John Booker, and the publisher of the book called 'Military Discipline,' obtained an even better price, paying only 4s. per ream; and the work done on 'Anglia Rediviva,' at 12s. a sheet for 1,500 copies (3 reams) was at the same price.

The reply of the defendants, Stephens and Fawne, to Brudnell's bill of complaint was a total denial that John Partridge at the time of his death owed Brudnell anything like the sum mentioned; and that the plaintiff had admitted that he did not keep any regular accounts. Furthermore, they declared that they had fully administered the estate of the deceased and there was nothing left. In support of their statement they put in a copy of the inventory of John Partridge's goods and chattels at the time of his death, which in accordance with the ancient custom of the city of London, they had lodged in the Court of Orphans.

In one respect this is a valuable document, being anterior to any inventories possessed by the City of London at the present day. The record is headed:

An Inventorie Indented bearinge date the xxviijth day of January, Anno Dñi One Thousand six hundred fortie nine of all and singular the goods chattells, rights & creditts, w^{ch} late belonged to Iohn Partridge, late cittizen and stationer of London deceased, seene valued and appraised by George Greene, Edward Blackmore, and Iohn Macocke stationers and Tho. Cranford joyner cittizens of London, sworne for the true valuation and appraisement thereof, before the right Worth. Robert Tichborne Esq. Alderman of farin^g don ward within London, wherein the Testator did inhabit at his decease, the particulars whereof doe hereafter ensue.

The inventory took account of household goods wearing apparel, stock in trade and property. It also showed the other side of the account, *i.e.*, the sums paid out by the executors. The only part of the document of any interest is that headed 'Bookes,' which I have transcribed:

Item 91 bibles bound plaine and guilt att	vj ^{li} vs v
It. 2335 bibles in quires with Psalmes all att	lxxxij ^{li} x
It. 302 bookes of Lyllies Astrology	xlvi ^{li}
It. 440 bookes of Robdologia in 12 ^o	xx ^s
It. 320 bookes of the history of the lord Ffarfex	xvj ^{li}
It. 525 bookes of Lillie's Catastrophe in 4 ^o	xl ^s
It. 148 bookes of Propheticall Merlyn.	xl ^s
It. 602 bookes of Starry Messenger.	xxi ^s
It. a parcell af old bookes in 4 ^o 8 ^o & 12 ^o at	xx ^s
It. 30 Reames of waste paper.	xlvi ^s
It. 5 Copp[er] peeces engraven.	xij ^s
It. 8 old mappes, att	ij ^s vi
It. a parcell of old bookes at	l ^s

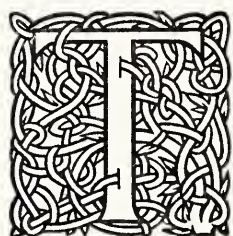
Suma Clxxij^{li} xj^s
Chan. Proc. Mitford, 105.
 14

The first two items show us what an immense trade was done in Bibles by the booksellers of the seventeenth century, when one is found with a stock of over 3,000. Some of these, doubtless, were the remainder of the duodecimo edition, printed for Partridge in 1647, by Robert White and Thomas Brudnell. The book referred to as the 'history of Lord farfex' was, I infer, the remains of Sprigge's 'Anglia Rediviva'; but on what basis this inventory was made is altogether puzzling. If Sprigge's book be the one referred to in this entry, the remainder was valued at exactly one shilling per volume, whereas Lilly's 'Astrology,' which was only a quarto, was put down at three shillings a volume, which must have been very nearly its wholesale publishing price. But yet more astonishing is the slump that had taken place in the 'Starry Messenger.' Of the second impression of 1,000 copies, over 600 were on the publisher's hands at the time of his death, and they were not worth a halfpenny each. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

H. R. PLOMER.

THE MUNICIPAL LIBRARIAN'S AIMS IN BOOKBUYING.

I. THE EDUCATIONAL IDEAL:¹ THE BEST AND THE BEST ONLY.



THE extension of the municipal library system to over four hundred towns has naturally brought with it many new problems. The experience of older institutions offers little or no guidance to municipal librarians, because the great libraries of the past were founded and managed in the interest of scholars, while the object of the municipal library is to help to give a liberal education to the people, to make, in fact, not scholars but intelligent citizens. Hence its administrative methods must be different, and more particularly its selection of books must be carried out on different lines. If the main object of the library is educational, the main object in the selection of the books should clearly be educational also: the question which it is proposed to consider is to what extent this is at present the case. It need hardly be said that the question is no new one. Time after time the critics of municipal libraries have accused the

¹ 'The public library should be recognized as forming part of the national educational machinery.'—*Report of Library Association Committee on Public Education and Public Libraries*, 1905.

managers of employing public funds to circulate trashy novels. For the most part the librarians go their way unmoved, but sometimes they stop to point out rather tartly that more than one-half the novels circulated are fiction of a high type; and to argue, very plausibly, that even their own statistics of circulation need judicious manipulation before 'true' percentages are calculable. Thanks to the mistakes of their critics they get off fairly well; but then at some quiet time, in their strictly professional conferences, some well-known librarian, such as Mr. W. E. Doubleday, timorously puts in a word about 'The Fiction nuisance and its abatement'; and Mr. Baker, the author of that useful manual, 'The Best Fiction,' backs him up. Complacent librarianship neglects to thank these gentlemen for their seasonable words; calls them, in fact, 'Jeremiahs.' But we cannot always rely on our outside critics making mistakes such as blunted the force of the onslaught by Mr. Churton Collins, and supposing that some well-informed outside critic should take up the attack we can imagine many inconvenient questions which he might ask.

'Admitting,' such a critic might say, 'that more than one-half of the fiction on your shelves is good, what justification have you for circulating the rest? Here is a typical catalogue. Under the name of Miss Worboise I find entries of works which deal with life like a girl-artist diffidently dabbling in water-colour. I am told that these books are in especially great demand. Next to her comes Mrs. Henry Wood, who spreads enlightenment by telling how all dark deeds are accompanied by super-

natural manifestations of the most lurid kind. Miss Braddon, again, your readers' third favourite, uses her much greater knowledge of the world only to educate her readers, if she educates them at all, in the possibilities of sensation. Between them the three authors have published some 140 books. If your four hundred municipal libraries possess single sets of each author's works, the number of copies in circulation in Great Britain is 56,000. If each copy is taken out 30 times a year, the total annual circulation of Miss Worboise, Mrs. Wood, and Miss Braddon through municipal libraries comes to 1,680,000 issues. Although not all your libraries possess complete sets of these works, most of them do, and many of them have second and third sets, so that an estimate of a million and a half issues is at least not an absurd exaggeration. If these authors really educate and enlighten, then you are doing a Great Work with their books alone. But when the municipal librarian comes to write a 'Guide to Fiction' he is far from enthusiastic about these novelists. He excludes Miss Worboise altogether, and seems curiously indifferent to the charms of Mrs. Wood and Miss Braddon. The popularity of these ladies is shared, to a greater or less extent, by Mr. George Boothby (the creator, according to 'Best Fiction' of 'gigantic adventurers, gory monsters, and supernatural beings'), Mrs. Hungerford ('frivolous, slangy and smart'), Fergus Hume ('very cheap melodrama'), Headon Hill, Florence Warden, Le Queux, and Dick Donovan, names which many readers of 'The Library' will never have heard; while not a few of them are enshrined in the monument to 'Be-

Fiction.' What justification is there for issuing the books of these writers at the expense of the rates?¹

To the critic who attacks us thus what answer can municipal librarians offer save that, since the books are in demand there are obviously many readers who like them; and that as these readers contribute, directly and indirectly, to the support of the libraries, they are entitled to have the books they like? Yet if this answer be accepted, what becomes of the glorification of the public library as 'part of the national educational machinery,' or of such utterances as that in which Mr. Doubleday declares that 'the Public Library is, or ought to be, primarily educational in its work? If it is not, so much the worse for the library: apart from this it has barely a sphere of existence.' Moreover, if this right of the uneducated to educate themselves by reading what they like is admitted, what answer can be given to the grumbles of the large number of rate-payers in every town who never come inside the library themselves, but tolerate the expense it imposes on them because they believe in the talk about its educational influence?

If we fall back on the plea that the hardworked clerk or typist requires rest and recreation of an evening quite as much as education, our critic at once retorts: 'Your libraries then are not only edu-

¹ It is sometimes urged that the amount spent on novels is only from five per cent. to seven per cent. of the total annual income of any public library, so that the amount spent on bad novels would not be more than two per cent. or three per cent. But even two per cent. of its annual income is a large amount for any library to waste, and it must be remembered that a bad book costs just as much to catalogue and handle as a good one.

cational but charitable, inasmuch as they draw funds from the common purse of the town to administer relief to the overworked. Your ex-president, Dr. Hodgkin, prophesied that in good time librarians would be recognized as the hierophants of literature. You ought not to have taken it amiss had he called you literary relieving officers !

‘ I observe, also,’ the critic might continue, ‘ that not only do you offer this relief, but that at least one of your number boasts of providing books as quickly as any Circulating Library, which is trying to make a profit from the same business, and perhaps paying rates to support its gratuitous competitor.’ Here is the latest boast to this effect taken from the ‘ Publishers’ Circular’ for October 14, 1905.

In our library we spend something like £500 per annum on new books (and ours is not a very large town), and we like our books hot from the press. I am now compiling two lists of books for our autumn addition—one list from your announcement columns of books actually published, and another from your advertisement pages of books announced.

It is only fair to say that some librarians make it a rule not to purchase fiction until twelve months after publication, but it would be well to know if this competition with the circulating libraries in providing books ‘ hot from the press,’ before there has been any good opportunity of testing their value, and in selecting them from ‘ announcements’ before they have even been reviewed, is or is not to be recognized as part of a municipal librarian’s ideal policy.

When driven into a corner by questions like these, shall we not do well to own that attempting too much is the most crying evil of public library administration? In the home reading department alone we fail in every single aim. In no way can we supply all the light literature on demand. In no way can we buy all the new books 'hot from the press,' nor provide a sufficient number of copies to satisfy all the readers who ask for them. In scarcely a single library is the collection of good 'live' general literature so strong as it should be. In scarcely any library, perhaps in none, is the technical collection complete to date, well arranged, properly catalogued and adequately advertised. The obvious remedy—and the only remedy within our power—is to impose some limits upon our activities. By ceasing to buy books hot from the press, by stocking the best fiction only,¹ we should in quite a short time save enough money to make our collection of good general literature as strong as it ought to be. The demand for a standard book ought to be met with as near an approach to certainty as possible, and the money saved by ceasing to buy bad novels would be well spent on the purchase of additional copies of good ones, exactly in proportion to the demand. Probably, in a library

¹ 'The really heroic plan would be to exclude fiction altogether. . . . But fancy a library without "Don Quixote," with no Scott, no Jane Austen. . . . Obviously exceptions would have to be made. The excluding line could not be maintained.' (Mr. W. E. Doubleday, in 'Library World,' v. 5, 207.) The simple answer to this is that every librarian has some excluding line by which he keeps out the worst books of all; there can therefore be no difficulty in drawing the line higher up.

issuing some five hundred volumes a day, only some £15 a year would be required to buy an additional copy of every really good book asked for when the existing copies were all in use, and the encouragement to readers would be immense.

Economy in other directions, again, might well lead to the purchase of many more books of the class which fall below the dignity of standard works but provide a useful and, as far as they go, an adequate treatment of popular subjects—books of travel, small, well-illustrated biographies of great men, popular books of nature study, books on industries and inventions by competent writers, or on social questions and the home life of foreign countries.

While the general library is strengthened in this way, by limiting the money spent on expensive and little-used books for the reference library a good technical collection might be built up, and this again would prove a great attraction to the best class of readers.

There is nothing new in the views here expressed, but amid the temptations to stray into countless other paths we need daily to remind ourselves that a municipal library is a teaching institution, differing only from other schools in its more liberal curriculum. As a teaching institution our motto should be the best and the best only, but the best without stint, and we should exclude any recreative purpose which does not also make for education. Perhaps this is a narrow view, but then, despite the amazing economy with which most municipal libraries are managed, our means also are

narrow. We may hope that Parliament will remove the rate limit, but the removal is more likely to benefit the richer districts than the poorer. Moreover, in every district where a higher rate is proposed, there will be a close scrutiny of the work done on our present incomes, and unless we mend our ways, the educational value of this work will not always be easy to prove.

A MUNICIPAL LIBRARIAN.

II. A PLEA FOR ELASTICITY.

As the writer of it has remarked, the article by a well-known municipal librarian which we have here printed contains little or nothing that is new. But it makes its points with courage and directness, and is thus so conducive to clear thinking that with the writer's permission we have used it to try to get some definite pronouncements on two questions on which not only every librarian, but every critic of library administration, and therefore every rate-payer, ought surely to make up his mind.

The two questions which we would propound are: (i) does the educational usefulness, which every one is agreed that municipal libraries should possess, constitute their whole legitimate scope? (ii) is it inconsistent with educational usefulness for a library to circulate silly novels? On each of these questions we find ourselves at issue with our contributor.

As regards the first he appears to us to err from an excess of logic. Because the municipal library

is the best of all adjuncts to the municipal schools, he would deny its right to any aims that are not directly educational, whereas in our view a municipal library has also a right to consider itself, within limits which the ratepayers in each district must determine for themselves, a co-operative book-club. Undoubtedly, in so doing it comes under the censure which made Count Tolstoi declare that there is no more real liberty in England than in Russia, because residents in some English seaside resorts are rated for the support of the municipal band, whose performances they detest. But in England we have a way of looking to general effects, and if the general effects are good we acquiesce in many things which are not strictly logical. The performances of the Christchurch band are believed to make the town more attractive to visitors, the visitors help the hotels and the lodging-houses to pay a much larger share of the rates than would otherwise be possible, the burden on the private resident is thus lightened, and though part of this burden is for a band which he dislikes he is not really injured. We might point also to the logically quite indefensible conduct of the State in entering into competition with the banks by conducting a savings-bank business of its own, at times at a considerable loss, and again in remitting income-tax on premiums for life-insurance. The State justifies itself for this interference with private enterprise, this discrimination in favour of the methods of saving adopted by some of its taxpayers over those preferred by others, on the general grounds that the encouragement thus given to

thrift benefits the whole community, and indirectly lightens the burden of taxation for those who make no direct use of them.

In the same way a popular municipal library by providing a fresh centre of corporate life makes the whole district more attractive, even to the extent, it may be, of keeping up the value of house property, and thus indirectly benefits all the rate-payers. To what point the venture should be pushed each community must determine for itself; but the trend of politics is not in favour of the man who objects to joining the majority of his fellow-citizens in any venture unless he sees that his own immediate share of the profit will be as great as that of the neediest of them.

As our contributor observes, it is mainly because of the educational value of Free Libraries that well-to-do ratepayers acquiesce in supporting them, but if any community chooses to take the co-operative view of the function of the municipal library there is plenty of precedent for it.

(ii) As regards the circulation of silly novels two points may surely be made. In the first place there are low forms in schools as well as high ones; and secondly, there is no compulsory Education Act as applied to reading. If librarians want to educate their readers they must first get the readers and then educate them, and that only by gentle steps. 'The best books and the best only' has an exhilarating ring as a motto; but readers who will flock to read the best books are in little need of educating. The readers of penny novelettes are the lost sheep whom the librarian has to reclaim, and he will not

reclaim them by an immediate course of George Meredith or even of Scott. Let him lead them gently on, as Mr. Crunden recommended in that remarkable series of articles on 'What one American Library is doing' in our first volume. Let him paste in his worst novels the names of others that are a little better, and in these the names of others that are a little better still, and so conduct his sheep to whatever he may please to regard as the best pastures. Not all of them will follow his suggestions; only a few perhaps will be led from historical novels to histories, and from stories of mining life to mineralogy; but whatever movement there is will be in the right direction, and to tempt readers of the worst books to try others that are a little better is surely as educational a process as to supply the best books to those who are already educated enough to ask for them.

III. OTHER OPINIONS.

The views which various distinguished correspondents have expressed on the foregoing papers are too diverse for us to flatter ourselves that any immediate unanimity will result from this discussion, though perhaps some of the letters we are privileged to print, notably Dr. Garnett's, may command the admiration of both sides. Our own object, however, will have been well served if it is found that we have helped to emphasize the fact that the two sides already exist, and that neither the one nor the other has a right to argue as if it represented

the unanimous opinion of those interested in municipal libraries. Far from this being the case it will be seen that each side can claim strong and able supporters.

The place of honour among supporters of the educational view belongs to LORD AVEBURY, who writes:

I have read the article by Municipal Librarian and concur generally with what he says. He seems to take a very sensible view.

I would by no means restrict the contents of Public Libraries to 'severe' works, and think that one of their most valuable uses will be to give variety, and brighten the lives of the dwellers in our towns. At the same time, I think that new books should—not, indeed, be excluded—but only bought in exceptional cases. This would, in the first place, be economical. The same expenditure would supply many more books.

But what is even more important, it would reduce the number of second and third-rate books. My friends are good enough to read new books for me, and give me the result. This saves me a great deal of time, and makes my reading much more interesting.

It seems satisfactory that from the reports of many libraries, the proportion of books on History, Geography, Science, etc., seems to be on the increase.

The last President of the Library Association, PROFESSOR HODGKIN, follows strongly on the same side:

Without trying to strain the intellectual note too high, I think that libraries supported by a compulsory rate should have a high conception of duty, and should not waste their ratepayers' money and their readers' time by providing mere rubbish for their consumption.

It is, I admit, very difficult to be absolutely consistent and logical in this matter, but as the Municipal Librarian truly says: 'Every librarian has some excluding line by which he keeps out the worst books of all,' and it is only a question of drawing the line high enough up.

What I am going to say is thoroughly illogical, but I should greatly limit, without wholly excluding, the Worboise-Wood-Braddon class of fiction. It seems to me monstrous to think of buying the *whole* output of these authors, or half or a quarter of it. I would have one or two specimen volumes ('Aurora Floyd,' I suppose, for Miss Braddon, and 'East Lynne' for Mrs. H. Wood; I do not know the names of any of the other lady's novels), and I should stop there, saying virtually to my readers: 'Here is a specimen of the sort of fiction these ladies write. If you care for more of it, you can go to a circulating library or buy a cheap edition for yourself; we don't think it is good enough to load our shelves with it.'

The argument of the pleader for elasticity does not convince me. I think there is a justification for the State taxing the well-to-do citizen to provide intellectual *food* for his poorer neighbour, but not to provide him with a pipe of intellectual opium.

MR. SIDNEY LEE is equally emphatic:

I have read with interest the remarks of A Municipal Librarian on 'The Municipal Librarian's Aims in Book-buying,' and the editor's criticism of his views. My sympathies are with A Municipal Librarian. I do not think that public funds ought to be applied to the provision of such frivolous amusement as ephemeral fiction affords. Public taste in literature seems to me to be at the moment at a low ebb. Municipal libraries constitute in my mind a public danger, if those who choose the books for them are content to echo the voice of the majority, or deem themselves under some obligation to satisfy the demands of prevailing ignorance rather than to seek to counteract or

diminish it. No sensible man or woman can object to fiction of genuine literary excellence. But I believe that the municipal library will not prove of much service to the community unless the money available for the purchase of books be fairly evenly distributed over all departments of sound literary endeavour. The function of bookbuying for municipal libraries should be exercised solely by the fitly trained librarian. I think it would be a wise rule to buy no work of fiction until it had been published for at least a year. Every step taken to render the empty novel more difficult of access to the uneducated, is as much to the public good as every step taken to make literature that has stood the test of time easier of access. The likelihood that a young uneducated reader, who finds it at the outset easy to procure a worthless book, will be induced to improve his taste hereafter, is very small. For the municipal library to seek to compete with the popular circulating library, is to pervert altogether the Municipal Library's just aim. If the tired clerk or typist cannot find recreation in reading books of some literary value, I judge it in their own interest best for them to give up reading altogether, and find recreation in some other way.

On the other hand the present President of the Library Association, MR. JENKINSON, while asking to be allowed to stand outside the controversy, recognizes quite clearly that 'certainly there are two ideals,' the first and the one most to be encouraged being 'to help the poor but aspiring student,' the second 'to amuse.'

PROFESSOR W. MACNEIL DIXON, late of the University of Birmingham, now of Glasgow, another President of the Library Association, writes very vigorously in favour of the double standpoint.

It would in my judgement be quite preposterous to re-

gard the sole objects of the library (municipal) as educational. 'Man does not live by bread alone,' and as Aristotle said, 'It is not becoming in a gentleman to be always on the look-out for what is useful.' I have myself many books which were purchased with quite different ends in view. By all means help your serious minded readers and cajole the frivolous into greater seriousness if you can, but let us preserve our freedom, cultivate patience, and avoid these efforts to hustle folk into Paradise.

A veteran in the library cause, MR. J. PASSMORE EDWARDS, maintains that public libraries should have a triple aim—'useful,' in the following letter, obviously referring to technical literature. He writes:

I am in no way an authority on the suitability of books for public libraries; but such libraries, if they answer their intended purpose, should be educative, recreative, and useful. The employments, opinions, and desires of boroughs and districts which provide libraries, differ from each other; and as each maintains its own library, each has an equal right to select its own books, whatever critics may say to the contrary. Public libraries are essentially democratic in origin, aim, and result.

The note sounded in this last sentence is repeated and emphasized in a letter from MR. SIDNEY WEBB:

The question with which 'The Library' need concern itself is not whether Public Libraries have or have not the right to purvey recreative or amusing books at the expense of the rates. Why should not the citizens collectively provide themselves with recreative or amusing literature, if they choose, at whatever level of taste or culture they may

have attained? It is not even 'Municipal Trading.' The use of the municipal organization to enable the citizens to supply themselves with novels—if they want novels—is exactly on a par with their use of it to provide themselves with art galleries, flat stone sidewalks, street-watering in dusty weather, swimming baths, open spaces or Town Halls. All these things (and everything else that the local or national government has ever provided) are objected to by one or other involuntary contributor to their cost. Every one of them can be shown to be unnecessary to the existence of the State, for States have existed without them. The short answer to such objectors is that they prove too much; that their belated Administrative Nihilism necessarily condemns the very existence of Public Libraries as much without fiction as with fiction. There can be no more justification for compelling dissentient ratepayers to bear the cost of books of which this or that sententious critic approves as useful and desirable, than of books of which such a critic disapproves. There is absolutely no argument, on grounds of economic or political science, why public libraries should not purvey recreative or amusing books, if the ratepayers so desire.

The practical question is whether the librarians, and members of library committees, are doing all they can to make their institutions as useful to the community as possible. There is, of course, a demand for fiction. There would be a demand for the literature that contravenes Lord Campbell's Act, if librarians would consent to supply it. What the committees and librarians ought to do is, to regard as their masters and rulers the citizens of the town, not in their capacity of borrowers of books, but in that of electors at the polls. The Public Library Committee and its librarian ought, that is to say, to carry out fearlessly the trust that is imposed upon them; to do what they themselves think best for the community as a whole, subject only to securing the necessary public assent, *as manifested at the annual election of town councillors.*

Now, there are various things which public libraries are not, so far as I know, usually doing, and to which I should like their attention directed. They would, in my judgment, be open to serious criticism if, merely pandering to the crowd of frivolous readers who are not their rulers, they were to purvey inferior fiction, *to the detriment of their other functions*. Are our public libraries, for instance, beyond reproach in the performance of their duty as centres for the collection of all local printed matter—not only books about the place and books printed in the place, but also pamphlets, reports, and publications of local societies, minutes of local governing bodies, documents connected with the local theatre, prison, workhouse, churches and chapels, schools, bazaars, lectures, etc.? Has each of our public libraries chosen its own subject to specialize upon, taking care to be well provided and up-to-date in that subject?

Are they doing everything that can be expected from them in the service of the local schools and colleges, the local continuation classes, the local University Extension courses, and any other lectures delivered in the place? Are they, each of them, the best source for information on the principal local industry?

Public libraries must, in fact, choose what position they will take up. They are quite within their rights, if the local electors will stand it, in becoming wholly or principally purveyors of fiction for frivolous readers. But if they do this—and in so far as they do this—to the neglect of more serious duties, they forfeit their claim to any higher position than would be filled by a municipal peep show.

We have now printed three opinions on each side of the discussion, and are fortunate in having still three others in which the authors, without concealing their personal sympathies, aim perhaps rather more at bringing about an accord, than at awarding victory to either side.

The first is from MR. JOHN BALLINGER, who takes as his motto, 'the best attainable.' Mr. Ballinger writes:

The whole question turns largely upon what a public library is. If it is an adjunct to other educational institutions, and that only, then the scope is narrowed down to a fine point, and the plea for 'the best and the best only,' may be realized. But would such a library justify its existence as a separate rate-supported institution, with a staff of trained officials? Would it not be better and cheaper to supply to each educational institution the books suited to its needs?

The basis of the public library is wider, and its aims higher. When the schools and colleges turn their students out into the world more or less equipped for the life before them the schools and colleges have finished with them, and they are left to their own devices. They have all been taught to read, and to look to that as a road to acquiring knowledge, and a means of recreation. A favoured few have reached the higher planes, and may be left to indulge their cultivated tastes. But what of the many? They are of all grades. There are many stages of education, and many degrees of the human mind. Is the public library, supported by the contributions of all, to provide only for a class, and that class the favoured few who need its supplies and assistance least?

I believe with all my heart that the habit of reading is a blessing. If a book enables a sufferer to forget pain, a tired worker his cares, or a woman her household worries, then it gives refreshment to soul and body, which is so much to the good. Why then trouble about the exact place on the literary plane of the book which refreshed the spirit? We do not condemn preachers who fail to reach the standard of Liddon or Spurgeon. No one inquires whether the visitors to a park admire only the choicest flowers. Nor do we hear objections to Museums

and Art Galleries because many of the visitors are mere idlers, and utterly fail to appreciate the higher scientific and artistic aims. For one serious student in the majority of museums a library can produce a hundred or more.

I would gladly level up the standard of the books admitted to public libraries, if it could be done without loss of readers. To exclude what is pernicious is the most that can be attained under existing conditions, and I doubt whether the conditions are not becoming worse instead of better. The decline in the quality of the reading matter supplied by newspapers and magazines is considerable, and has a very injurious effect upon the reading public.

All these things must be taken into account in giving an opinion. There are so many stages in the work of a public library, from the humble but most useful provision of a branch reading room and library in a poor suburb, up to the reference library. To despise any link weakens the whole chain. Let us ask ourselves what would happen to the readers of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels if these were withdrawn. Would they read George Meredith instead?

To know the world of readers in a large provincial town makes one very cautious about dogmatizing on the subject. If by levelling up we can be sure of carrying our humbler readers with us, or if the gap we leave will be filled by something better, by all means level up. Failing assurance of this let us go on doing our best, reaching higher slowly, remembering that as there are many degrees of men's minds so there must be many steps on the ladder of learning, and above all that in a weary world rest and refreshment are good for the soul.

The following letter from DR. RICHARD GARNETT seems to us so admirable, that the upholders of both views will think their own labour well bestowed in having evoked it.

If the questions propounded in 'A Plea for Elasticity'

are to be understood and answered in their strict literal sense it seems impossible to return any but an affirmative reply to the first and a negative to the second. But questions and answers are subject to so many qualifications that a mere yes or no would be merely misleading. It is certainly the fact that a public library is as much an educational institution as a public school is. But it is equally the fact that recreation is an important though a subordinate part of education, and that both the school and the library must recognize it as such. The danger of taking too narrow a view of the functions of a library is shown by the decay of mechanics' institutes, due in great measure to their libraries and their arrangements in general being of too exclusively educational a character. The craving of human nature for amusement cannot be safely ignored. No one would object to a public library's possessing books on chess, cricket and billiards: and it seems illogical to admit recreative books from which the reader may obtain a knowledge of games, and refuse books from which he may in some measure obtain a knowledge of life.

This remark, however, concedes that in selecting novels for a public library some attention should be paid to their educational value. It is plainly incompatible with the functions of a library to circulate 'silly' novels. But the librarian's censorship should be exercised in no narrow or pedantic spirit. The works of the three authoresses first mentioned in 'A Municipal Librarian's' paper, are by no means 'silly,' but are adapted with much skill to meet the taste of a large body of readers unable to appreciate fiction of a higher class, and are actually useful in so far as they depict phases of modern life with spirit and accuracy. It is doubtful whether as much can be said for the other writers mentioned: still they should not be condemned unheard: and it must be remembered that even a bad historical novel, or one whose scene is laid in a foreign country, may be of service by conveying information and stimulating curiosity.

In fact, the evil is not so much that the public read too many novels as that they read too few other books. The issues of novels from free libraries are not excessive in themselves, but appear so from their disproportion to the issues of other classes of literature. If twice as many books of information were issued, the circulation of fiction would cease to excite remark. Even as things are, it is to be borne in mind that standard works, as respects lending out, are at a disadvantage with novels because so many are reserved for the reference library: and that the return and reissue of novels are rapid, while standard works are, or should be, retained a considerable time for careful reading. The librarian, therefore, who desires to disarm the adversaries of free libraries, and the opponents of increased rating provision for them, of what must be admitted to be a specious argument, should proceed rather by way of encouragement of good literature than by discouragement of the less valuable; though even this, within judicious and reasonable limits, may have its place. Much, as suggested by the writer of 'A Plea for Elasticity,' can be effected by the personal influence of the librarian. To the excellent suggestion that the inferior novel might be made a machine for pushing on the novel of a better class, may be added that slips could be inserted directing the readers of serious novels such as 'Hypatia' or 'John Inglesant' to books illustrative of their subjects; also to biographies of the authors, and in the case of historical or topographical novels to lives of the principal characters, or accounts of the countries described. But the best way of all will be to elevate the status of the library by rendering it as far as possible part and parcel of the daily life of the community; associating it with public lectures, meetings, exhibitions, and all intellectual movements of non-political and unsectarian character; and especially cultivating intimate relations with that most useful agency, the National Home Reading Union.

The actual discouragement of inferior fiction is a laud-

able undertaking, but requires caution and discrimination. A public institution must not run absolutely counter to public opinion: and it is to be feared that, while the readers of novels are much in earnest about getting them, the denouncers of fiction are frequently indifferent to all library questions, except the keeping down of the library rate. Deferring the purchase of new novels for a year or even longer is, unless public opinion be too adverse, an excellent measure. It allows the appetite for popular novelties to subside, it gives time to sift the wheat from the chaff, and relieves the finances of the library. The librarian, also, who is pressed to buy a second copy of a novel, can always defend himself upon financial grounds, pointing out that within a few years this copy will be worth nothing to the library, and next to nothing elsewhere. It would be well if the Library Committee would allocate a definite sum to be spent annually in the purchase of fiction, and never exceeded: only this must not be adjusted according to the extent of the issues, but rather in the reverse ratio.

Lastly, to end the discussion in an atmosphere of peace, MR. R. S. FABER, the President of the Bibliographical Society, volunteers, instead of offering advice, to tell a story, for the truth of which he pledges himself:

Some years ago I was talking to a man of scholarly tastes and wide reading about the very subject now under discussion, and he said to me, 'Would you like to see my library?' I naturally thought he meant his own private collection, but it turned out that he referred to a free library which he had built, endowed, and furnished with an excellent supply of books, solely at his own expense, in a thickly-populated district in one of our largest towns. I gladly accepted his offer and made an appointment with him to visit the place at an early date. I may say that my

preconceived notion of a free library was based more or less upon the old-fashioned Mechanics' Institute, and I rather expected to see a somewhat unattractive building, stored with equally unattractive dust-laden volumes. What was my surprise at finding myself before a really beautiful bit of architecture, standing within a neatly-kept piece of ground, scarcely to be termed a garden, for exigencies of space did not permit of that, but still enough to form a very pleasant and restful border of green and to allow a circulation of air. The interior was in harmony with the outside; all was bright and cheerful and in the most refined taste, yet perfectly simple and thoroughly practical in every detail. Under the guidance of my friend and the librarian, I inspected all the arrangements and got as good an idea of the contents of the shelves as time allowed. I recollect being struck by the admirable collection of works, both printed and in manuscript, treating of the immediate locality and of the entire county in which the library was situated, and by the librarian's remark that this was one of the best used departments under his care. 'And what of fiction?' I asked. 'I suppose that is your trouble here as I have been told it is in most free libraries.' He laughed and replied, 'So it was at first, but we have nearly said good-bye to fiction now; our people seldom ask for any, unless it be real literature as well.' I congratulated him on what seemed to me a singularly happy state of things, and after quitting the library I questioned my friend about it. 'Yes,' he said, 'I think I may now feel I have attained the object I had in view when beginning this library. I wanted to try and put within the reach of my poorer neighbours some of the great pleasures and advantages I had derived from really good books myself. As often happens, however, all went well except for what, to me, was 'the one little rift in the lute.' I had aimed at getting people to read what was worth reading; instead, they crowded to my library to ask for scarcely anything but fiction, and that more often than not of the poorest sort, so poor in-

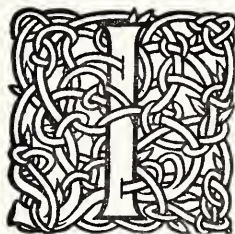
deed that we had not got it to give them. Needless to say, my disappointment was great. By rare good fortune, my librarian was not only a man of books, but a man of immense power and tact in influencing others. I might say of him as was said of Robert Stephenson, 'he was not only an engineer of works, but an engineer of men.' He set to in some mysterious way of his own, and the result is what you have seen and heard to-day. We have more readers than ever, and the books they read are books worth reading. True, some are fiction, but the very best; and there is a constant demand for works of information and of helpfulness in the practical life of our commercial and artisan population.'

Home I went, meditating on my day's experiences and on how the persevering efforts and influence of two men (my friend's modesty had prevented him from alluding to his own share in the work) had so satisfactorily put to flight that great bugbear, free library fiction, in at least one place and for at least their own time.

We wish that Mr. Faber's respect for his friend's modesty had not obliged him to suppress his name, but the moral of this story, the immense influence of an enthusiastic librarian on the reading of a whole community, is one which can hardly be too strongly emphasized.

We hope to recur to some of the issues raised in this discussion in our next number.

PRINTING INKS.



IN a review of my 'Printers' Handbook,' etc. in the last issue of 'The Library' (October, 1905), my opinion was asked as to whether the ink used by the early printers in Italy in printing with roman types was the same as they used for gothic, it being suggested that they may have deliberately imitated the effect of a more fluid ink used for cursive writing, instead of the stronger ink of the monastic bookhand. The whole question of the inks used in early printing is a very interesting one, and I am pleased to offer some remarks on the subject.

I think that the fact that the inks used in some of the fifteenth-century Italian volumes is of a somewhat brownish tone is due more to accident than design. At that early period, notwithstanding the brilliancy of the black ink used by Gutenberg and his immediate successors, the secret of making such inks was not generally known. As suggested in your review, the precise amount of ink applied does affect the density, or what we printers term 'colour,' and again, a thin-faced type of roman character as compared with one of the gothic order, although printed in the same ink, will give a different effect.

This difference may be observed more or less in sample books issued by the modern typefounder.

In such books will be found side by side specimens of both thick and thin faces in design, which doubtless have been printed at the same time and in the same ink. If only by an optical illusion, these thin faces exhibit a greyish impression as compared with the more solid black effect of the stronger or heavier faces.

As explained in my work under review, many of the incunabula exhibit under a magnifying glass a mottled appearance, probably due to the imperfect incorporation of the carbon with the varnish—the latter being the medium employed in the combination. Insufficient boiling or burning of this necessary oil for this varnish, together with the introduction of sundry minor elements, frequently prevented the essential blending of these two factors—varnish and colouring matter—with the result that after a time the printed letters would sometimes either show a decided yellow tinge round the rims of the letters, or the ink itself would have a tendency to turn brown. Or it might be that both these defects would be exhibited.

Prior to the invention and use of movable types, the block books were most probably printed with a kind of writing ink. To this, in some cases, was added a gummy substance, in order to make the ink take to the block, and at the same time to give off a fairly good impression. Indeed, traces of iron stains have been detected in the ink employed in some block-books, thus proving the use of a compound, partaking more of the writing kind, and not a pigment, or paint, as it were, consisting of varnish and carbon.

It is quite possible that many of the early printers with movable types had not discovered the art or mystery of making suitable pigments, and in the experimental stages produced a composite ink which partook of the more fluid character, and the absence or insufficiency of the essential carbon may account for the undecided blackness of the inks employed.

Moxon, in his 'Mechanick Exercises as applied to the Art of Printing,' 2 vols., 1683, is our first authority on printing inks, and he quotes two Dutch methods of making these inks. His account is somewhat long, but it is interesting and very quaint in its many instructions. Briefly, to make a proper and workable ink, well matured linseed oil of the best quality was needful. The most important point in its manufacture was, as already said, that it should be thoroughly well boiled and burned in this process.

Moxon tells us, ¶ 23, pp. 75-80, in vol. i of his work:

The providing of good *Inck*, or rather good *Varnish* for *Inck*, is none of the least incumbent cares upon our *Master-Printer*, though Custom has almost made it so here in *England*; for the process of making *Inck* being as well laborious to the Body, as noysom and ungrateful to the Sence, and by several odd accidents dangerous of Firing the Place it is made in, Our *English Master Printers* do generally discharge themselves of that trouble; and instead of having good *Inck*, content themselves that they pay an *Inck-maker* for good *Inck*, which may yet be better or worse according to the Conscience of the *Inck-maker*.

That our Neighbours the *Hollanders* who exhibit Patterns of good *Printing* to all the World, are careful and industrious in all the circumstances of good *Printing*, is

very notorious to all Book-men; yet should they content themselves with such *Inck* as we do, their Work would appear notwithstanding the other circumstances they observe, far less graceful than it does, as well as ours would appear more beautiful if we used such *Inck* as they do: for there is many Reasons, considering how the *Inck* is made with us and with them, why their *Inck* must needs be better than ours. As *First*, They make theirs all of good old *Linseed-Oyl* alone, and perhaps a little *Rosin* in it sometimes, when as our *Inck-makers* to save charges mingle many times *Trane-Oyl* among theirs, and a great deal of *Rosin*; which *Trane-Oyl* by its grossness, Furs and Choaks up a *Form*, and by its fatness hinders the *Inck* from drying; so that when the work comes to the *Binders*, it *Sets off*; and besides is dull, smeary and unpleasant to the Eye. And the *Rosin* if too great a quantity be put in, and the *Form* be not very *Lean Beaten*, makes the *Inck* turn yellow: And the same does New *Linseed-Oyl*.

Secondly, They seldom *Boyl* or *Burn* it to that consistence the *Hollanders* do, because they not only save labour and Fewel, but have a greater weight of *Inck* out of the same quantity of *Oyl* when less *Burnt* away than when more burnt away; which want of Burning makes the *Inck* also, though made of good old *Linseed Oyl*, Fat and Smeary, and hinders its *Drying*; so that when it comes to the *Binders* it also *Sets off*.

Thirdly, They do not use that way of clearing their *Inck* the *Hollanders* do, or indeed any other way than meer Burning it, whereby the *Inck* remains more *Oily* and *Greasie* than if it were well clarified.

Fourthly, They to save the *Press-man* the labour of *Rubbing* the *Blacking* into *Varnish* on the *Inck-Block*, *Boyl* the *Blacking* in the *Varnish*, or at least put the *Blacking* in whilst the *Varnish* is yet *Boyling-hot*, which so *Burns* and *Rubifies* the *Blacking*, that it loses much of its brisk and vivid black complexion.

Fifthly, Because *Blacking* is dear, and adds little to the

weight of *Inck*, they stint themselves to a quantity which they exceed not; so that sometimes the *Inck* proves so unsufferable *Pale*, that the *Press-man* is forc'd to *Rub* in more *Blacking* upon the *Block*; yet this he is often so loth to do, that he will rather hazard the content the Colour shall give, than take the pains to amend it: satisfying himself that he can lay the blame upon the *Inck-maker*.

Having thus hinted at the difference between the *Dutch* and *English Inck*, I shall now give you the Receipt and manner of making the *Dutch Varnish*.

They provide a *Kettle* or a *Caldron*, but a *Caldron* is more proper. This Vessel should hold twice so much *Oyl* as they intend to *Boyl*, that the *Scum* may be some considerable time a *Rising* from the top of the *Oyl* to the top of the Vessel to prevent danger. This *Caldron* hath a Copper Cover to fit the mouth of it, and this Cover hath an Handle at the top of it to take it off and put it on by. This *Caldron* is set upon a good strong Iron *Trevet*, and fill'd half full of old *Linseed Oyl*, the older the better, and hath a good Fire made under it of solid matter, either *Sea Coal*, *Charcoal* or pretty big Clumps of Wood that will burn well without much Flame; for should the Flame rise too high, and the *Oyl* be very hot at the taking off the Cover of the *Caldron*, the fume of the *Oyl* might be apt to take Fire at the Flame, and endanger the loss of the *Oyl* and Firing the House: Thus they let *Oyl* heat in the *Caldron* till they think it is *Boyling* hot; which to know, they peel the outer Films of an *Oynion* off it, and prick the *Oynion* fast upon the end of a small long Stick, and so put it into the heating *Oyl*: If it be *Boyling-hot*, or almost *Boyling-hot*, the *Oynion* will put the *Oyl* into a Fermentation, so that a *Scum* will gather on the top of the *Oyl*, and rise by degrees, and that more or less according as it is more or less Hot: But if it be so very Hot that the *Scum* rises apace, they quickly take the *Oynion* out, and by degrees the *Scum* will fall. But if the *Oyl* be Hot enough, and they intend to put any *Rosin* in, the quantity is to

every Gallon of *Oyl* half a Pound, or rarely a whole Pound. The *Rosin* they beat small in a *Mortar*, and with an Iron Ladle, or else by an Handfull at a time strew it in gently into the *Oyl* lest it make the Scum rise too fast; but every Ladlefull or Handfull they put in so leasurely after one another, that the first must be wholly dissolved before they put any more in; for else the Scum will Rise too fast, as aforesaid: So that you may perceive a great care is to keep the Scum down: For if it Boil over into the Fire never so little, the whole Body of *Oyl* will take Fire immediately.

If the *Oyl* be Hot enough to *Burn*, they *Burn* it, and that so often till it be *Hard* enough, which sometimes is six, seven, eight times or more.

To *Burn* it they take a long small Stick, or double up half a Sheet of Paper, and light one end to set Fire to the *Oyl*; It will presently Take if the *Oyl* be Hot enough, if not, they Boil it longer, till it be.

To try if it be *Hard* enough, they put the end of a Stick into the *Oyl*, which will lick up about three or four drops, which they put upon an Oyster shell, or some such thing, and set it by to cool, and when it is cold they touch it with their Fore or Middle-Finger and Thumb, and try its consistence by sticking together of their Finger and Thumb; for if it draw stiff like strong *Turpentine* it is *Hard* enough, if not, they Boil it longer, or *Burn* it again till it be so consolidated.

When it is well Boyled they throw in an Ounce of Letharge of Silver to every four Gallons of *Oyl* to Clarifie it, and Boil it gently once again, and then take it off the Fire to stand and cool, and when it is cool enough to put their Hand in, they Strain it through a Linnen Cloath, and with their Hands wring all the *Varnish* out into a Leaded Stone Pot or Pan, and keeping it covered, set it by for their use; The longer it stands by the better, because it is less subject to turn Yellow on the Paper that is Printed with it.

This is the *Dutch* way of making *Varnish*, and the way the English *Inck-makers* ought to use.

Note, First, That the *Varnish* may be made without *Burning* the *Oyl*, viz. only with well and long *Boyling* it; for *Burning* is but a violent way of *Boyling*, to consolidate it the sooner.

Secondly, That an *Apple* or a *Crust of Bread*, &c. stuck upon the end of a *Stick* instead of an *Oynion* will also make the *Scum* of the *Oyl* rise: For it is only the *Air* contained in the *Pores* of the *Apple*, *Crust*, or *Oynion*, &c. pressed or forced out by the violent heat of the *Oyl*, that raises the many *Bubbles* on the top of the *Oyl*: And the connection of those *Bubbles* are vulgarly called *Scum*.

Thirdly, The English *Inck-makers* that often make *Inck*, and that in great quantities, because one *Man* may serve all *England*, instead of setting a *Caldron* on a *Trevet*, build a *Furnace* under a great *Caldron*, and *Trim* it about so with *Brick*, that it boils far sooner and more securely than on a *Trevet*; because if the *Oyl* should chance to *Boyl* over, yet can it not run into the *Fire*, being *Fenced* round about with *Brick* as aforesaid, and the *Stoking-hole* lying far under the *Caldron*.

Fourthly, When for want of a *Caldron* the *Master-Printer* makes *Varnish* in a *Kettle*, He provides a great piece of thick *Canvass*, big enough when three or four double to cover the *Kettle*, and also to hang half round the sides of the *Kettle*: This *Canvass* (to make it more soluble) is wet in *Water*, and the *Water* well wrung out again, so that the *Canvass* remains only moist: Its use is to throw flat over the *Mouth* of the *Kettle* when the *Oyl* is *Burning*, to keep the *smoak* in, that it may stifle the *Flame* when they see cause to put it out. But the *Water* as was said before, must be very well wrung out of the *Canvass*, for should but a drop or two fall from the sides of it into the *Oyl* when it is *Burning*, it will so enrage the *Oyl*, and raise the *Scum*, that it might endanger the working over the top of the *Kettle*.

Subsequent writers on the art of typography up to the commencement of the nineteenth century, including both Johnson and Hansard, usually quoted Moxon as their authority for the making of printing inks. Moxon, in writing of this Dutch method, describes very fully the method of preparing the varnish from oil, but, curiously enough, omits all mention of any colouring matter, either as to materials, quality or quantity to be used. The assumption is that the colour was always mixed in as required by the printer at the last moment, and this may largely explain the great variation in colour observed in English books printed during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, many of which, if not deficient in colour, frequently exhibit a dirty black appearance, possibly due to an excess of carbon, or it may have been that this colouring matter was not sufficiently mixed or ground in thoroughly by the pressman, preparatory to its use in printing.

CHAS. T. JACOBI.

RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.



PERHAPS the literary event most looked for in Germany during the past three months was the publication of a new novel by Gustav Frenssen, the author of 'Jörn Uhl,' one hundred and ninety thousand copies of which have now been sold. After many puffs preliminary in which the title of the novel was announced as 'Aus einer kleinen Stadt,' and some delay in publication, it appeared towards the end of November last as 'Hilligenlei,' the name of the small town which is the chief scene of the action. Frankly speaking, the book is a disappointment. It has all the faults of 'Jörn Uhl,' few of its excellences, and little of its charm. 'Hilligenlei' is, in fact, a polemic, a plea for a religious faith freed from all dogma, a faith that shall be neither Catholic nor Protestant, but shall rest on the latest researches of advanced theologians like Harnack, Weinel, and Baumgarten. Oddly dragged in, a life of Christ written by the chief character, Kai Jans, fills a hundred pages towards the end of the book. In this, following Strauss and Renan, the humanity of the Saviour is insisted on, and a list of the works of modern German theologians on which the historical accuracy of the narrative rests is given at the end of the novel! The Gospel story is denuded of all poetry

and imagery, and we turn back with pleasure to the beautiful version of it in Rosegger's 'I. N. R. I.' The upshot of Frenssen's narrative is that, after all, our faith is the same as that of Him 'who was the most noble of the children of men.'

This is our faith: we feel and understand and believe that the hidden eternal power is kindly, true, and holy. And we stand before it with the shy love of a child. We trust it, rejoice in it, and take refuge in its arms. And from this relationship we gain a calm joy, high esteem of our own and of others' souls, wide-open, observant eyes, strength for progress, for helping others, and a glad hope for the future of humanity.

The story of the novel suffers from its episodic character. There is no real unity. The persons flit in and out and have an irritating habit, like those of the French seventeenth-century romances, of telling, in season and out of season, long tales either of their own experiences, or of the ancient, chiefly legendary, history of their native town. The book reflects a life without joy either in frivolous pleasures or in honest work; in the hearts of all the men and women there lurks a dull hopelessness that is universally true of no life. Certain passages, however, delight us by their descriptive power or by their humour. A storm at sea in a sailing ship is finely depicted; and as an example of the author's humorous realism we may quote a little scene in the office of the local paper. The editor is deciding what pieces of news are to be inserted. His assistant puts them before him.

'Skipper Tams has bought a wherry in Finkenwärder.

That's the fifth which has found a home in Hilligenlei. Harbourmaster Jau says that it's a fine ship.'

'That's of no interest. Anyone can buy a wherry,' said Heine Wulk.

'Pe Ontjes Jau has passed his pilot's examination in Altona.'

'I can't bear Jau. What does Hilligenlei care about his affairs?'

'The drain in the Kirchstrasse is stopped up since yesterday evening; the dirty water remains in the street and cannot run away.'

Heine Wulk shook his head violently. 'What's that to do with us?' he asked. 'If we put that in, the mayor will be annoyed, and the policeman will be disagreeable, and cause me trouble. That's all nothing for us. What else is there?'

'Dicksen, the merchant, has found his wedding ring which he lost twenty years ago in his garden.'

'There, now, that's interesting. We'll put that in. Don't you see, little touches that illustrate human life, that's the sort of thing for us.'

'And Birnbaum, the innkeeper, is exhibiting a bottle full of peas. Whoever guesses the correct number nearest is to have a dozen of beer as a prize.'

'There, that's capital. There's what you call humour in that. Just expand it a bit and put some go into it. You must let it be understood that Birnbaum shows both wit and intelligence in offering us this sport, and that such an exercise, while it makes for a pleasant social gathering helps to brighten our minds and hearts. You might end the paragraph with a few lines of poetry, with a humorous rhyming couplet. Now, get to work.'

Hilligenlei is, I think, intended by Frenssen to be a sort of symbol for the whole world. The name is really a form of 'Heilig Land,' holy land. The town has a small harbour, nearly filled up with

sand, and its inhabitants lead a narrow, sleepy existence. There is a mere semblance of activity in its rulers, and the people dream of an old legend which tells that a Danish treasure ship is sunk in the harbour, that some day it will be recovered, and that then a holy time will follow, without taxes, or distress, or toilsome labour. The longing for this good time is inborn in all the natives of Hilligenlei; each man or woman understands it differently, but each believes in the past and seeks it in the future or in the distance. As a rule the feeling fades with the ending of youth; believers become doubters, strivers become tired or content, or so attached to an active life that they fear rest and peace. Sometimes one of them retains his child's longing, and the childish eyes that are always looking for the holy time, and he 'is a prophet, a foolish sort of creature so long as he lives, but a power when he is dead.'

The book is remarkable in its way, and we have not noted here half the interesting things in it. But it remains a series of loosely joined fragments, and a plea for freer thought rather than a novel with an artistically developed plot. The characters, well drawn as many of them are, lose by their aloofness.

Georg Engel's 'Hann Klüth, der Philosoph' is a much more artistic piece of work. It also is a tale of sea-faring folk, and follows the fortunes of three brothers, children of a pilot, and a girl, his adopted daughter. The characters develop quite naturally, their sorrows and joys interest us, we grow to love Hann, who, though the least gifted of the brothers, does best in the end, and to sympathize

with poor, passionate Lina, who goes through much tribulation. The glimpses of their childhood are delightful. Here is a fragment of talk between the little Hann and Lina on the day of the funeral of Hann's father:

'Lina, sweet,' he began, 'did you hear what old Kusemann said? Do you know what a soul is?'

'No—don't,' replied the little girl, frightened, and pulling at her black frock. 'But old Kusemann said the day before yesterday that it was gray.'

'Yes, it's gray,' agreed the boy sorrowfully; 'it must have some sort of colour. Pigs are yellow and roses red, and so souls may well be gray.'

'Father's soul is now in Heaven,' said Lina mysteriously. 'Look! up there! where the pink cloud moves; he is certainly sitting up there and looking down to see the cattle fed here. He always did that. Do you think he likes it up there?'

'I'm sure he does,' Hann affirmed seriously.

'How do you know?' asked Lina, quickly.

Hann rocked himself to and fro for a while as if he did not quite dare to speak out. Then he leaned forward, glanced suspiciously at the cow-house, and at last pushed up so close to Lina that their two faces almost touched.

As a rule Lina did not allow him to come so near, and when he did pushed him away.

'I know he likes it,' came at last shyly from the boy, who sighed as if burdened with a secret. "But, you mustn't tell Paul.'

'What, Hann?'

He sighed again deeply, then said quickly: 'I had a peep into Heaven lately.'

'You?'

'Yes, me.'

'What with?'

'Old Kusemann's got a tube in his tower room, and he

can look into Heaven through it. And he showed it me, too.'

'Hann, Hann, what did you see?'

'It was all bright and moving to and fro, and there were gray specks flying all around. Those were souls. Old Kusemann explained it perfectly.'

The book abounds in the comedy and tragedy of everyday human life set by the sea-shore where the land is unfruitful and existence often a hard struggle. Its theme is that the dreamer who is content with little, and kind to his neighbour, may make more of his life than the successful merchant or preacher. An English version is in course of preparation, and should find many readers among those who know no German.

Novels by two writers whose former books we deemed worthy of praise scarcely sustain their reputation. Hermann Hesse's 'Unterm Rad' falls far below his 'Peter Camenzind,' as does Ottomar Enking's 'Patriarch Mahnke,' below his delightful 'Familie P.C.Behm.' Hesse relates the very dull story of a boy who overworked at school, became in consequence the victim of a nervous illness, and finally died after his first attempt at dissipation. The Black Forest scenery, which forms the background, is beautifully described, and there are some attractive passages on the delights of fishing and bathing. But no one wins our sympathy, the picture is overdrawn, and if it is intended as a hit at German educational methods it misses its mark, for clearly here the system in general was not at fault, it was simply unsuited to this particular boy who was in no way called upon to follow it. In

'Patriarch Mahnke,' the moral preached on almost every page is 'Have the courage to be yourself; weak, undecided people must suffer; strong, self-reliant, determined people succeed.' But there is little humour or feeling in the story, and most of the characters make haste unnecessarily to be unhappy.

Ompfeda's last novel, 'Herzeloide,' is a weak, sentimental love-story. Its hero is an officer whose sole recreation when relieved of his military duties, seems to be thinking about and making love. 'Maria-Himmelfahrt,' by Hans von Hoffenthal, is a well-written story of a misguided husband and an unhappy marriage. When his eyes are opened to the error of his ways, he returns to his faithful, loving wife, only to find her on her deathbed!

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Sudermann's new play, 'Stein unter Steinen,' cannot be said to add to his reputation. It went fairly well on the stage because of the superb acting and the wonderfully realistic setting of a stone-mason's yard where the chief action passes. But it is dull reading. It deals with the difficulty of reinstating discharged prisoners in respectable society, a question of high social importance, and one which may be suited to dramatic treatment. But it must be a very different treatment from that employed by Sudermann. German dramatists seem for the moment to have lost their powers of invention. Hauptmann based his 'Elga' on a story of Grillparzer's, Hugo von Hofmannsthal has modernized 'Elektra' and Otway's 'Venice Preserved,' and

Richard Beer-Hofmann's 'Der Graf von Charolais' is a version of Massinger's 'Fatal Dowry.' There is the precedent of Shakespeare for writing up an old play and for not inventing his plots, but he illumined all he did with his genius. Great plays like the 'Elektra' and 'Venice Preserved' ought not to be thus treated.

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In 'Reisen in Celebes ausgeführt in den Jahren 1893-6 und 1902-3,' two vols., by Paul and Fritz Sarasin, we have a book to invite the active traveller to new pastures as well as to delight the geographer who prefers not to stir from his arm-chair beside the fire. There are scarcely any English books on Celebes, the central island of the Eastern Archipelago, and this should become the standard authority. Although excursions are made into purely scientific provinces, it is not a scientific book. The primary object of the authors is to describe the many and various experiences of their journey, the impressions made on them by what was for the most part virgin nature, and by the natives whose special customs and ethics will soon vanish before the invasion of Europe and Islam. Some portions of the book have already appeared in the publications of the Berlin Geographical Society, but even those are practically re-written, and the whole work may correctly be said to be the outcome of a four years' exploration of Celebes, and eight years' scientific work in connection with the expedition at home. It is certainly the most attractive book of travel we have come across

recently. It contains some fine descriptive prose, while the two hundred and forty ordinary illustrations, the dozen colour-prints, and the eleven maps are most alluring, and make us long to set off at once on a similar journey. For those who do go the book will be helpful, for it is full of information, both practical and scientific.

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While our better class magazines are dying out, or being popularized and cheapened to suit the 'tasteless multitude,' it is interesting to note the vast improvement in German periodical literature. 'Die Neue Rundschau' offers each month one hundred and twenty-eight pages by the best contemporary writers—poets, critics, novelists, philosophers—and promises in the future, with home-grown matter of an interesting nature, the letters of Aubrey Beardsley, translations from Maeterlinck, Brandes, Bernard Shaw, and George Meredith ('The Tale of Chloe'). The excellently illustrated magazines 'Velhagen und Klasings Monatshefte,' and 'Westermann's Monatshefte' appeal to persons whose taste is perhaps less 'cultured,' but good for all that; the beauty of the coloured illustrations is beyond praise. In a number of the first-named periodical which lies before us, an oil-painting, a water-colour, and a pastel are each so admirably reproduced that the veriest tyro in matters of art could entertain no doubt of the texture of the original. The letter-press is entertaining and informing; a capital review of current fiction from the pen of Carl Busse is printed each month.

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Paul Bourget is still at the head of living French novelists, and his last book, entitled "*Les deux Sœurs*," will rank, as a psychological study, with any of his previous work. Of the two sisters, one is a childless widow, the other married and apparently happy in her husband and child. Indeed, she earnestly desires her widowed sister to marry again, for the first marriage had not been a success, and she wants her to know what happy married life is like. At Ragatz, where her little girl is taking the cure—her husband's work kept him in Paris—she met a prominent member of Marchand's expedition, and at once determined that he was the man to become her sister's husband. But her schemes fail because, although her sister falls in love with him, and is ready enough to marry him, he falls in love with herself, and, to her great surprise, she finds that she returns the feeling, and that in her calmly happy married life she never knew what passionate love meant. Here is one of those 'complications sentimentales' so dear to Bourget's heart. But although it means plenty of suffering, they all do what is right. The relations between the two women are very cleverly sketched, and again prove Bourget's insight into the female heart.

An irritating custom prevails among French publishers—and some English ones—they omit to indicate on the title-page whether a book contains a single story or several. Thus, to our great surprise, we found that '*Les deux Sœurs*' did not occupy the whole volume, but was followed by a series of short stories having for general title, '*Le cœur et le métier*.' There are five tales, each dealing with

a case of conscience, where a man's heart comes into conflict with his vocation. For instance, a young doctor attending a man mortally ill, cannot save him, but can, by his skill and knowledge, prolong his life a few hours, or may be days. By no desire of his own the physician learns a family secret, so far known only to the patient and his wife. If divulged, and the sick man means to divulge it ere he dies, it will ruin the happiness and the careers of their four sons. So that if the sick man died before he had the opportunity of telling the fatal secret, much misery would be spared. What ought the doctor to do? Bourget has no doubts; he must think of the honour of his profession, and pay no heed to his patient's family affairs.

The hero of 'Le Nègre' (*nègre* is the current French slang for a literary 'ghost') is an actor who has written a play, but can get no manager to accept it. To save his brother from bankruptcy, he sells the play to a millionaire on the condition that the man of wealth may produce it as his own. The first night proves it a great success, and to render the irony of the situation more acute, the actor plays the chief part. During the evening he declares, despite the millionaire's extra bribes, that he will reveal the truth to the public at the end of the play, but he relents in time, remembering that after all a bargain is a bargain. Bourget's other 'cases of conscience' are less interesting than those we have chosen to describe.

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The last three months has seen the production

of many new French plays. Among the most notable are Richépin's 'Don Quichotte'; Daniel Lesueur's 'Le Masque d'Amour,' based on her novel of that name; Edmond Haraucourt's 'Les Oberlé,' founded on René Bazin's famous novel; Henry Bataille's 'La Marche Nuptiale'; Henry Bernstein's 'La Rafale'; and Jules Lemaître's 'Bertrade.' The two last-named plays are the most interesting; but we can here only deal with 'Bertrade' as 'La Rafale' (produced November 4th) is not yet published. Lemaître's play has for subject the aristocracy and money. The theme has been treated before by Dumas fils, Emile Augier, and others. Lemaître's treatment of the subject is more brutal, perhaps, than theirs, but not less true to life, and the charm and finesse of his style carry him through what is, it must be confessed, by no means a pleasant play. The hero, the Marquis de Mauferland, has run through his own fortune, his daughter's dowry, and some money belonging to his sister, the Comtesse de Laurière. He is deeply in debt, and, as his solicitor tells him, his assets are *nil* less three millions. The only thing is to marry his daughter Bertrade to his millionaire friend, Chaillard, the self-made man, the snob who apes the manners and vices of the aristocracy. But Bertrade is in love with her cousin, De Tarane, who is willing to marry her without a *dot*, and she refuses to save the honour of the Mauferlands by becoming M^{me} Chaillard. To complicate matters further, a Parisian *danseuse*, who had been the Duke's mistress, turns up after thirty-five years, rich and respectable, the widow of an Austrian baron. There

is a capital scene between them when they discuss old times and the lost glories of the Second Empire.

Le Marquis. Je le revois dans tous ses détails, le temps où il faisait si bon vivre . . .

La Baronne. Le second Empire.

Le Marquis. Les dix-huit années de corruption.

La Baronne. On était jeune.

Le Marquis. Gai.

La Baronne. Insouciant.

Le Marquis. Et pourtant sentimental.

La Baronne. On soupait.

Le Marquis. On buvait encore du vin.

La Baronne. On se levait tard.

Le Marquis. Les magasins de boulevard étaient éclairés jusqu'à minuit.

La Baronne. Quelle jolie petite ville que le Paris de ce temps-là !

Le Marquis. On vivait entre soi.

La Baronne. On connaissait tout le monde.

Le Marquis. On attelait correctement.

La Baronne. Il y avait au Bois des équipages parfaits.

Le Marquis. La rue était tranquille.

La Baronne. Pas de tramways.

Le Marquis. Pas d'autos.

La Baronne. Les journaux étaient décents.

Le Marquis. Les livres étaient écrits en français.

La Baronne. On n'était pas bête.

Le Marquis. Il n'était pas question de socialisme, ni d'internationalisme—ni de toutes ces machines-là.

La Baronne. On était patriote.

Le Marquis. Et fier d'être Français.

La Baronne. On assistait à des entrées de troupes victorieuses.

Le Marquis. On était moral.

La Baronne. Le roman et le théâtre respiraient le mépris de l'argent.

Le Marquis. Et, pourtant, on en avait.

La Baronne. Dans les comédies, les fils de famille allaient, au dernier acte, se régénérer en Afrique.

Le Marquis. Le livre le plus immoral était *Madame Bovary*.

La Baronne. Ah ! la crinoline !

Le Marquis. Les Italiens !

La Baronne. Les cent-gardes !

Le Marquis. Torton !

La Baronne. Le Grand-Seize !

Le Marquis. La Belle Hélène.

La Baronne. Les romans d'Octave Feuillet !

Le Marquis. La délicieuse petite exposition de 1867 !

La Baronne. Oh ! tous ça ! tous ça !

Le Marquis. Malheureusement ça a mal fini. Ça devait être. Politique extérieure stupide.

But the Baroness, unknown to the Marquis, has bought up all his debts, and has him in her power. Her object is to compel him to marry her, in order to escape the poverty with which he is threatened. He is at first horrified at the notion of such a union ; but gradually brought face to face with ruin, is inclined to give way. Bertrade dissuades him, and as he cannot endure the notion of poverty and disgrace, he shoots himself. The play is not as good as 'La Massière.' No one is particularly sympathetic. Even Bertrade, with all her virtue and high sense of honour, is a somewhat melodramatic figure, the Marquis is only a half-hearted scoundrel, Chaillard too devoted to money-getting to love a penniless aristocrat. The dialogue is, of course, of great excellence, and, needless to say, the acting at the Renaissance Theatre of Paris, deserves the highest praise.

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A volume of criticism by René Doumic is certain to provide enjoyments, and his fifth series of 'Etudes sur la Littérature Française' is as successful in that respect as the rest of his writings. The critic spreads his net widely. From Corneille and 'Le décor de la tragédie de Racine,' we come to 'La découverte de l'Angleterre au xviii^e Siècle,' and 'Quel est l'auteur des écrits de Diderot?' and then to certain reflections on the contemporary novel, those in one essay, entitled 'Le Roman Collectif,' being particularly illuminating. Doumic asks what is the history of the novel in the last half-century? There was the romantic and sentimental novel, represented by George Sand and Octave Feuillet. Their work was superseded by the realistic school, by the novel of observation as written by Zola, Daudet, Maupassant, who all painted contemporary society, but 'dans la curiosité qu'ils affichaient pour toutes les formes de la vie, il en est une qu'ils avaient totalement oubliées: la vie de l'esprit.' And so the psychological novel arrived to fill the gap. A more frivolous type, the work of Halévy, Gyp, and Lavedan and their peers, lived side by side with these, and when irony was the mode, Anatole France and Maurice Barrès provided it; but they, too, all dealt with contemporary life. The world was born yesterday. One faculty found itself left out in the cold—imagination. A reaction, however, followed, and people began to have a taste for all that told of the past, for history, for memoirs, a taste for which the new science of collective psychology is largely responsible. Men now perceive that in addition to the psychology of

individuals, there is a psychology of revolutionary, of imperial, of monarchical, of republican France; a psychology of the army, and a psychology of the Chamber of Deputies.

Certaines phénomènes ne s'expliquent dans ces groupes que par l'échange et par le contact, et deviennent l'objet même d'un roman qui envisage la collectivité. Ainsi retour à l'histoire pittoresque, progrès de la psychologie collective, tel est le double mouvement d'où est sorti le roman collectif.

The collective novel, then, is a new designation for what we have been accustomed to call the historical novel. Doumic bases his criticism on the series of novels by Paul Adam, Paul and Victor Margueritte, and Maurice Barrés, entitled respectively: 'Le Temps et la Vie' ('La Force; L'Enfant d'Austerlitz'); 'Une Epoque' ('Le désastre; Les Tronçons du Glaive; Les Braves Gens'); and 'Le Roman de l'énergie nationale' ('Les Déracinées; L'appel au soldat; Leurs figures'). The whole essay is most suggestive and well worth carefully reading and pondering over.

The following recently published books deserve attention.

'Histoire de Corot et de ses œuvres (d'après les documents recueillis par Alfred Robawt)' par Etienne Moreau-Nélaton.

This is a shorter and more accessible life than that to be found in Robawt's four quarto volumes.

'Une reine de douze ans. Marie Louise Gabrielle de Savoie, Reine d'Espagne,' par Lucien Perey.

One of the historical monographs in which the French excel.

94 RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Although Marie Louise was queen for so short a time her life is well worth study. She was so overshadowed by Mme. des Ursins, that in most histories she is relegated to the background. But she won the hearts of the Spanish people, and her memory lived long in Spain. Perey restores her to her rightful position.

‘Les deux Frances et leurs origines historiques,’ par Paul Seippel.

A clear exposition of the relations between Catholic France and political France, based on the axiom ‘la crainte de Rome est restée la religion du Gaulois.’ Seippel’s aim is to prove that religious collectivism must lead to economic collectivism.

‘Jean Calvin. Les hommes et les choses de son temps,’ par E. Doumergue. Vol. III.

The third volume of the monumental work on Calvin now in course of publication. It deals chiefly with Calvin’s town, house, and street.

‘La Littérature contemporaine (1905). Opinions des écrivains de ce temps, accompagnés d’un index des noms cités,’ par Georges Le Cardonnell et Charles Vellay.

A series of interviews with well-known poets, novelists, dramatists, and critics, with the object of eliciting their views on current literature. The commentary so provided will be most useful to anyone dealing with contemporary French literature.

‘Epilogues—Réflexions sur la vie.’ Troisième série, 1902-1904, par Remy de Gourmont.

Brief comments on men and matters delightfully written and full of suggestive thought. The subjects are too numerous to particularize, but almost every question that has interested French thought in the two years indicated, from love and divorce to nationalism and the philosophy of Herbert Spencer finds a place.

‘Die Kultur der Gegenwart. Ihre Entwicklung

und ihre Ziele,' Herausgegeben von Paul Hinneberg.

A kind of encyclopaedia, among the contributors to which we note the best names in German scholarship. Parts I and II (only Divisions 1, 4, 8 of Part I are now ready) will deal with philosophy, literature, music, art, anthropo-geography, government, society, law, agriculture, and economics. In every case a sketch is given of the systems that led up to present conditions. Parts III and IV will deal with natural science and its place in civilization, mathematics, medicine; with the technics of building, machinery, manufactures, and agriculture; with trade and means of communication.

'Der Kampf um den Entwicklungs-Gedanken.'
Von Ernst Haeckel.

Three lectures delivered in Berlin (Haeckel is professor at Jena University) April, 1905, in response to an invitation to give some popular scientific discourses. Lect. I, 'Der Kampf um die Schöpfung,' deals with the doctrine of descent and belief in a church. Lect. II ('Der Kampf um den Stammbaum') deals with the relationship of man to apes and the descent of vertebrate animals. Lect. III ('Der Kampf um die Seele') deals with immortality and the idea of God.

'Wer ist's? Unsere Zeitgenossen' zusammengestellt und herausgegeben von Hermann A. L. Degener.

This is modelled on the English 'Who's Who?' and includes a certain number of non-Germans, who are persons of importance in their various countries.

'Geschichte von Livland.' Von Dr. Ernst Seraphim. Vol. I.

This belongs to the excellent series edited by Armin Tille under the general title of 'Deutsche Landesgeschichten.' Although Livonia is no longer 'Deutsches Land,' German civilization still prevails there, and it is intended to include in the series every country that has a German population. This volume recounts the quite early history of Livonia, and then takes us through the Middle Age and the time of the Reformation up to 1582.

96 RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

‘Das Völkerrecht,’ systematisch dargestellt von Dr. Franz von Liszt.


A new and revised edition of Dr. Liszt’s great and authoritative work.

‘Heinz Trewlieb und Allerlei Anderes.’ Von Julius Stinde.

A posthumous volume of short stories. It contains a portrait of the author who died last August, and an interesting introduction describing the man and his work by Marx Möller.

ELIZABETH LEE.

REVIEWS.

HE Life of Charles Lamb, by E. V. Lucas. In two volumes, with forty illustrations. (Methuen and Co., London, 1905. 21s. net.)

Once in a while every critic is faced by a book that disarms him. Nothing but praise is left to him, and his only fear is of its inadequacy to the merit of its object. His only justification for putting pen to paper is to have some share in spreading abroad the knowledge of the new treasure that has come to light. Mr. Lucas's 'Life of Charles Lamb' is emphatically one of these books. To lovers of Lamb it is a treasure beyond price, and it cannot fail to call into his circle many of those who have never felt his spell.

Really good biography is an extraordinarily rare thing. Boswell still stands on a height absolutely alone. It is not that he has told us authentic facts about Dr. Johnson, summed up his work, or analyzed his mind. One hardly remembers that he even tried to do any of these things. His supreme achievement is that he shows us a man long dead so that we know him better than we know most of our living friends. We know him almost as well as Boswell did, and if we had more brains than Boswell we should know him even better. No higher praise can be given to Mr. Lucas than to say that the

merit of his book is of the same character as the merit of Boswell's. His whole aim is to give us a living picture of Charles Lamb as his friends knew him during his life. This object is attained by a masterly use of the great body of biographical material that fortunately survived him. Charles Lamb's own letters are the principal mine in which he has dug. The diaries and letters of friends and acquaintances and the autobiographical touches that are elicited from the Essays by Mr. Lucas's skilful hand, are all utilized to form a composite picture of wonderful vividness and charm. Mr. Lucas takes infinite pains to suppress himself. He never attempts to describe an incident or analyse a characteristic when it can possibly be done for him by someone who knew Lamb personally. The result is that in reading the book we are taken back a century and more, and but rarely reminded of the length of years that separate us from that household that formed so potent an attraction for some of the greatest minds in literature.

It needs such a work as this to enable one to realize just how great Lamb was as a man. We knew his charm as a writer and as a companion. But only a faithful record of his daily life through fifty years can do justice to the greatest achievement of all—his devotion of his life to his unhappy sister. To make such a sacrifice on impulse under the stress of emotion was not perhaps so hard. To carry it out to the end as Lamb did was a greater thing even than to write 'Elia.'

There are some few points on which Mr. Lucas feels it necessary to depart from his rule of letting

the story tell itself, and becomes a controversialist on Lamb's behalf. One of these is the charge that the 'Confessions of a Drunkard' were the personal experiences of the writer. There is no difficulty in sharing Mr. Lucas's conclusion that the not uncommon belief that Lamb was a drunkard is founded on a gross exaggeration of the facts. He quotes with approval that manly outburst of Mr. Birrell's in 'Obiter Dicta':

One grows sick of the expressions, 'poor Charles Lamb,' 'gentle Charles Lamb,' as if he were one of those grown-up children of the Leigh Hunt type, who are perpetually begging and borrowing through the round of every man's acquaintance. Charles Lamb earned his own living, paid his own way, was the helper, not the helped; a man who was beholden to no one, who always came with gifts in his hand, a shrewd man, capable of advice, strong in council. Poor Lamb indeed! Poor Coleridge, robbed of his will; poor Wordsworth, devoured by his own ego; poor Southey, writing his tomes and deeming himself a classic; poor Carlyle, with his nine volumes of memoirs, where he

'Lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles'—

call these men poor if you feel it decent to do so, but not Lamb who was rich in all that makes life valuable or memory sweet. But he used to get drunk. This explains all. Be untruthful, unfaithful, unkind; darken the lives of all who have to live under your shadow, rob youth of joy, take peace from age, live unsought for, die unmourned—and remaining sober you will escape the curse of men's pity, and be spoken of as a worthy person. But if ever, amidst what Burns called 'social noise,' you so far forget yourself as to get drunk, think not to plead a spotless life spent with those for whom you have laboured and saved;

talk not of the love of friends or of help given to the needy: least of all make reference to a noble self-sacrifice passing the love of women, for all will avail you nothing. You get drunk—and the heartless and the selfish and the lewd crave the privilege of pitying you, and receiving your name with an odious smile.'

Mr. Lucas is privileged to be the first of Lamb's biographers to tell the full details of that pathetic incident in his later life, his proposal to Miss Fanny Kelly, the actress. A single day saw the beginning and the end of the affair—Lamb's first letter, Miss Kelly's frank and kind refusal, and his acknowledgment. Here it is:

DEAR MISS KELLY,

Your injunctions shall be obeyed to a tittle. I feel myself in a lackadaisical no-how-ish kind of a humour. I believe it is the rain, or something. I had thought to have written seriously, but I fancy I succeed best in epistles of mere fun; puns and *that* nonsense. You will be good friends with us, will you not? Let what has past break no bones between us. You will not refuse us them next time we send for them?

Yours very truly,
C. L.

Do you observe the delicacy of not signing my full name?

N.B. Do not paste that last letter of mine into your Book.

'I doubt,' says Mr. Lucas, 'if there is a better letter than that in English literature; or in its instant acceptance of defeat, its brave, half-smiling admission that yet another dream was shattered, one more pathetic.'

From a thousand priceless Lamb stories which Mr. Lucas has gathered, we must indulge in the pleasure of quoting just one. Speaking of Wordsworth's 'Peter Bell,' he says: 'The lines

Is it a party in a parlour,
All silent and all damned?

which Wordsworth afterwards expunged, seem to have clung to Lamb's memory, for there is a story of his shouting the words at a solemn evening gathering seen through a window in passing: "A party in a parlour, all silent and all damned!" he cried, shaking the railings the while.'

Though this is a life of the man and not an appreciation of his literary work, yet Mr. Lucas allows himself the privilege of a few remarks on the position occupied by the *Elia* essays in the history of English literature.

Yet it is still perhaps not clear why Lamb holds the place that is his in English literature and in our hearts. Why is '*Elia*' so treasured a volume? The answer, I hope, is to be read again and again between the lines of this book. I have failed utterly if it is not legible there. In a few words it is this—because '*Elia*' describes with so much sympathy most of the normal feelings of mankind, because Lamb understands so much, and is so cheerful to the lowly, so companionable to the luckless. He is always on the side of those who need a friend . . . our prose literature probably contains no book so steeped in personality . . . in tolerance, in the higher cleanliness, in enjoyment of fun, in love of sweetness, in pleasure in gentlemen, in whimsical humour, Lamb and Shakespeare have much in common. . . .

Lamb found the essay a comparatively frigid thing; he

left it warm and companionable. . . . Let me end this chapter by remarking that it is significant of the universality—and particularity—of ‘Elia’ that everyone thinks that he knows Lamb a little more intimately, and appreciates him a little more subtly, than any one else.

One thing is certain. Mr. Lucas has written *the* Life of Charles Lamb, and he has done it for all time in such a fashion that it need never be attempted again and probably never will be.

‘Sea Power in its Relations to the War of 1812.’ By Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., United States Navy. In two volumes. London, Sampson Low, Marston and Co. 1905.

With this work Captain Mahan completes the series of studies of the influence of sea power upon history as he first conceived it. Its subject is the least important and the least interesting of all the ground that he had to cover, but in spite of these limitations in his material Captain Mahan has done full justice to his supreme reputation in his own field of study. In one direction at least he has consolidated that reputation. Hitherto he has dealt with the achievements of the British Navy against other European Powers. Impartiality in such work was not difficult to attain. Now he has given us a detailed investigation of the only naval war between his own country and Great Britain, a war which has always been peculiarly dear to the American patriot of the flamboyant and unhistorical type, and he has triumphantly proved his power of maintaining a rigidly judicial attitude without the slightest trace of national bias. This is scarcely the place for

detailed criticism of such a voluminous work, but it will be read with pleasure and profit by every student of history and must find a place in every reference library worthy of the name. A second edition should correct the title of the plate facing page 52, vol. ii.

‘Book-Prices Current.’ Vol. XIX. (Elliot Stock.)

At the end of his preface to this volume of ‘Book Prices Current,’ Mr. Slater makes the melancholy pronouncement that the average of £2 17s. 2d. for the 42,477 lots sold in last season’s auctions must be considered ‘anything but satisfactory.’ Mr. Slater compiles his work so much more in the interests of the dealer than of the collector or amateur that his unhappiness at the presumed depreciation of his patrons’ stocks is intelligible and even praiseworthy. For ourselves, from many points of view we should be glad to see a further considerable fall. On paper, indeed, there has been no fall at all in this last season as compared with its predecessor, but a rise of nearly eight shillings a lot. This, however, as Mr. Slater shows, is due to the competition for Shakespeareana and a handful of other rare books which three or four American collectors bid for against each other, with undiminished vigour. Sixty-nine such books fetched £100 or more a-piece, and realized between them £24,351 out of the season’s total of £121,327, or just 20 per cent. of the whole. Yet, as some fashionable books come up for sale every season, and this year’s average is 15 per cent. higher than that of its predecessor, the fall in value of ordinary books cannot have been

very great, and we think that the book-market is probably in a healthier condition than it was when prices were at their highest in 1900-1. Interesting sales were by no means numerous during the season. Mr. John Scott's collection, notable for its books about Mary Queen of Scots and other works specially attractive to Scotsmen, was the greatest event of the year. Its 3,523 lots fetched £18,259 or a little over £5 apiece; Prof. Corfield's collection of bindings did still better, 466 lots fetching £5,010. In Mr. E. J. Stanley's sale, 485 lots fetched £2,145, the respectable average (about 4 guineas) being probably due to the prevalence of 'old French morocco' in the descriptions. The books of Mr. Louis Huth sold at Christie's were also in excellent condition, but the prices realized (£1,887 for 371 lots) may have been influenced by the enormous sums paid for his other collections. Mr. Frederick Clarke's nine hundred books averaged thirty shillings apiece, and Mr. Joseph Knight's couple of thousand a guinea. The other sales of the year were almost exclusively those miscellaneous collections which have figured so largely in the programmes of recent seasons, and which certainly have done nothing to raise the credit of London as the world's best book-market. Mr. Slater's volume has the merits and defects we have noted in so many of its predecessors. It is well printed and a good guide on many questions of price, but the antiquarian notes are poor, and the index still entirely neglects the interests of the antiquarian collector. Even when the sale-catalogue enters a book under 'Pynson' instead of the name of its author,

because it was as a specimen of Pynson's printing that it appealed to purchasers, Mr. Slater's index gives no reference from Pynson. Under the head of Bindings the index mentions modern works which sell for a pound or thirty shillings apiece, but ignores the books to which old bindings have given an additional value of fifty times as much. A still more serious defect will be pointed out by Mr. Peddie in our next number, when he gives his annual *résumé* of the sale-prices of incunabula. Perhaps, a couple of years hence, when 'Book-Prices Current' has come of age, it will mend its way and enter on a new course. But we have no great hope of such a reformation, much as we desire it.

'Catalogue of Fifteenth-Century Books in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, and in Marsh's Library, Dublin, with a few from other Collections.' (With illustrations.) By T. K. Abbott. Hodges Figgis and Co., Dublin; Longmans, London. 1905. Pp. vi. 225.

Dr. Abbott deserves both praise and thanks for this excellent catalogue of incunabula at Dublin. The number of books he registers is only 606, and this is not large enough to have enabled him to attempt such a series of identifications as Mr. Proctor accomplished in the case of the adespota at the British Museum. Dr. Abbott, however, has taken up another line and worked it very thoroughly. He has given abundant information about the previous ownership of the volumes, transcribed the manuscript notes, and measured both pages and texts. He has also described all the

watermarks in these books with great care, and given an index to them which, small though the collection is, will be found really useful. How carefully the index is made may be judged from the fact that twenty-four different varieties are recorded of the bull's head and shaft. At present it is not easy to see what conclusions can safely be drawn from watermarks, but until more bibliographers have worked at them in faith, the possibility of obtaining information from them cannot be said to be exhausted. Dr. Abbott also gives a chronological index, another of printers and places, and yet another of former owners. After taking so much pains over his text it is sad to find his two-page preface defaced by the statement that 'Ussher's whole Library was purchased for the College in 1601 (*sic*) by the English army in Ireland.' It is hardly correct either to say that Marsh's Library 'contains the entire library of Bishop Stillingfleet,' if, as we believe, the Bishop's manuscripts went elsewhere. The most important former owners of the incunabula appear to have been Dr. Claudius Gilbert, Vice-Provost (d. 1742), Mr. F. W. Conway, proprietor of the 'Dublin Evening Post,' and H. G. Quin (d. 1805), whose books are made additionally interesting by notes of the prices paid for them. For Wendelin of Speier's 'Virgil' Mr. Quinn paid no less than £200.

'Catalogue of Early Printed and other Interesting Books, Manuscripts, and Fine Bindings.' Offered for sale by J. and J. Leighton, 40, Brewer Street, Golden Square, London, W. 8vo, pp. 1738.

We have sometimes wondered whether the frequent issue of profusely illustrated catalogues may not in the end result in the books advertised becoming too well known, so that the appetite of book-lovers may be sated by the descriptions and pictures in the catalogues, just as many readers learn all they want to know from reviews of a new work without troubling to read the book itself. However this may be, there can be no question that illustrated catalogues are very fascinating, and that the pictures in them often supply students with valuable clues to the history of both cuts and types. This being so, we can heartily congratulate Messrs. Leighton on having produced a catalogue which, with its 1,350 facsimiles, must be considered to have established a new record in such matters. The facsimiles are of varying degrees of merit, but they are all good enough to serve their purpose, and many are as sharp and clear as could be wished. Moreover, they are all taken from books well worth illustrating, and the variety and range of the 6,209 works registered is very remarkable. The catalogue lends itself admirably to a most pleasing sport which we can recommend to moderately expert bookmen. Put your hand over the description of any of the books illustrated, and ask your friend to name the place of imprint, printer, and date by the help of the cut. With ten marks as a maximum for each answer, and questions and answers taken in turn, a pair of friendly combatants may spend a very amusing hour over such a contest.

‘Heroic Romances of Ireland.’ Translated into English prose and verse, with preface, special introductions and notes. By A. H. Leahy. Vol. I. Nutt. 5s. net.

Good luck to Mr. Leahy. He is giving us what is much needed—some trustworthy information as to the character of the Irish sagas. His introductions really explain what his text proceeds to illustrate—though, to make the whole thing absolutely clear, juxtaposition of the more striking variants is needed. Yet most of us know the story of Deirdre and the Sons of Usnach in the later and from an Irish point of view more developed form, which, for instance, Lady Gregory has followed. Here Mr. Leahy renders for us the version given in the Book of Leinster, and many will incline to prefer this, the older and more epic story. In it is no question of sorcery or enchantment; a soothsayer indeed prophesies fatal beauty for the child that was yet in the womb of Feidlimid’s wife, but the rest of the story moves by mere nature. Deirdre escapes from the confinement where King Conor is rearing her for himself: she flies with Naisi and his troop, who become soldiers of fortune, wandering and warring; and at last when they return to Ulster it is only because nowhere else can security be found for these fierce fighters and their precious jewel, coveted by all the kings of the Gael. Security is offered and they come back; here is no word of Deirdre’s prophetic foreboding. But when we praise the plain tale, let it be allowed that nothing can surpass the beauty of invention which in later times was brodered about it. The coming of Fergus MacRoy, his shout

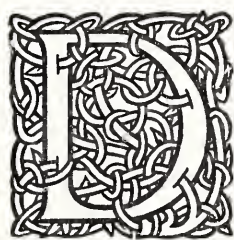
heard in the distance by Naisi and Deirdre as they sit at the chess-board, and her vain attempts to fend off the inevitable meeting—all this is a chief glory of Irish romance, not less than that other drama which passes while Deirdre sits again at chess with her lover, but now in Emain Macha. This passage at least must always be held as essential to the story in its accomplished form. Here in the older version we get probably the actual truth on which this romance was built. The sons of Usnach returned under the protection of Fergus; Fergus ‘sold his honour for ale’; and as the exiles stood on the level meadows round Emain, and the women sat on its ramparts, Eogan, son of Durthacht, came with his warriors towards them.

And Eogan greeted them with a mighty thrust of his spear, and the spear broke Naisi’s back in sunder and passed through it. The son of Fergus made a spring, and he threw both arms around Naisi and he brought him beneath himself to shelter him, while he threw himself down above him; and it was thus that Naisi was slain, through the body of the son of Fergus. Then there began a murder through the meadows so that none escaped who did not fall by the points of the spears or the edge of the sword, and Deirdre was brought to Conor to be in his power, and her arms were bound behind her back.

That is strangely unlike the tale created by later imagination of the long fight round the guest-houses, the rout of Conor’s armies, and the sally of the Sons of Usnach, carrying Deirdre amid their linked shields and battling forward in triumph till a druid mist was thrown about them that clogged their going like waves of the sea. One may choose, but

it is well to have both; and the beauty of Deirdre's lament in the older saga exceeds if possible that in the mediaeval romance. Mr. Leahy gives it in literal prose, as well as in verse; and he is wise, for verse translation always tames the spirit out of these barbaric lays. His renderings in rhyme are no worse and no better than the average; his prose is very satisfactory, and it is a pity that a literal version was not in all cases (as it is in several) supplied for the poems.

NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK.



R. AKSEL JOSEPHSON of the John Crerar Library, Chicago, is engaged in the now common occupation of whistling for a millionaire. His object is the establishment of an Institute of Bibliography, and he shows his modesty in asking for a million of dollars, not of pounds sterling. The 'two particular works' which the projected Institute should start with are our old friends 'a catalogue of all existing serial publications, literary, scientific, and technical, and a comprehensive bibliography of bibliographies.' If the Institute can be financed we have no doubt that it would do some useful work; whether the utility would be proportionate to the expenditure is another matter. Even as it is, the writings of all but the best American authorities on any subject are marred by a mania for stringing

together quotations from their predecessors. If an exhaustive study of the existing literature of a subject were recognized as indispensable before a man might be allowed to set pen to paper, originality would become rarer than it is. Moreover it is a question whether the work spent in accumulating bibliographical information which would never be used might not exceed the work at present wasted for lack of bibliographical information that the same ground has already been adequately covered.

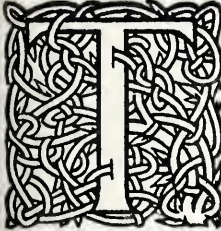
In the November number of the 'Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen' Dr. Haebler explains another bibliographical scheme. This is for a General Catalogue of Incunabula, for which aid has already been promised by the Prussian Government. The lines on which Dr. Haebler proposes to work are excellent and his plea that the honourable duty of superintending such a General Catalogue belongs to the land of Gutenberg will meet with no opposition from us. But we do plead, and plead earnestly, that a work which ought to be definitive should not be too hastily begun. Dr. Haebler remarks that it is a matter for congratulation that Dr. Copinger's Supplement to Hain offers so little obstacle to the production of a really satisfactory work. Is he quite sure that this obstacle may not be offered by his own scheme? New incunabula are being brought to light at a rate which cannot possibly last for more than a few years, but which while it continues is a strong reason against the premature inception of a General Catalogue. Moreover, our sporting instinct inclines us to suggest that Mlle. Pellechet's

‘Catalogue générale des Incunables des Bibliothèques publiques de France’ ought to be allowed to hold the field for a reasonable time before it is superseded. If its new information is eaten up volume by volume as it comes out, a great discouragement will be given to bibliographical enterprise. Mr. Gordon Duff, again, has been engaged for upwards of twenty years on a catalogue of English incunabula, holding it back year after year from publication in order to make it as complete as possible. Is he to be asked to give up his information before he has published it himself, or is the General Catalogue of Incunabula to be superseded as regards English books perhaps within a few months of its publication? The point to be remembered is that the additions to Hain’s Repertorium, since the original work was based on the contents of a German library, will come mainly from other countries. More work is being done all over Europe on incunabula than has ever been done before. Ten, or even five years hence, the time for a General Catalogue may have come, but to start it now when new incunabula are being discovered every day, and when work on smaller projects is still incomplete, would obviously be premature. We earnestly hope, however, that the land of Gutenberg will bring itself up to date by producing a General Catalogue of the incunabula in the Public Libraries of Germany at the earliest possible moment, and we wish that we saw any chance of a work of the same scope being undertaken here in England.

THE LIBRARY.

NOTES AND ADDITIONS TO THE CENSUS OF COPIES OF THE SHAKE- SPEARE FIRST FOLIO.

I.

HREE and a quarter years ago—in December, 1902—I published, by way of supplement to the Oxford facsimile of the Shakespeare First Folio, a 'Census' in which were enumerated all extant copies of the First Folio that were then known to me. Long before my work was published, I had circulated appeals for co-operation wherever there seemed any likelihood that information would be forthcoming. The generous assistance, which was given me both in this country and abroad, enabled my record to reach the large total of one hundred and fifty-eight copies. Whatever the defects of the research, I may fairly claim to have achieved a greater measure of completeness than had characterized earlier explorations in the same field. Some eighty years before, the garrulous bibliographer Thomas Frognall Dibdin declared (in his 'Library Companion') that no more than twenty-six copies of the volume had

come under his notice. Thomas Rodd, the chief London bookseller of the first half of last century, claimed (in 1840) to have compiled a list of eighty copies, but unfortunately he did not print his results, and they have vanished. The bibliographical publisher, Henry George Bohn, in 1863 described somewhat cursorily and confusedly in his new edition of Lowndes' 'Bibliographer's Manual,' thirty-nine copies. In 1897 contributors to 'Notes and Queries,' under Mr. Holcombe Ingleby's enthusiastic leadership, enumerated fifty copies.¹ It was my fortune to increase that number by as many as one hundred and eight copies, of which none, as far as I know, had been publicly described before. It should be understood that I took account of copies in all conditions of cleanliness and completeness.

My 'Census' demonstrated two points, both of which had long been vaguely suspected. In the first place, it plainly appeared that, although extant exemplars in a fine state were few, yet perfect First Folios, far from being 'excessively rare,' were more numerous than perfect copies of other great books of the same era. In the second place, it became obvious that, as soon as we embodied in one systematic survey the more or less imperfect copies of this great collection of Shakespeare's plays, it was difficult to point to a publication of the early seventeenth century which had more triumphantly faced the

¹ Supplementary efforts to describe copies that had found their way to America did not prove more exhaustive. Mr. Justin Winsor in 1875 gave very careful descriptions of eighteen copies in the United States of America, and in 1888 Mr. W. H. Fleming wrote very fully of thirteen copies in the city of New York.

perils of physical decay, and all the wear and tear of handling, to which popular books are always liable.

To a large extent it was pioneer work in which I engaged in 1902, and errors and omissions were inevitable. In spite of the unexpected length to which my list ran, there was no ground for treating it as exhaustive. Within a month of its publication three owners, who had failed to communicate with me earlier, wrote to me of copies which had escaped my observation. Other collectors at later dates gave me similar proofs of the imperfections of my record. Although the new information does not materially affect any published results, it forms an indispensable supplement to the already printed record. I therefore readily accept the invitation of the editors of 'The Library' to give their readers some account of the copies, of the existence of which I was ignorant in 1902, and generally to bring my results up to present date.

II.

At the outset I take the opportunity of making some minor corrections. I have to confess three errors in my account of copies now in America which already figure in the 'Census.'

Of these errors I reckon the most important to be that touching the condition of the copy which is now the property of Mrs. Leiter of Washington (No. LIII.).¹ I had been informed by a member of the owner's family that the preliminary leaf,

¹ The numbers in roman numerals enclosed in brackets throughout this article, represent the position allotted to the cited copies in my 'Census.'

headed 'A catalogue of the seuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume,' was missing. But a recent examination of the copy by Mr. Hugh Morrison, of the Congress Library at Washington shows that the leaf was present though in an unusual place. The copy ought therefore to be numbered in the class of forty-three perfect exemplars instead of in the first division of the second class of eighty imperfect exemplars, in which to my regret I located it.¹ It is less important to note that I somewhat depreciated the condition of the First Folio in the Newberry Library at Chicago (No. CXVII.). I inspected that copy on my visit to the library on 4th April, 1903, and discovered that several preliminary leaves following the title-page which I had reported, from the information given me by a correspondent, to be in facsimile, were in their original state. My description of the fly-leaf and title-page as modern reproductions was, however, confirmed, and consequently the Newberry copy, although it was entitled to a somewhat higher place than I had bestowed on it, does not merit promotion above the second division of my second class. I had placed it in the third division of that class. If I had unwittingly undervalued the Leiter and the Newberry copies, I fear I had overvalued a third American copy. In the case of the First Folio (No. XXXVII.), which belongs to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan of New York, much detailed evidence has recently come into my hands to show that I had over-estimated its historic interest. Already

¹ I have already acknowledged this mistake in the 'Athenæum' for January 13th of this year.

I had reason to believe that the book had been perfected from the somewhat damaged copy, lacking the portrait and title, which had belonged to the late Leonard Lawrie Hartley. But I did not know what I have been lately told on good authority, that the old binding stamped with the arms of Robert Sidney, second Earl of Leicester (1595-1667), which now distinguishes the book, is a recent substitute, derived from some other ancient tome, for a different old binding, stamped, it is said, with a bishop's armorial bearings, which covered the volume when Mr. Hartley was its owner.¹

Before I deal with the newly-discovered copies, it becomes me to notice such changes as death or some less imperative circumstance has wrought in the ownership of copies which I have already described. At least fourteen of my entries are thereby affected. Five owners, whose names figure in my 'Census,' have died since the work was printed, viz.: Lord Glanusk (No. LXXVIII.), Lord Leigh (No. LXXXII.), the Rev. Sir Richard

¹ Mr. Henry R. Davis of Clissold House, Clissold Park, London, who has followed the history of Mr. Morgan's copy very closely, owns the millboards of its original binding, which was, he tells me, stripped off after Mr. James Toovey bought it for £250 at the Hartley sale on 19th April, 1887. Owners of the volume preceding Mr. Hartley, whom I overlooked, included Sir John Sebright of Beechwood, Hertfordshire, whose collection was dispersed in 1807, and Robert Willis, F.R.S. (1800-1875), the well-known archaeologist and Professor of Mechanics at Cambridge. The copy seems to have been sold by Professor Willis at Hodgson's sale room on 8th April, 1872, for £20 10s., the smallness of the sum being due to some unjustifiable misconception about a leaf in the middle of the volume. Hartley appears to have been the purchaser on that occasion. The volume is numbered 478 in the sale catalogue of the third portion of the Hartley Library, 1887.

Fitzherbert, Bart. (No. LXXVII.), Mr. W. Hughes Hilton of Sale, Cheshire (No. CIX.), and Mr. L. Z. Leiter of Chicago and Washington (No. LIII.). But in all these cases the copies still remain in the hands of the family of the former owner, so that little alteration in my printed text is at present needed. Three copies, which belonged to booksellers in 1902, viz.: those assigned respectively in my 'Census' to Mr. Charles Scribner of New York (No. XIII.); to Mr. William Jaggard of Liverpool (No. CXI.); and to Messrs. Pearson and Co. of London (No. CXLVIII.) are now in private libraries. Messrs. Pearson sold their copy to a New York bookseller who has since died. Six further copies in private libraries have lately acquired new owners by public or private sale. Of these, one was already in America, and still remains there in different hands; five, which were in England in 1902, have since crossed the Atlantic to add bulk and dignity to the growing American cohort of copies.

The most interesting of these migrations is that of the First Folio which is numbered X. in the first division of my first class. This Folio was acquired by Mr. Bernard Buchanan MacGeorge of Glasgow in Messrs. Christie's Sale Room, July, 1899, for what was then the record price of £1,700. The copy remained in Mr. MacGeorge's library until June, 1905, when it passed into the great Shakespearean collection of Mr. Marsden J. Perry of Providence, Rhode Island. The transaction included the transfer of the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, as well as the First, and for the four volumes Mr. Perry paid the unheard-of sum of £10,000.

All the books were in good condition. The Second Folio came from the Earl of Orford's library, and was acquired by Mr. MacGeorge for the high price of £540 in 1895. It is not easy, in a negotiation carried through on such princely terms, to determine the precise value set by Mr. Perry on Mr. MacGeorge's First Folio apart from the later Folios. The record prices hitherto fetched at public sales for each of the four volumes are at present as follows :

FIRST FOLIO. £1,720 for the Dormer-Hunter copy (No. XIII.) at Christie's 27th July, 1901. (This copy was subsequently acquired by Mr. Charles Scribner of New York, and has since been sold by him at an enhanced price to a private American collector.)

SECOND FOLIO. £690, at Sotheby's, 21st March, 1902, for a copy with the rare 'John Smethwick' imprint. (This was acquired by Mr. Perry of Providence.)

THIRD FOLIO. £755 for Lieut.-Col. E. G. Hibbert's copy at Sotheby's, April, 1902. (This exemplar had the two different title-pages dated 1663 and 1664 respectively.)

FOURTH FOLIO. £215 at Sotheby's, 8th December, 1903, for a copy with an exceptional imprint.

Thus at public sales the four Folios in their rarest states have not fetched a larger aggregate sum than £3,380. Mr. Perry last year trebled that record. We must therefore credit him with having purchased the MacGeorge First Folio (viewed separately from its three companions) for some

gigantic sum not less than £6,000. This figure is reached by valuing the accompanying Second, Third, and Fourth Folios at three times the highest public sale rate, and then deducting their total from the £10,000 which Mr. Perry paid Mr. MacGeorge for the four. It is impossible to estimate the cost of Mr. Perry's First Folio at any lower sum. It is familiar knowledge that the First Folio, which Mr. Perry has now secured for £6,000 or more, was originally bought in 1623 for £1. Far greater is the appreciation of the original quarto edition of Shakespeare's 'Titus Andronicus,' which, published in 1594 at sixpence, was sold last year for £2,000. But, in view of Mr. Perry's great venture, the First Folio bids fair to become the most expensive (absolutely) of all printed books.

I know fewer details respecting the transfer to American owners of four other copies, which stand in my 'Census' of 1902 associated with the name of English owners, but have since been sold to American collectors. None of the four are of first rate importance. All were placed in the second division of my second class of (imperfect) copies. Lord Tweedmouth's copy (No. XC.) passed privately to America through Mr. Quaritch some two years ago. The remaining three were disposed of at public auction—two at the same sale to the same American collector. The better of these two belonged to Mr. W. G. Lacy (No. LXXX.), and was sold in June, 1903, for £385. The Rev. R. H. Roberts' copy (No. LXXXVI.), which was issued in reduced facsimile in 1876, was sold on the same occasion for the small sum of £150. Both these copies

were acquired by Mr. H. C. Folger of New York, a collector who has purchased of late years more examples of the volume than any one before him.¹ The copy, belonging in 1902 to Mrs. Charles Hilhouse (No. LXXVIII*a*.), fetched on 21st March, 1903, at Sotheby's, £305; I only know of its present owner that he is an American citizen. One of the American exemplars which I recorded has changed hands recently at a public sale. On 3rd February of the present year, Mr. Henry Gardner Denny of Roxbury, Boston, U.S.A., sold his set of the four Folios for £1,790 (\$8,950). The purchaser was a collector of New York. Mr. Denny's First Folio, (No. CXIX.), which I placed in the third division of my second class, may fairly be reckoned to have brought more than £1,000.

III.

With the copies which have been made known to me since 1902 I break fresher ground. Fourteen copies in all have come within my survey since the

¹ I failed in 1902 to trace the present owner of two Folios (Nos. CXXII. and CXL.), which I noticed as having long been in America in private libraries which had been recently dispersed. Both, I have ascertained since, came into Mr. Folger's possession. But even thus, as the following pages will show, the list of Mr. Folger's purchases of First Folios is far from exhausted. In this connection I ought to mention that the fine Folio (No. XLI.) which was sold at Sotheby's at the dispersal of Lt.-Col. Edward George Hibbert's library on 12th April, 1902, for £1,050, was not traced in my 'Census' beyond Messrs. Pickering and Chatto's shop in Piccadilly. Mrs. Dean Sage of Albany, New York State, informed me in April, 1903, that her late husband acquired it shortly before his death in the previous year, and that it remains in her possession.

'Census' was printed. The full total of extant copies known to me, which previously stood at 158, is thereby raised to 172. All save one of these fourteen 'new' copies were in 1902 in the United Kingdom; only one was then in America. But the American demand for First Folios, which has long been the dominant feature in their history, has shown during the last three years no sign of slackening. It will therefore surprise no one to learn that these thirteen English copies are now reduced to eight. Five of them have crossed the ocean during the past three years.

Information respecting nine of the 'new' copies was sent to me by their present owners. Five of the remaining 'new' copies came to light, as far as I was concerned, in Messrs. Sotheby's sale rooms. One of the newly discovered fourteen copies is owned by a public institution, the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. The thirteen others are, and always have been, in private hands. It is perhaps matter of congratulation that, despite the recent activity of American buyers, the most interesting of recently discovered copies still remain in this country. Only one of the 'new' copies which have lately found homes in America has any title to be considered of first-class rank.

I arrange the new copies in order of value and interest, and number them consecutively.

(I.) LADY WANTAGE'S COPY. The finest of the 'new' copies belongs to Lady Wantage of Lockinge House, Berkshire, and I cordially thank her for forwarding the book to my house in order to facilitate this inquiry.

The history of the ownership can be traced back to the eighteenth century. At the back of the last leaf is scribbled, in handwriting of that era, the words 'Miss Stodart 1761.' There is another almost contemporary sign of association with a Scot. On the third leaf (which contains the dedication) is the autograph signature of 'Andrew Wilson, M.D.' He was a Scotsman who practised medicine successfully in London for many years before his death there on 4th June, 1792.

The next private owner whose name is ascertainable is Sir Coutts Trotter, the grandfather of the late Lord Wantage. Sir Coutts, who was a senior partner in Coutts' Bank, and was created a baronet at George IV's coronation (September 4th, 1821), probably acquired his First Folio towards the close of his life. Nothing is known of his connection with it until the end of 1835. According to some interesting correspondence which is preserved along with the volume, and has been sent to me by Lady Wantage, Sir Coutts at that date lent his copy to a book-loving friend, John Halkett, of Richmond Hill, who, after carefully examining it for himself, obtained a full report of its condition from his friend, John Field, a well-known contemporary collector of dramatic literature. Field's report, which is dated December 28th, 1835, pronounced the book to be perfect, with very trifling reservations, which chiefly concerned marginal fractures. He declared it to be 'a most beautiful copy indeed,' and thought that 'with the exception of two or three copies' (among which he mentioned the Grenville copy, now in the British Museum), 'this is the

finest I ever saw, or I believe in existence.' But it was in damaged binding, and in its existing state was probably not worth, in Field's opinion, more than £60. Field recommended that the binder, Charles Lewis, 'the only man to be trusted with such a book,' should be employed to repair it. Sir Coutts Trotter, a few days after he received Field's report from Halkett, begged the latter to keep the book as a mark of his esteem. But Halkett magnanimously declined the suggestion, on the just ground that Coutts' descendants a hundred years later would greatly value its possession. The binder, Lewis, died 8th January, 1836, in the course of the discussion. Halkett advised Sir Coutts to send the book for binding to Herring, a binder hardly less famous than Lewis, and to consult his friend, Thomas Grenville, the greatest collector of the day, if he wanted further counsel. But nothing had been done with the book by the date of Sir Coutts' death, 1st September, 1837. Then the volume became the property of Sir Coutts' only daughter, Anne, wife of Colonel James Lindsay, a cousin of the Earl of Crawford. In 1864 Lord Lindsay, the eminent bibliophile (afterwards twenty-fifth Earl of Crawford) carefully re-examined the Folio, and sent on August 1st a full description of it to Mrs. Lindsay, its owner. He declared the copy to be 'a very fine one, sound, and in good preservation throughout,' in spite of some 'drawbacks,' of which the most important was the removal of most of the blank portions of the fly-leaf containing Ben Jonson's verses. Mrs. Lindsay seems to have left the volume unrepaired to her second son, Colonel Robert James

Loyd-Lindsay, who became first Lord Wantage, and whose widow is the present owner. It remained in the condition in which Lord Lindsay saw it in 1864, until 1902, when it was elaborately repaired and richly bound in red levant morocco by Messrs. Rivière. A leather case was at the same time made for its safe keeping.

The measurements, which are $12\frac{7}{8} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ inches, are highly satisfactory; the highest dimensions known are $13\frac{1}{2}$ by $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The recent restoration mainly affects the fly-leaf and title-page. The original print of Ben Jonson's verses, save the subscribed letters B.I., which were torn off, has been carefully mounted on a new leaf; the missing letters B.I. are supplied in facsimile. The letterpress round the portrait on the title-page has been repaired, but the impression (from a late state of the plate) is crisp and clear. The last leaf is perfect, though it shows signs of having been much creased. Several small holes in the margins have been repaired. The pagination, text, and signatures show no variation from the standard collation offered by the majority of extant copies. There are none of the singularities of typography which are occasionally met with. Manuscript notes of the early eighteenth century are scribbled at the end of some of the plays. On the last page of 'Macbeth,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Julius Caesar' are manuscript lists of the 'dramatis personae.' At the end of 'Lear' is a list of characters in the succeeding tragedy of 'Othello,' and at the end of 'Antony and Cleopatra' appear these verses:

Not the Dark Palace nor the Realms below,
Or the Furious Purpose of her Soul.

Bouldly she looks on her superior woe
 Which can nor fear nor Death Controwl.
 She wil not from her fancy'd Pride desend
 Disgrac'd a Female Captive by his side
 His pompous triumph to atend
 She bouldly Runs in Death and bids her Sorrows end.

Signs are abundant that the section of tragedies in the volume has been at one time or another carefully studied. Lady Wantage's copy clearly belongs to the second division of my first class of perfect copies. Had the fly-leaf not suffered injury, it would have merited a place among the fourteen enviable copies of the first division.

(II.) THE DUKE OF NORFOLK'S COPY. Hardly less distinguished a place in the second division of the first class is due to the Duke of Norfolk's copy. Former bibliographers have referred to a copy in the possession of the Duke of Norfolk of their day. But when I made inquiries respecting it in 1901, I was informed that the only early edition of Shakespeare's collected works then known to be in the Duke's possession was a Third Folio.¹ Shortly after the publication of my 'Census' the Duke, with great courtesy, informed me that a First Folio had just come to light at Arundel, and more recently he was kind enough to send the copy to the British Museum for my inspection. The dimensions are $12\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The verses on the fly-leaf have been cut out of the original leaf and inlaid on a new leaf. The outer edge of the title-page has been roughly renewed, and the last two figures of the date, 1623, have been

¹ In my 'census' I gave seven instances (p. 12, note 3) in which a later Folio had been wrongly described as a First, and I mentioned the Duke of Norfolk's Third Folio among these copies.

cut away and inserted in facsimile. The corner edge of p. 83 (Histories) has been renewed, and the last leaf has been slightly repaired. Though the size of the copy has been considerably reduced by the binder, the outer edge of p. 79 of the Comedies is rough and uncut. The impression of the portrait is good and clear. The volume is plainly bound in dull purple morocco.

Inside the cover is pasted the book-plate of Bernard Edward, twelfth Duke of Norfolk (1765-1842); he was a man of some literary tastes, and probably acquired the volume soon after his accession to the title in 1815.

This copy has a special claim to notice, in that one of its leaves figures in an unrevised state. It is a leaf in 'Hamlet,' ordinarily numbered 277 and 278. All who have carefully examined the First Folio are aware that the type was occasionally corrected while the sheets were passing through the press. An uncorrected or a partially corrected sheet was at times suffered to reach the binder's hands. Consequently minute differences distinguish different copies of the book. In the cited leaf of 'Hamlet' there appear, in the Duke of Norfolk's copy, at least twelve misprints, which were removed before the majority of extant copies were made up. Among the one hundred and seventy-two extant copies, these twelve misprints only appear, as far as my knowledge goes, in the copy belonging to Mr. Marsden Perry of Providence, U.S.A. But a second copy, formerly in the possession of Thomas Amyot, of which the present whereabouts are unknown, was credited with the like distinction by the editors of the

Variorum Shakespeare of 1821 (vol. xxi, pp. 449-50). Curiously enough a thirteenth misprint ('Foredo' for 'for do,' p. 278, col. 2, line 3) characterizes those two copies, but this is corrected in the Duke of Norfolk's copy. Hence it is clear that, though leaf 277-8 of the Duke's First Folio represents an early setting of the type, it cannot be reckoned among quite the earliest. The corrector of the press had just begun to occupy himself with this leaf before it was printed off for the Duke's copy.¹ The twelve divergences between the partially corrected text and the standard collation of the majority of First Folios extant are as follows:

	STANDARD COLLATION.	NORFOLK COPY.
Page 277		
Page number	'277' <i>for</i>	'273.'
Col. 1, l. 9 from end	'iowles' ,,	'iowlos.'
Page 278		
Col. 1, l. 17	'sir, his' ,,	'sirh, is.'
„ l. 20	'years' ,,	'yearys.'
„ l. 41	'one thing' ,,	'o-n thing.'
„ l. 30 from end	'Coffin' ,,	'Cooffin.'
Col. 2, l. 30	'Bride-bed' ,,	'Brid-bed.'
„ „	'maid' ,,	'maide.'
„ l. 43	'emphasis' ,,	'emphasies.'
„ l. 52	'wisenesse' ,,	'wisensse.'
„ l. 4 from end	'forbeare' ,,	'forebeare.'
„ last line	'Crocodile' ,,	'crocadile.'

I have not noticed in the Duke's copy any other discrepancies with the standard collation, save that in the stage direction respecting the death of 'King

¹ The Marquis of Bath's copy (No. L.) indicates a later stage in the correction of the same leaf. Half of the errors here enumerated have been removed, and half have been suffered to remain.

Lear,' on the last page of that tragedy, the 'e' in *He dis* is separated from the initial letter of the word, and stands in complete isolation.

(III.) BISHOP GOTT'S COPY. The present Bishop of Truro, Dr. John Gott of Trenyhton, possesses a copy which he inherited from his father, William Gott, of Wyther Grange, Yorkshire. He describes it as quite perfect, but I have not had the opportunity of inspecting it personally.¹ The size is $12\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the volume was rebound in red morocco half a century ago.

(IV.) THE 'GEORGE C. THOMAS' COPY. This copy which fetched the highest price since 1902 in a London sale room was sold at Sotheby's, 20 June, 1904, for £950. It was then purchased by Messrs. Pickering and Chatto, and passed to Mr. George C. Thomas, of Philadelphia, through Messrs. Stevens and Brown, the American agents.

A note on the fly-leaf records that the volume was purchased in 1772 for five guineas. The old russia binding dates from the latter half of the eighteenth century. The fly-leaf, the title-page, and the dedication leaf have all undergone some damage, but have been repaired. The margin of some other preliminary leaves, as well as the last leaf, has been mended. It is a small copy, measuring $12\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ inches.

The other newly-discovered copies make no claim

¹ The bishop also tells me that he possesses a large number of original Shakespeare quartos, including 'Hamlet,' 1611; 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 1598; 'Romeo and Juliet,' 1599; 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 1600 (the two editions); 'Merchant of Venice,' 1600 (Roberts' 4to); 'Henry V.' (3rd edition), 1608; 'King Lear,' 1608, with some other volumes hardly less valuable.

to perfection. The next five belong to the second class of (imperfect) copies, but one of these (No. V. below) is of unique historic interest.

(V.) THE 'TURBUTT' COPY. This exemplar, now known as the 'Turbutt' copy from the surname of its recent owners, was the actual First Folio which was forwarded in sheets by the Stationers' Company to the Bodleian Library at Oxford on the publication of the volume late in 1623. The sheets were sent to William Wildgoose, an Oxford binder, to be bound on 17 February, 1623-4. On its return to the library it received the press mark, S2 17 Art., and was, according to custom, chained to the shelf.

On the publication of the Third Folio in 1664, the volume was sold as 'superfluous' by order of the curators. It was bought by Richard Davis, an Oxford bookseller, and, early in the eighteenth century, it found its way into the library of Richard Turbutt of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire, whose great great grandson is the present owner.

It is a large copy, measuring $13\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{5}{8}$ inches. The fly-leaf is missing. The title-page is mounted; the letterpress below the engraving has been cut away. The portrait, although it is inlaid, is a fine impression of the Droeshout engraving in its second (shaded) state. The binding, which is much rubbed in places, is of smooth brown calf. The leather strings have been removed, but signs of the chain which originally linked it to its shelf survive. The pages are much worn, but, with the important exception of the fly-leaf, all the leaves are present.¹

¹ Mr. Gladwyn M. R. Turbutt, son of the present owner, sent me from Ogston Hall a full account of this volume on 26th

Mr. Falconer Madan, the sub-librarian of the Bodleian Library, exhibited the volume, and fully described its pedigree at a meeting of the Bibliographical Society on 20 February, 1905. An elaborate account of 'The Original Bodleian copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (The Turbutt Shakespeare)' was prepared jointly by Mr. Falconer Madan, Mr. G. M. R. Turbutt, and Mr. Strickland Gibson, and was printed at the Clarendon Press, with plates, in the spring of last year. An appeal has been made to Oxford graduates for a sum of money sufficient to purchase the volume and restore it to the Bodleian Library. Its value is estimated at £3,000, and all English book-lovers hope that this effort to secure the volume for Oxford in perpetuity may prove successful.

(VI.) THE 'BIXBY' COPY. This copy now belonging to Mr. W. R. Bixby of St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A., has a long ascertainable pedigree. It was in successive possession of two established families in the County of Durham from the middle of the seventeenth to the end of the nineteenth century. An entry in contemporary handwriting runs thus: 'Liber G. Spearman Dunelm. 1695.' The reference is to Gilbert Spearman, who published in 1728 an 'Inquiry into the Ancient and Present State of the County Palatine of Durham,' and died in 1738.

December, 1902, some three weeks after my 'Census' was published. He was not then aware of its association with the Bodleian Library. This was discovered early in 1905, when the book was taken to the Library by Mr. Gladwyn Turbutt for examination by Mr. Falconer Madan, the sub-librarian. A careful inspection of the binding by Mr. Strickland Gibson of the Bodleian Library, disclosed the early history of the volume.

The Spearmans resided through the eighteenth century at Oldacres, Sedgefield in the County of Durham. From them the book passed to the family of Sutton of Elton in the same county, by whom it was sold privately, in a very poor condition, to the firm of Ellis of Bond Street in May, 1900. It came into their hands a 'mere wreck.' The fly-leaf had disappeared, and the title and last leaf were damaged. The volume was carefully repaired, and bound by Rivière, the fly-leaf being supplied in facsimile. Messrs. Ellis and Elvey priced it in their catalogue of November, 1901, at £900, and next month it was acquired by its present owner through Messrs. Stevens and Brown, the American agents of London. It measures $12\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{8}$ inches, and may be placed among satisfactory copies of the second class.

(VII.) THE 'DAWSON-BRODIE-FOLGER' COPY. This copy was for some years in the stock of the late Mr. F. S. Ellis, of Bond Street. It was made up from one or two fragmentary copies which he had acquired at various times. It was purchased at his sale in 1885 for £97, by a Scottish collector, Sir Thomas Dawson-Brodie of Idvies, N.B.

It was a comparatively large copy, measuring 13×8 inches. The fly-leaf, with the preliminary leaf 'To the Memorie' were, like the letterpress of the title-page, in facsimile, but an original impression of the portrait was inlaid in the restored title. Some two hundred pages were supplied with new margins, and the last leaf had undergone reparation. It was bound by Bedford. It fetched at the sale of the library of Sir Thomas Dawson-Brodie,

on 18 March, 1904, the sum of £465, or nearly five times as much as it cost Sir Thomas. It is now the property of Mr. H. C. Folger, junr., of New York.

(VIII.) THE 'A. B. STEWART' COPY. This copy belongs to the widow of Alexander Bannatyne Stewart of Rawcliffe, Langside, Glasgow. At the end of the volume is an autograph signature of 'Tho: Bourne', who was possibly an early owner. In the middle of the nineteenth century it was in the hands of the London bookseller Joseph Lilly, a mighty trader in First Folios. Other London booksellers through whose hands it passed were Basil Montagu Pickering of Piccadilly, and F. S. Ellis of Bond Street. Before 1878 Ellis sold it, with copies of the three other Folios, for the moderate sum of three hundred guineas to the late Alexander Bannatyne Stewart, of Glasgow, whose widow is the present owner. The copy measures $12\frac{7}{16} \times 7\frac{7}{8}$ inches. The fly-leaf verses, the letterpress portion of the title, and the last two leaves are in facsimile. The corners of pages 291-292 of 'Winter's Tale' have been torn away. The volume is richly bound in red morocco. According to the report sent to me, which I have not yet been able to test by personal examination, there is a singular discrepancy at one point between this copy and all others which have been collated. The signatures and the watermark of the leaves containing the play of 'Troilus and Cressida' are normal (and unlike those of any of the later folios) but the pagination of the piece (1-29) is unique. Ordinarily, the pages of 'Troilus' are (save in two instances) unnumbered in the First Folio. The next play, 'Coriolanus,' starts in the

Stewart, as in normal copies, with a new and independent pagination (1 *seq.*).¹

(IX.) THE 'SCOTT-FOLGER' COPY. The large library of the late John Scott, C.B., of Halkhill, Largs, Ayrshire, who was by profession a ship-builder, contained a restored copy of the First Folio, of which all the preliminary leaves and last leaf were in facsimile. It measured $12\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and was richly bound by Roger de Coverley. It fetched at the sale of the Scott library on 5 April, 1905, the sum of £255, and was acquired by the American collector, Mr. H. C. Folger.

The remaining five 'new' copies are all defective, and would fill places in my third class.

(X.) SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND COPY. The copy belonging to this Society was described by Mr. W. K. Dickson, Secretary of the Society, at a meeting of the Society held at Edinburgh on 12th February, 1906.

It was presented to the Society, according to the minute-book, by Miss Clarke of Dunbar, on 2nd November, 1784. It was bound in dark brown morocco by Messrs. Orrock and Son, of Edinburgh, about 1870. The fly-leaf and portrait title-page have been rebaced and mended. Seven leaves have disappeared. Three of the preliminary leaves are missing, viz., the dedication, the verses to the 'memorie of the deceased Authour,' and the list of actors. Four leaves of the text are missing—two of 'Romeo and Juliet,' pp. 53-6 of the Tragedies, and the last two of the whole volume,

¹ I have to thank Mrs. Stewart's son-in-law, Mr. David Laidlaw of Polmont, Stirlingshire, for all this information.

viz., pp. 397-9 of 'Cymbeline.' The margins of some thirteen leaves are injured.

It is a small copy measuring $12\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{7}{8}$ inches. The rare misprints, 307 for 309, and 309 for 307, in 'King Lear' are the chief discrepancies from the standard collation.

(XI.) THE 'KNIGHT-CLOWES' COPY. The external literary history gives this copy, despite its inferior condition, great interest. It belonged to Charles Knight, whose edition of Shakespeare was the most popular of all editions in the nineteenth century. Knight studied the First Folio with exceptional zeal. His copy of the volume, which now belongs to his grandson, Mr. W. C. Knight-Clowes, has peculiar fascination for students. Mr. Clowes has been good enough to lend the book to me for a long term of months. Its imperfections are, unfortunately, very palpable, and it cannot be placed above third-class copies in any catalogue *raisonné*. Of 908 original leaves 27 are lost; 881 alone survive. All but three of the preliminary leaves have disappeared, and the edges of those that survive are damaged. Other missing leaves are two leaves of 'The Taming of the Shrew,' two leaves of 'Henry VIII,' one leaf of 'Troilus' (¶), two leaves of 'Romeo and Juliet,' two leaves of 'Hamlet' (pp. 3, 4), and the last twelve leaves of 'Cymbeline,' with which the volume ends. All the missing leaves, including six in the preliminary section, have been supplied from the facsimile typed reprint of 1807. The lost leaf of the 'Merry Wives' is bound out of its due place, and has been needlessly supplied in duplicate from the 1807 reprint.

The dimensions are $12\frac{5}{16} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The volume has been roughly rebound in stamped russian leather at a comparatively recent date. There are no textual singularities. A few pages are defaced by manuscript notes, for the most part senseless scribble, in seventeenth century handwriting. On the lower part of page 204 of the Histories—at the end of the play of ‘Richard III’—appear in one hand the name ‘the Lady Sarah Hearst,’ and in another hand, ‘the Ladie Ann Grey,’ and ‘The Lady Mary Buccinham.’ Below the prologue to ‘Troilus’ is written the couplet:

When malt is cheap againe, mark w^t I say
Weele laugh, and drink, and make an hallowday.
To Baccus & Ceres.

(XII.) THE THORPE-FOLGER COPY. This copy belonged to Mr. W. G. Thorpe of the Middle Temple, a somewhat eccentric student of Shakespeare, who died in the previous year—in 1903. It measures $12\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and is bound in russia. The fly-leaf, title, and five of the seven preliminary leaves are, together with the five last leaves, in facsimile by Harris. Three other leaves are supplied from the second edition of 1632. Thus fifteen of the original leaves were missing. It was acquired by Messrs. Sotheran for Mr. Folger of New York for £181, at the sale of Mr. Thorpe’s library at Sotheby’s on 18th April, 1904.

(XIII.) THE WALLER COPY. A large but defective copy, measuring $13 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, fetched £420 at Sotheby’s sale rooms on 29th July, 1904, when it was bought by Mr. Waller. The portrait-

title was wanting, together with the first leaf of 'Troilus and Cressida,' and the last leaf of the volume. There were several signs of injury by fire. The margins of forty leaves were burnt, in seventeen cases with injury to the text. Other defects appeared in both the preliminary leaves and the text of the plays.

(XIV.) MR. H. R. DAVIS COPY. The copy belonging to Mr. H. R. Davis, of Clissold House, Clissold Park, London, N., is in bad condition. It measures $12\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The fly-leaf verses, the portrait-title, three preliminary leaves, and about seventy leaves of the text, including six at the end, are missing. The volume is unbound. A manuscript note on p. 229, in early seventeenth-century handwriting, is addressed to Viscount Cholmondeley and his wife Katherine, and signed by Robert Shakerley, a kinsman, and another. The copy would seem, soon after its publication, to have been acquired by a member of the family of Robert Cholmondeley, who was created Viscount Cholmondeley of Kells in 1628, and Earl of Leinster in 1645.¹

IV

The general distribution of copies of the First Folio is altered slightly, but rather significantly, by recent investigations and changes of ownership. In 1902 there were one hundred and sixteen First

¹ Three exemplars, in addition to those named above, have been sold in London sale rooms since 1902, but they were in so fragmentary a condition that they must be excluded from any catalogue of substantial interest. The late Mr. William Henry Dutton of Newcastle, Staffordshire, possessed 291 leaves of one copy, and 64 leaves of another, and these fragments were both sold at Sotheby's

Folios in the United Kingdom, including the thirteen newly discovered copies which were then in Great Britain, although I did not know of their existence; fifty-one were in the United States of America (including one then unknown to me); three were in the British colonies, and two were on the continent of Europe. In addition to the five newly discovered copies, which have been sold to American citizens since 1902, five other copies, which I noticed in my 'Census' as being in 1902 in English hands, have within the same period suffered like transportation. Thus, to-day, the British total stands at one hundred and six, a decrease of ten since 1902, and the American total stands at sixty-one, an increase to the same extent. The totals for the British Colonies and for the European Continent are unaltered.

To Scotland I did, in 1902, an involuntary injustice, which the progress of time has now, as it happens, to a large extent repaired. I assigned only three copies to Scotland—one to Glasgow University, another to Mr. MacGeorge of Glasgow, and a third to Mr. W. L. Watson, of Ayton, Abernethy. But at the date at which my 'Census' was published, I was ignorant that no less than four other copies were in the Northern Kingdom; one of these belonged to a public institution, and three were in private hands. Thus, seven copies were, according to my present information, in Scotland in 1902. Of these, only four remain there to-day, viz., those re-

on 8th December, 1903, for the sums of £41 and £19 respectively. A third fragmentary copy was sold for £52 10s. to Mr. Quaritch on 1st December, 1902.

spectively in the libraries of Glasgow University, of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, of Mr. W. L. Watson, of Abernethy, and of Mrs. A. B. Stewart, of Langside. The three remaining Scottish copies are now in America. The MacGeorge copy went to Mr. Perry, of Providence, and both the Scott and the Brodie copies to Mr. Folger, of New York.

These two gentlemen, Mr. Perry and Mr. Folger, are now the keenest collectors of Shakesperiana in the world. Mr. Folger is to be congratulated on having acquired in the last few years as many as eight copies of the First Folio in all—a record number for any private collector.

If the tide continue running so strongly towards the West, the present ratio in the distribution of copies of First Folio will not be long maintained. Thirty-two of the British copies are in public institutions, and in their case the likelihood of further change of ownership is small. But one can predicate no fixity of tenure of the larger number of seventy-four copies which still remain in private hands on this side of the Atlantic. Probably half of these are destined during the next generation to adorn the shelves of private collectors in America. Somewhere about 1915 America and Great Britain will in all likelihood each own the same number of copies—some eighty-three apiece. No diminution of the American demand during the next quarter of a century looks probable at the moment. The chances are that at the close of that epoch the existing rates of American and British copies, sixty-one to one hundred and six, will be exactly reversed.

SIDNEY LEE.

IMPRESAS.

IN an article contributed to the 'Times' of the 27th of last December Mr. Sidney Lee announced the discovery of a new and interesting mention of Shakespeare in the household books of the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle. It appears that in 1613 Thomas Screvin, steward of Francis, sixth Earl of Rutland, made the following entry under the general heading of 'Paymentes for howshold stuff, plate, armour, hammers, anvyles, and reparacions':

'Item, 31 Martii, to Mr. Shakespeare in gold about my Lord's impreso xliiij s; to Richard Burbage for paynting and making yt, in gold xliiij s—iiiij li. viij s.'

This 'impreso,' or more correctly 'impresa,' which we may define for the moment as a device or emblem with a motto, was invented, or possibly selected to grace the first appearance of the Earl at the annual tilting match held at Whitehall on the 'King's Day,' *i.e.*, the 24th of March, the anniversary of King James's accession, but unfortunately no description of it appears to have come down to us.

Mr. Lee discourses with his usual excellence about all that is known, or can at present be con-

jectured, respecting the circumstances under which Shakespeare and Burbage undertook this work, pointing out the friendship between the Earls of Rutland and Southampton, and the probability that Shakespeare was also known at Belvoir, through the dowager Countess of Rutland, a daughter of Sir Philip Sidney. But he seems to feel rather sad at the thought that Shakespeare should have wasted his time and energy on such a trivial matter as an *impresa*. Doubtless in the seventeenth century this 'futile fashion' of having an *impresa* deserves the harsh words which Mr. Lee showers unsparingly upon it, and may perhaps be compared to the assumption of crests and mottoes in our own day. From his point of view it is 'a foolish rage of which the beginnings are traced to Imperial Rome,' but a more extended investigation will show that the *impresa* is of much higher antiquity, and is associated with classical authors of whom not even Shakespeare need be ashamed.

Before quoting these ancient writers it will be well to give the definition of a true *impresa* from the earliest modern writer on the subject, Paolo Giovio. In his work, entitled, '*Dialogo dell' Imprese Militare et Amoroze*,' Rome, 1555, Giovio says that a true *impresa* consists of two parts, the device or emblem which is called the body, and the motto which is called the soul, and that the one should be complementary to the other, so that neither should have a perfectly evident meaning without the other. It is this combination of body and soul, symbolical in itself, that so much attracted cultivated minds in the sixteenth and seventeenth

centuries, and caused numbers of Italian dilettanti to collect impresas, and many to write about them as well. Among the number was the poet Tasso, whose dialogue was printed at Naples; it is now of extreme rarity, and no copy appears to exist in England. The mediaeval knight had no impresa in the strict sense of the word, but merely a device or badge, for it was not until the revival of learning and the study of the Greek dramatists that the real impresa was discovered. And here, as so often happens, the first is among the best. In the 'Seven against Thebes' of Aeschylus, written about five centuries before the Christian era, the hero Capaneus is described as bearing on his shield the device of Prometheus carrying a torch, with the motto, *πρήσω πόλιν*, 'I will burn down the city.' Now here we have an example of a true impresa. The figure of Prometheus is a splendid emblem and might convey many noble significations, but the motto at once determined the impresa or enterprise which the hero had undertaken. And be it noted that the motto of a true impresa should not exceed three words. But the impresa of Tydeus has an even more direct bearing upon the modern revival, especially when it is remembered that the early Italian writers say that impresas should have a handsome character, and that the ground on which the principal emblem is placed should be filled with appropriate ornament. To quote from Paley's translation: 'On the outside of his shield he bears this arrogant device, a sky wrought on it all blazing with stars; but a bright full moon in the centre of the shield, the queen of stars, the eye of night,

shines conspicuous.' This *impresa* is intentionally left without a motto to enable Eteocles in his answer to turn the device against the enemy: 'As for this night, which you say is pictured on his shield glittering with stars in the sky, it may perchance become prophetic to him by a special meaning. For if night should fall upon his eyes in death, then indeed to the bearer of it this arrogant device would rightly and justly sustain its own name.' The *impresas* of the other chiefs are also given, and it is at once evident that they were in no case family badges, nor were they supposed to be designed by the warriors who bore them; for when describing the device on the shield of Hippomedon the Messenger says: 'the designer, whoever he was, proved himself to be no common artist.' A good *Impresa*, therefore, was as much sought after and as highly prized in ancient Greece as in the Italy of the cinquecento or the England of King James I.

Turning now to the 'Phoenician Virgins' of Euripides we find that the seven chiefs have *impresas*, but not identical with those in Aeschylus, and the entire absence of mottoes necessitates lengthy explanations, and therefore weakens the general effect. For instance the *impresa* of Capaneus is described as 'an earthborn giant carrying on his shoulders a whole city, having by main force torn it up with levers—an intimation to us what our city should suffer.'

The light in which *impresas* were regarded at the period of their revival is nowhere better shown than in the preface of Giovanni Ferro to his monu-

mental folio, the 'Teatro d'Imprese, Venice, 1623.' He begins: 'The subject of Impresas is usually considered very difficult, and is perhaps the most difficult that can be discussed. For Giovio says that it is not in our power even after long reflection to find a device worthy of a given motto, and worthy at the same time of the patron who is to bear it, and of the author who invents it; wherefore, he says, that to compose impresas is the lucky chance of the inventive mind, and that the learned stake their honour and reputation in making them. Taegio confirms this opinion, and adds, that to make an Impresa complete and perfect in every respect is a matter of such difficulty that he regards it as almost impossible. And Annibale Caro, writing to the Duchess of Urbino, says that Impresas are things which are not found by means of books, and are not easily made even with the help of the imagination. Ruscelli affirms that of all the Impresas mentioned by Giovio three-fourths are worthless. The same might be said of those which he himself collected.'

So the doctors disagreed as usual even about impresas! Ferro goes on to observe that the difficulty is not so much due to the subject itself as to the multitude of symbols, differing very slightly and easily mistaken the one for the other. The works of the numerous writers who preceded Ferro in the same field are, as he justly says, almost all very incomplete, ill-arranged, and without indexes. Luca Contile alone, whose book, 'Ragionamenti sopra la proprietà delle Imprese,' was published in 1573, at all approaches Ferro either in wealth of

material or in orderly disposition, but his work is a thin folio of under two hundred leaves, while Ferro's volume has nearly four times as many. Added to this, Ferro published a second folio about as large as Contile's containing his reply to his critics. Contile, however, makes up in enthusiasm for anything and everything that he may lack in other respects. In his eyes the *Impresa* is one of the most noble and excellent things in the world, but he lets his zeal outrun his discretion when he attempts to prove that the Almighty himself invented the first *impresas*! The examples he adduces in support of his argument are the tree of knowledge of good and evil with the motto 'Ne comedes,' and the rainbow with the motto 'Nequaquam ultra interficietur omnis caro aquis.' Judged by the standard rules above mentioned, these are by no means perfect specimens, for the body is in one place and the soul in another, unless we are to suppose that the tree was duly labelled and that the rainbow originally bore an inscription. Of the *Impresa* as a human institution, Jason is claimed to be the founder, but as we have already seen, its pedigree is sufficiently good without these flights of fancy.

It is a curious fact that *impresas* appear to have been revived and to have come into their fullest vogue just as the best occasions for using them were passing away. In the sixteenth century the tournament was already degenerating into running at the ring, and lance thrusts were being exchanged across barriers that precluded all possibility of fighting at close quarters. In fact, the time was ripen-

ing for the immortal work of Cervantes, who, it will be remembered, represents Don Quixote as considering himself bound by the laws of chivalry to bear white armour 'without an *impresa* on his shield until he should gain one by his prowess.'

The subject of *impresas* in England has been so fully dealt with by Mr. Sidney Lee in his above-mentioned article in 'The Times,' and also by Mr. Pollard, from a more bibliographical standpoint, in 'Country Life' of 13th January, that there is little to add, save that in the play of 'Pericles,' though not in the portion recognized as Shakespeare's, there are no less than six *impresas*. The passage is in Act II, Scene 2, where the knights pass before Simonides while his daughter describes them to him:

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thaisa. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.
Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thaisa. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça*.

Sim. And what's the third?

Thaisa. The third, of Antioch;
And his device a wreath of chivalry;
The word, *Me pompae provexit apex*.

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thaisa. A burning torch, that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

Thaisa. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight
himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thaisa. He seems a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

The third, fourth, and fifth, which are good impresas, are found in 'The Heroicall Devices of M. Claudius Paradin. Translated by P. S. London, W. Kearney, 1591.' The others are very poor and were probably the work of George Wilkins, to whom Mr. Lee, in the preface to his handsome reprint of the first edition of 'Pericles, 1609,' published last year, attributes all the play, except the greater part of Acts III and V, and some portions of Act IV. These impresas also occur in Wilkins's novel, 'The Painfull Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre,' published in 1608, the year before the appearance of the play.

As specimens of interesting historical impresas, we may mention the magnificent one of Charles I of Spain (the Emperor Charles V), viz., the Pillars of Hercules, with the motto 'Plus ultra,' in allusion to the extension of discovery and conquest in the New World; and the Gordian Knot and Sword of Ferdinand of Castile with the motto 'Tanto monta,' in allusion to his settlement of family disputes about the succession to the crown by appeal

to the Sword. It gives one rather a shock to read that in the sixteenth century the *impresa* of Silvestro Bottigella of Pavia was a *pianolo*, with the singularly appropriate motto, 'Tuerto y derecho lo igual' (crooked and straight, I make even), until one remembers that *pianola* is old Italian for *pialla*, a carpenter's plane.

And here we take our leave of these devices, suggesting for their own *impresa* a Lumber Room, with the motto, 'Non sine gloria.'

G. F. BARWICK.

THE PRINTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS AND POEMS.

THE men who, during Shakespeare's lifetime, printed his 'Venus and Adonis,' 'Lucrece,' and 'Sonnets,' and the Quarto editions of his plays, can hardly be called Shakespeare's printers, since, with one exception, there is no evidence that he ever authorized the printing of any of his works, or ever revised those that were published. Even in the case of Richard Field, the evidence is presumptive and not direct. Yet Englishmen may be pardoned if they cling to the belief that Shakespeare employed Field to print for him and frequented the printing office in Blackfriars while the proof sheets of 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece' were passing through the press. For Stratford-on-Avon claimed both the printer and the poet, and if it be a stretch of the imagination to look upon them as fellow scholars in the grammar school, and playmates in the fields, their distant Warwickshire birthplace offered a bond of sympathy which might well draw them to one another.

It is some matter for congratulation that the first of Shakespeare's writings to be printed came from a press that had long been known for the excellence of its work. When Richard Field came to London in 1579, he entered the service of a bookseller, but

within a year he was transferred, probably at his own desire, to the printing office of Thomas Vautrollier, the Huguenot printer in Blackfriars. He could not have found a better school. Vautrollier's office was stocked with a varied assortment of letter, so that he was capable of printing anything from a folio downwards. His type was also kept in good condition, and his workmen were skilled and competent. To this business Field succeeded, on the death of Vautrollier in 1587, by the simple expedient of marrying the widow.

It was on the 18th April, 1593, a few days before the twenty-ninth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, that Richard Field entered in the Registers of the Company of Stationers 'a booke intituled Venus and Adonis.' It appeared as a quarto of twenty-seven leaves, and bore on the title-page one of the smaller of the anchor devices which had formerly belonged to Vautrollier. The imprint stated that the work was to be sold at the 'white greyhound' in St. Paul's Churchyard, the address of John Harrison the elder, to whom Richard Field transferred his copyright in the poem in the following year (1594) and for whom he printed a second edition in that year, differing in nothing but the type. John Harrison the elder also entrusted to Field's press in 1594 the manuscript of 'The ravyshment of Lucrece.' This was issued as a quarto, with the simple title of 'Lucrece,' and differed little in appearance from the two editions of 'Venus and Adonis.' A larger and better type was used in the text, and a larger form of the anchor device was placed on the title-page. Harrison's name was also mentioned in

the imprint. A comparison of the several copies of 'Lucrece' show that it was corrected while passing through the press, and it is a pardonable though unwarranted belief that these corrections were made by Shakespeare. Richard Field printed a third edition of 'Venus and Adonis' for John Harrison the elder, in octavo, in 1596, and with that his connection with the dramatist's work ended, though he continued in business until his death in 1624, and rose to the highest position in his guild. As a printer he does not seem to have been so skilful or so careful as Thomas Vautrollier, yet, if we could wish these poems of Shakespeare better printed, judged by the standard of those days, Field had no cause to be ashamed of them.

A very different story has to be told in dealing with the printing of Shakespeare's plays. Pick up what one you will and its distinctive features will probably be bad paper, wretched type, and careless and slovenly press-work. This was largely due to the low condition to which the printing trade had been reduced by the monopoly system, which put all the best paying work into the hands of half a dozen men, while the majority of the printers, whose numbers were increasing year by year, found it nearly impossible to make a living by their trade.¹ The printers were thus compelled to seek work that was out of the reach of the monopolists. Of such a nature were plays, and one can almost picture

¹ One of the worst of these monopolies and one of which we shall hear more, was that which prevented all but a select few from printing the 'Grammar' and 'Accidence,' two school books that were in constant demand.

a crowd of hungry publishers and printers haunting the theatres and worrying authors, managers, and actors for any sort of copy of the piece which was then holding the boards. As showing the class of men to whom we owe the printed editions of Shakespeare's plays, it may be stated that not one of them ever rose to any high position in the Company to which they belonged. They were chiefly distinguished for their unruly behaviour and disregard of Royal proclamations and Star Chamber decrees.

The first play of Shakespeare's that appeared in print was the tragedy of 'Titus Andronicus.' This came from the press of JOHN DANTER, a printer in a small way of business in Duck Lane near Smithfield. Danter's life was a short and troubled one. The son of an Oxfordshire man, he came to London and entered the service of the great printer John Day, in March, 1582, being bound apprentice for eight years; but before half that term was out he was found helping to print the 'Grammar' and 'Accidence' at a secret press, and so serious a view did the Wardens of the Stationers' Company take of his offence that they disabled him from ever becoming a master printer. A year or two later the severity of this sentence was relaxed, the Court of Assistants admitting the offender into partnership with William Hoskins and Henry Chettle, with whom he shared premises in Fleet Street. The partnership was of short duration, and in 1592 Danter began printing on his own account. On the 6th February, 159 $\frac{3}{4}$, he entered in the registers 'a booke intituled A Noble Roman Historye of Tytus An-

dronicus.' Until last year no edition of so early a date had been seen since the time of Langbaine, and the entry was supposed to relate to a non-Shakespearean play. But in 1905 a Swedish gentleman discovered amongst his books a quarto of this play, with the imprint, 'London, Printed by John Danter, and are to be sold by Edward White and Thomas Millington, at the little North door of Paules at the signe of the Gunne 1594.' This unique quarto was sold to an American collector, it is said, for £2,000.

Three years later John Danter also printed 'An excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet,' and never was a masterpiece ushered into the world in a worse manner. The printer started with a type which, in spite of its worn condition, was fairly readable, but before he had half finished the work, he substituted a very much smaller and even more worn fount. The compositors' work was of the worst description, reversed letters and mis-readings being sprinkled over every page. And with this we part thankfully with John Danter. He disappears in a whirlwind of official indignation and Star Chamber shrieks for daring to print those sacred volumes, the 'Grammar' and 'Accidence,' and in less than three years afterwards he died.

The next printer with whom we are concerned is another Oxfordshire man, VALENTINE SIMMES or Symmes, to whose press we are known to owe the first quartos of 'Richard the Second' (1597), and 'Richard the Third' (1597), 'The Second Part of Henry IV' (1600), the first quarto of 'Much Ado about Nothing' (1600), as well as the third quarto of the 'First Part of Henry IV' in 1604. Simmes,

on his arrival in London in 1576, became an apprentice to a bookseller named Henry Sutton, who dealt largely in service books. But his desire being to be a printer and not a bookseller, he transferred his services to Henry Bynneman, a printer in Knightrider Street, who shared with John Day the patronage of Archbishop Parker. Bynneman died in 1584, and Simmes became a freeman of his Company in the next year. Apparently he found some difficulty in obtaining work, for the next that is heard of him is in connection with the Martin Marprelate press, for which he acted as compositor. He was arrested, with others, in 1589, brought to London, and thrown into the Tower. Five years later, *i.e.*, in 1594, he is found with a printing office of his own at the sign of the White Swan in Addle or Addling Hill, one of the narrow lanes running up from the river Thames near Baynard's Castle. Simmes had been trained in a good school, and even his Shakespeare quartos bear evidence of the fact; indeed, the first quarto of 'Much Ado about Nothing' is one of the few play-books of that period that were decently printed. On the other hand, as the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare were the first to point out, in some copies of the quarto of the 'Second Part of Henry IV' the first scene of Act III was entirely omitted. The mistake was discovered before the whole impression was printed, and the missing scene inserted on two new leaves. In order to do this the type of part of the preceding and subsequent leaves was distributed, so that there are two different impressions for the latter part of Act II and the beginning of Act III, Scene 2.

In 1595 Simmes was caught printing the 'Grammar' and 'Accidence,' and his press was seized and his type melted. He was in trouble again in 1598 for disorderly printing, and after a chequered career the last heard of him is in the year 1622, when by an order of the High Commissioners he was prohibited from working as a master printer, and was allowed a pension of £4 a year by the Company of Stationers.

A press of a much more interesting character is that of THOMAS CREED, who carried on business at the sign of the Catherine Wheel in Thames Street. Thomas Creed's birthplace is unknown, but he was apprenticed to Thomas East, a printer chiefly remembered for his musical publications, and by East he was made a freeman on the 7th October, 1578. Some years more elapsed before he began printing for himself, and it is not until the year 1593 that his first book-entry occurs in the registers. His office was stocked with a varied assortment of letter, most of it in good condition, and his workmanship was superior to that of many of his contemporaries. Hence we are not surprised to find amongst his earliest patrons, the great Elizabethan publisher, William Ponsonby, who endeavoured as far as possible to produce good books in a good style, and for whom Creed printed amongst other things Robert Greene's 'Mammilia,' Macchiavelli's 'Florentine History,' and Edmund Spenser's 'Colin Clout's come home again.' Indeed, much of the best of Elizabethan literature came from his press.

But it is with Creed's Shakespeare work that

we are more particularly concerned. In 1594 he entered in the register of the Stationers' Company, and printed shortly afterwards, three books which have more than passing interest for Shakespeare students. These were 'The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of York and Lancaster,' 'The True Tragedie of Richard the Third,' and 'The Famous Victories of Henry V.' The first of these was the old play upon which Shakespeare founded 'The Second Part of King Henry VI.' This quarto bore on the title-page the printer's well-known device of Truth crowned, but stript and being beaten with a scourge held by a hand issuing from the clouds. This is repeated on the last leaf with a colophon beneath it. Except for irregular casting the type used in printing this is above the average, whilst the arrangement of the title-page was distinctly good. 'The True Tragedie of Richard the Third' was printed for William Barley, probably from the acting copy used by the 'Queenes Majesties players.' The third play, 'The Famous Victories of Henry V'—the entry of it stands in the registers next to that of 'Lucrece'—had also belonged to the Queen's players. This was the original upon which Shakespeare drew for the first and second parts of 'Henry IV,' and the play of 'Henry V.' Nineteen years after the first known edition (1598), another appeared in 1617, printed by Creed's successor, Bernard Alsop, for Timothy Barlow.

In 1595 Creed entered and printed apparently on his own account, 'The Lamentable Tragedie of Locrine, Newly set forth, overseene and cor-

rected by W. S.,' no doubt thinking that the initials would find it a ready sale, until some one troubled to point out that Shakespeare had nothing to do with it.

Creed's first genuine Shakespeare quarto was the second edition of 'Richard III,' which he printed for Andrew Wise in 1598. In the next year (1599) the second quarto of 'Romeo and Juliet' came from his press at the instance of Cuthbert Burby, its lawful owner, and in 1600 he put to press for Thomas Millington and John Busby 'The chronicle history of Henry the fift.' The first quarto of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' the second quarto of 'Henry V,' and the third quarto of 'Richard III,' all came from his press in 1602, and from that time onwards till 1612, he continued to print editions of both 'Richard III' and 'Henry V.' Good workman as he could be when he liked, most of these quartos of Creed's are very little better than those issued by his brother printers. In 1616 he took into partnership Bernard Alsop, who in the following year succeeded to the business on the retirement or death of Creed.

The same year that saw the publication of 'Lucrece' and the three non-Shakespearean plays just noticed, and about the same time—that is, in May, 1594—another printer, named PETER SHORT, entered in the Register a play called 'A merrie conceyted comedie of the Taming of a Shrew.' This entry is held to relate to an older play dealing with the same subject, and at present Peter Short's connection with Shakespeare's work is limited to the first quarto of 'The First Part of Henry IV,' printed

by him for Andrew Wise in 1598. The general appearance of this book is good. The title-page is neatly arranged and printed with fairly regular founts of roman and italic, while above the imprint is the printer's device of the star. The type of the text is also much clearer, and the workmanship above the average. But although this was the only work of Shakespeare's ever put into Short's hands, he was the printer of that famous Elizabethan notebook, Francis Mere's '*Palladis Tamia*,' renowned for its Shakespeare allusions. This dumpy little octavo is also printed throughout in a clear and regular fount of roman. The printer's history may be briefly outlined. Admitted a freeman of the Company of Stationers in 1589, Short succeeded to the printing business of Henry Denham, whose device of the star he adopted as his sign when he set up his printing office in Bread Street Hill, near St. Paul's. From the fact of his name appearing in a list of printing houses, upon which the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London directed that watch should be kept for prohibited books, it would seem that Short, like many of his brother printers, was given to illicit printing. In addition to the two books noticed above, several notable works came from his press, including a number of musical publications. He died in 1603, probably from the plague, which was very deadly in London in that year, and his business passed into the hands of Humphrey Lownes.

Another Shakespeare issue of the year 1598 was '*Love's Labour's Lost*,' printed by 'W. W. for

Cuthbert Burby.' The initials stand for WILLIAM WHITE, a small printer then living in Smithfield, whose principal trade lay in ballads and broadsides, and who was fined five shillings on one occasion for printing a lewd ballad called 'The Wife of Bath.' This quarto of 'Love's Labour's Lost' may be taken as a fair specimen of his work, which was about as bad as it could be. His initials are also found on the title-page of the second quarto of 'The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York,' otherwise 'The Third Part of King Henry VI,' which he printed for Thomas Millington in 1600, and again in the fifth quarto of 'The First Part of Henry IV,' printed in 1613 for Mathew Law.

The second quarto of this same play, which was issued in 1599, introduces us to SIMON STAFFORD, whose initials, S. S., are in the imprint as printer for Andrew Wise. A chapter might well be written about this man's history. He belonged to the guild of Drapers, but choosing to be a printer, was apprenticed to Christopher Barker, the royal printer, who was also a member of the Drapers' Company. Stafford set up a press in Black Raven Alley, in the parish of St. Peter's, Cornhill, in 1597, but on the 13th March, 1598, the Stationers seized his press and letters, declaring that they had found 4,000 copies of the 'Grammar' and 'Accidence' on his premises. Stafford's offence was aggravated by his being a draper, and it was not until he transferred himself to the Company of Stationers that he was allowed to carry on the trade of a printer. In addition to the quarto of 'Henry IV,' he also printed the 1611 edition of 'Pericles.'

None of the presses that have been noticed, not even that of Thomas Creed, equals in interest that which next comes under consideration—the press of JAMES ROBERTS. We are undoubtedly indebted to it for the first quartos of ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ and ‘The Merchant of Venice,’ the second quarto of ‘Titus Andronicus,’ all three printed by him in 1600, and also for the second and third quartos of the tragedy of ‘Hamlet,’ printed in the years 1604 and 1605. Admitted a freeman of the Company of Stationers in 1564, Roberts seems to have set up in Fleet Street under the sign of ‘Love and Death,’ and for some years devoted himself mainly to the printing of ballads. He then joined partnership with a certain Richard Watkins, and they obtained a royal patent for the sole printing of almanacs and prognostications, which must have been a very lucrative business. In 1593 Roberts married the widow of John Charlwood, a printer at the sign of the Half Eagle and Key in the Barbican. Charlwood appears to have had a large stock of type, blocks, and devices, to which Roberts afterwards added considerably. Charlwood’s copyrights also were numerous, though chiefly of a theological character. Roberts seems to have launched out in an entirely new direction, and within the next twelve years printed works by Nicholas Breton, Daniel, Drayton, Gabriel Harvey, Lyly, Marston, Nash, Spenser, and Shakespeare. Which of the three Shakespeare quartos printed by Roberts in the year 1600 is the earliest it would be rash to say, as the ‘Titus Andronicus’ had been entered in the Registers on the appearance of the first edition in

1594. There were also two issues of each of the other plays, both bearing different imprints. One quarto of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' has no printer's name, but simply the statement that it was printed 'for Thomas Fisher,' but there is no doubt that both were printed by Roberts. In the same way there were two quartos of 'The Merchant of Venice,' one the outcome of the licence granted to Roberts on 22nd July, 1598, and the other following upon his transfer of the copyright to 'Thomas Haies.' On the title-page of the Roberts quarto of the 'Merchant' is seen the device of Richard Johnes, another London printer of this date, and at the end of it the tail-piece of the woman's head and cornucopiae, which certainly once belonged to Richard Field, and is found in his books up to this period. How and when it came into the hands of James Roberts are questions that need further investigation, but cannot be dealt with here. The 'Fisher' edition of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' has that publisher's device of the kingfisher on the title-page, and the ornament at the end tells us nothing; whereas the Roberts copy has Charlwood's old block of the Half Eagle and Key above the imprint. The points in common between the two are the ornament or band at the head of the first page of the text and the similar type.

In or about 1608—the exact date is unknown—James Roberts sold his business to William Jaggard, who, until this time, had been trading as a bookseller in the Churchyard of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, and who now added that of a printer to

his business. Jaggard's connection, and that of his son Isaac, with the First Folio of 1623 has been so often described that there is no need to repeat it here.

The only other hitherto recognized printer of the first edition of any work by Shakespeare during his life is GEORGE ELD, from whose press, in 1609, came the 'Sonnets' and 'Troilus and Cressida.' Eld was a Derbyshire man, who in 1593 had put himself apprentice to a stationer for eight years, but was admitted a freeman of the Company two years before the expiration of his time, a most unusual proceeding. He was a capable printer, many of his books being amongst the best specimens of typography of the Elizabethan time. To name only one example, 'Grimstone's General Historie of the Netherlands' is a very handsome folio in which the types and presswork are exceedingly good. Unfortunately the same cannot be said for the 'Sonnets,' which was marred by being printed in a diminutive fount of roman that did not print well, nor was the quarto of 'Troilus and Cressida' a much better performance.

In 1614 Eld took into partnership Miles Flesher or Fletcher, and in the return made in the following year they were found to have two presses, an evidence that they had an extensive business. Eld died of the plague in 1624, and was succeeded by his partner.

Having thus passed in review the printers whose names or initials are found in the imprints of the early Shakespeare quartos, I propose to say a few words as to the presses to which the editions without im-

prints may be assigned. The first of these is the maimed and mutilated first quarto of 'HAMLET.' Only the publishers' names—Nicholas Ling and John Trundle—are given on the title-page, and the device which decorates it is that of Ling. The type is not good, and the press work supports the theory that the book was hastily rushed through the press. The ornament at the top of the first page of text is one used by Valentine Simmes, but I was nevertheless at first inclined to attribute the edition to the press of Roberts, to whom the play had been licensed the previous year, and who seems to have been fond of acquiring ornaments which had been used by other printers. Mr. Pollard, however, who had been independently investigating the question as to the printing of the play, produced me a book, the 'Earl of Gowrie's Conspiracy,' printed by Simmes in 1603, in which this particular ornament occurred, and to the press of Simmes the first edition of 'Hamlet' must therefore be assigned.

We may next consider to whose typography we owe the two quartos of 'KING LEAR,' which appeared in 1608, both without any indication of the printer. In one the imprint is simply 'Printed for Nathaniel Butter 1608,' while in the other it takes the longer form, 'London, Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere St. Austin's Gate, 1608.' The first-named issue has on the title-page above the imprint the device of Richard Johnes, and at the top of A2 a woodcut ornament, both of which identify it as coming from the press of James Roberts, though whether in 1600

Roberts was still the owner of it we cannot be quite sure. The Pide Bull issue is not so easily identified. The most obvious available clue is the curious device above the imprint of a rod, round which two snakes are wound, and which is fitted with wings at the top and bottom, held at the bottom by two hands issuing from clouds. Cornucopiae also form a part of the design, which is surmounted by a winged horse. This device had come from abroad, having once belonged to Andreas Wechelin of Frankfort, and was used by him in printing '*Petri Rami commentariorum de religione Christiana libri quatuor* 1576,' the title-page of which is amongst those collected by Ames (B.M. 463, h. 8, 461). In 1600, this device is found in an English book, William Covell's *Brief Answer unto Certaine Reasons by way of an Apologie delivered to . . . the . . . bishop of Lincolne by Mr. Iohn Burges . . .* with the imprint 'At London Printed by G. S. for Clement Knight, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Churchyard at the signe of the Holy Lambe. 1606.'

It will further be noticed that the Pide Bull copy has at the top of sig. B a narrow band of conventional pattern, with a man's face in the centre, which will be found again at the top of the title-page of the English translation of William Bucanus' '*Institutions of Christian Religion*,' printed at London, by George Snowdon and Leonell Snowdon in 1606 (B.M. 874, e 10);¹ while on sig. A3 of the '*Briefe Answer*' will be found a large pierced

¹ There is a better impression of this title-page amongst the Ames collection.

woodcut initial letter, which is used more than once in the Institutions (*see* Kk₃ recto, Mm verso).

But who were George and Leonell Snowden? According to the Registers, George Snowden was entered as an apprentice to Robert Robinson on the 27th April, 1590; but this entry has a marginal note that George was Singleton's apprentice and that Robinson was to 'put him away' within seven days, an order he does not seem to have obeyed, as George Snowden was presented by him for his freedom on the 11th May, 1597. Leonell or Lionell Snowden was evidently a relative, but not a brother of George's. He, too, was an apprentice to Robinson, being out of his time in February, 1604. Some time in 1606, the year of the publication of the 'Brief Answer' and 'Institutions' the two Snowdens appear to have had an interest for a short time in a printing business of John Harrison the youngest who died in 1604, and who in his turn had succeeded to the business of Thomas Judson. In Sir John Lambe's memoranda, printed in Vol. III of the 'Transcript' (pp. 669, *et seq.*), either Mr. Arber has made a mistake in transcribing the names, or Sir John Lambe got confused, as well he might, between the Snowdens and the Snodhams. In any case their career was a very short one, and there is not a single book entered to either of them in the Registers.

Further, according to these same memoranda of Sir John Lambe's, the Snowdens, in 1608, the year of the publication of 'King Lear,' transferred their business to Nicholas Oakes or Okes. Now Nicholas Okes had taken up his freedom in 1603, and his first book entry in the Registers was in July, 1607.

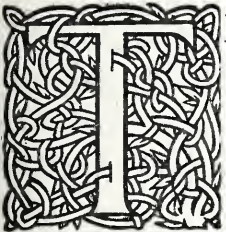
It is quite possible that the 'Lear,' though it bears the date of 1608, may have been printed towards the close of 1607, while on the other hand though Okes had permission to print in July, 1607, he may not have bought the Snowden's interest until 1608. The actual hand that printed it matters little, we now know that it came from the office established by Thomas Judson in 1586, and in the hands successively of John Harrison the younger, George and Lionel Snowden, and Nicholas Okes.

A third play, the first quarto of which appeared without any hint as to the printer, was 'Pericles,' two editions of which were printed in 1609 'for' Henry Gosson, who was 'then living at the sign of the Sunne in Paternoster Row.' Both of them bear at the top of the first page of text a band easily recognized as that of William White, whose business was taken over in 1620 by Augustine Matthews, the printer of the second quarto of 'Othello' in 1630 for Richard Hawkins, in which the same band is used again, and White's block of the charioteer in a very worn state is seen on the title-page.

With this attempt to identify the typographical authors of these three plays we may bid farewell to the printers of Shakespeare's plays and poems. Greatly would these good men have been surprised had they been told that their connection with these sixpenny pamphlets would be their chief title to remembrance.

H. R. PLOMER.

SHAKESPEARE LITERATURE, 1901-1905.

HE first five years of the twentieth century have seen the commencement of no fewer than twenty-seven editions of Shakespeare's works, of which some still remain incomplete. Of ordinary modern editions the palm lies between the Edinburgh Folio, a fine library edition, edited successively by the late Mr. W. E. Henley and Professor Walter Raleigh, and published by Mr. Grant Richards, and the Shakespeare Head edition, produced by Messrs. A. H. Bullen and F. Sidgwick. This latter has the added merit of being the first printed at the poet's birthplace. Messrs. Methuen have also produced a charming pocket edition in forty volumes, which differs from most pocket editions in being really adapted to the pocket, and at the same time easily legible.

Of smaller collections and editions of single plays the name is legion, but most are designed for use in schools.

Textual and bibliographical study has been greatly advanced by the facsimile editions which have been produced. In 1902 was published the Clarendon Press First Folio, with a most exhaustive introduction and census of copies by Mr. Sidney Lee. In 1903 and 1904 Messrs. Methuen published their

facsimiles of the Third and Fourth Folios, and late in 1905 the Syndics of the Clarendon Press completed their design by issuing in five volumes the Shakespearean work omitted from the First Folio, *i.e.*, Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, the Sonnets, Pericles, and the Passionate Pilgrim.

Plays have been translated into French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and even Esperanto.

Of critical works, the crown easily goes to Professor Bradley's 'Shakespearean Tragedy,' especially to the two introductory lectures, which for breadth of view and depth of insight combined have few rivals in all the vast literature of the subject. Another piece of sympathetic criticism is Canon Beeching's contribution to the endless problem of the personalities involved in the Sonnets.

To the equally endless controversy over the Baconian authorship of the Plays, a great deal has been added. Among much wild criticism stand out the legal contributions, especially Mr. G. C. Bompas' 'The Problem of the Shakespeare Plays.'

German and American students have left few fields of research uninvestigated, but it cannot be said that knowledge of the poet has been thereby very much advanced.

An admirable feature of recent years is the amount of Elizabethan authors other than Shakespeare who have been reprinted, thus furnishing most necessary foundations for the study of Shakespeare, who was no *lusus naturae*, but as much the creation of his age and country as any other genius. These are not given below, but mention may be made of the series 'Materialien zur Kunde der

älteren englischen Dramas,' edited by Professor Bang, and containing work by many scholars or different nations, amongst others by Mr. W. W. Greg and Mr. R. B. McKerrow.

In compiling the following list, many books have been omitted as unprofitable. Notes have been added which will assist the reader to continue the process of elimination as far as he may desire. From consideration of space it has been found impossible to include magazine articles, and for a different reason works in Slavonic languages are also omitted.

TEXTS.

WORKS.

The Edinburgh Folio edition.
Edited successively by W. E. Henley and Walter Raleigh.
1901-4.

A fine library edition of the text, with the introductory matter of the First Folio.

The Windsor Shakespeare. 40 vols. 1901-3.

Edited with notes by H. N. Hudson.

The Works of Shakespeare. 1902.

A handsomely produced edition, with notes and unfortunate illustrations.

The Works of Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Craig. 40 vols. 1903-5. 16°.

A very pretty pocket Shakespeare, the text being easily legible in spite of the size.

The Oxford Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Craig. 1904.

A carefully edited text, with a glossary.

The Student's Shakespeare. 1902, etc.

Edited by A. W. Verity.

The Elizabethan Shakespeare. Edited, with notes, etc., by M. H. Liddell. 1903, etc.

The text is surrounded by a grammatical commentary. So far only Macbeth has appeared.

The King's Shakespeare. 1904, etc.

At present the Sonnets only have appeared, with an introduction by Mrs. Stopes.

The Shakespeare Head Edition. Stratford-on-Avon, 1904, etc.

The first edition of Shakespeare printed in his native place. Produced by Messrs. A. H. Bullen and F. Sidgwick.

WORKS—continued.

The Works of Shakespeare.
1905, etc.

In Methuen's Standard Library, edited by Sidney Lee.

EDITIONS IN FACSIMILE, ETC.

Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, etc.
1902.

The Clarendon Press facsimile of the First Folio. Photographically reproduced from the Duke of Devonshire's (formerly the Roxburghe) copy, and edited with an elaborate bibliographical introduction and a Census of 158 copies by Sidney Lee.

The National Shakespeare. A facsimile of the text of 1623. Illustrated. 3 vols. 1904.

Not really a facsimile, but a page for page reprint. Pre-tentious and bad.

Mr. William Shakespear's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, etc. 1905.

A facsimile of the Third Folio, produced by Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. William Shakespear's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, etc. 1904.

Messrs. Methuen's facsimile of the Fourth Folio, uniform with that of the Third.

[Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, the Sonnets, the Passionate Pilgrim, Pericles.] 5 vols. 1905.

The Clarendon Press photo-

graphic facsimiles. These five works, excluded from the First Folio, supplement the 1902 facsimile of that work. Edited by Sidney Lee, with a careful introduction and a census of copies to each volume. The copies chosen for reproduction are as follows: Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, Sonnets, and Pericles, Bodleian, Passionate Pilgrim, Britwell. These five quartos, with the Folio, form a most valuable basis for study, both in the text and the bibliography of Shakespeare.

The Works of William Shakespeare, according to the Orthography and arrangement of the more authentic quarto and folio versions. 1904, etc.

The "Old Spelling Shakespeare." Edited by Dr. Furnivall and published by Mr. Moring. At present Love's Labor Lost only has appeared.

SINGLE PLAYS OR POEMS.

From a large number of editions, many of which are designed for school use, the following have been selected:

The Sonnets of Shakespeare. With an introduction and notes by H. C. Beeching. 1904.

In the 'Athenæum Press Series.' The editor's sane and comprehensive introduction surveys the controversies raised by the Sonnets, and in particular controverts the theory that they

were either instruments of adulation or literary exercises.

Sonnets. 1904.

A very pretty edition of the text, produced, for lovers of poetry rather than students, at the Astolat Press.

The Poems and Sonnets of Shakspeare. With an introduction by E. Dowden. 1903.

A Book of Shakespeare's Songs, with musical settings by various composers. The whole arranged and decorated by Edward Edwards. 1903.

Shakespeare's Songs, with drawings by H. Ospovat. 1901.

The Tempest. Illustrated by R. Anning Bell. 1901.

Marina: a dramatic romance. Being the Shakespearian portion of the tragedy of Pericles. Edited by S. Wellwood. 1902.

The same selection as that by Mr. F. G. Fleay in the 'New Shakspeare Society Transactions,' but adhering more closely to the original texts.

TRANSLATIONS.

Neue Shakespeare Bühne. Herausgeber: E. Paetel. 1903, etc.

Shakespeare dramen. ('Romeo und Julia,' 'Othello,' 'Lear,' 'Macbeth'). Nachgelassene Übersetzungen von O. Gild-ermeister, herausgegeben von Dr. H. Spies. 1904.

Vischer, Friedrich Theodor. Shakespeare-Vorträge.

The third, fourth and fifth volumes of this work contain German translations of the text and commentaries upon Othello, King Lear, King John, Richard II, Henry IV, Henry V, Henry VI, Richard III, and Henry VIII.

Antonius en Cleopatra. Vertaling van Dr. E. B. Koster. [1904.]

Antoine et Cléopâtre: traduit en vers français. 1904.

The translator, M. Léon Morel, here follows up his versions of Macbeth and Henry VIII.

Hamlet. . . . Refundido y adaptado á la escena española por L. Lopez-Ballesteros y F. Gonzalez Llana. 1903.

Julius Cäsar. . . . mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen versehen von J. Resch. 1905.

Le Roi Lear. Traduit de Shakespeare. 1904.

A prose translation by Pierre Loti and Emile Vedel.

Theâtre du Peuple, Bussany, Vosges. 8° spectacle, 1902.

La Tragédie de Macbeth de Shakespeare. Traduite par M. Pottecher. [1902.]

Macbeth. Traduction nouvelle et littérale, avec une préface et des notes, par C. Demblon. 1904.

Mácbeth. Adaptacion, . . . a la escena española, hecha directamente de inglés por J. de Elola. 1904.

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TRANSLATIONS—*continued.*

De Koopman van Venetië . . .

Vertaling van Dr. E. B. Koster. [1904.]

Othello. Texte critique avec la traduction en regard par A. Beljame. 1902.

M. Beljame published translations of Macbeth in 1897, and of Julius Caesar in 1899.

— Othello. Traduzione di L. E. Tettoni. 1901.

La Fierecilla domada. Version castellana de A. de Vilasalba. 1904.

Vol. XV of the 'Teatro Antiguo y Moderno.'

Les Deux Gentilshommes de Vérone. 1902.

A translation by M. Olivaint.

Hamleto, regido de Danujo.

Tradukis L. Zamenhof. Paris, 1902.

A version in Esperanto.

La Tentego de Shakespeare.

Tradukita de Ach. Motteau. [1905.]

The Tempest. Also in Esperanto.

Richepin, J. Falstaff. Pièce imitée de Shakespeare. 1904.

BIOGRAPHY.

Hazlitt, W. C. Shakespeare. 1902.

A study of his private and literary life.

Hessen, R. Das Leben Shakespeares. . . . 1904.

Popular, but carefully written.

Lambert, D. Cartae Shakespeareanae. A chronological catalogue of extant evidence relating to the life and works of William Shakespeare. 1904.

Lee, Sidney. Shakespeare's Career. 1904.

In the author's 'Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century.'

Rolfe, W. J. A Life of William Shakespeare. 1905.

Controverses Mr. Lee's theory of the Sonnets, and deals at some length with the other poems.

Corbin, J. A new Portrait of Shakespeare. The case of the Ely Palace painting. 1903.

Contends 'that the so-called Droeshout original is probably a fabrication, and the Ely painting a life-portrait of Shakespeare.'

Elton, C. I. William Shakespeare, his Family and Friends. 1904.

Posthumously published essays towards an exhaustive life and criticism of Shakespeare, which was never completed.

Emery, M. E. B. Was not

Shakespeare a gentleman?
1903.

Contending that Shakespeare was of the family of Pembroke.

Gray, Joseph W. Shakespeare's marriage, his departure from Stratford, and other incidents in his life. 1905.

Stopes, Mrs. Charlotte C. Shakespeare's Family. 1901.

— The True Story of the Stratford Bust. A contem-

porary likeness of Shakespeare. 1904.

Reprinted from the 'Monthly Review.'

Yeatman, J. Pym. The Gentle Shakspeare. 1904.

Published by the 'Shakespeare Society of New York,' and proving to the satisfaction of the author that the poet was a Catholic, and wrote his own will.

CRITICISM.

Bradley, A. C. Shakesperean Tragedy. Lectures on Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, Macbeth. 1904.

An acute and suggestive analysis of Shakespeare's view of Tragic Life. The best critical work on Shakespeare recently produced.

Brooke, Stopford A. Ten Plays of Shakespeare. 1905.

The ten plays are: A Midsummer Night's Dream, Romeo and Juliet, Richard II, Richard III, The Merchant of Venice, As You Like it, Macbeth, Coriolanus, A Winter's Tale, The Tempest.

Campbell, Lewis. Tragic Drama in Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare. 1904.

A careful study of essentials in Tragedy as they appear in the Greek and English Drama.

Canning, the Hon. Albert. Shakespeare studied in eight plays. 1903.

A popular exposition of Troilus and Cressida, Timon of Athens, Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, Richard III, Henry VIII, King Lear, and A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Collins, J. Churton. Studies in Shakespeare. 1904.

Chiefly remarkable for the essay on 'Shakespeare as a Classical Scholar, reprinted from the Fortnightly Review.

Eichhoff, Theodor. Shakespeare's Forderung einer absoluten Moral. 1902.

Commentaries, with the English text and a translation (by Emil Wagner) on Venus and Adonis and Lucrece: followed by essays on 'Shakespeare und die Mathematik' and 'Shakespeare's Ehe.' An attempt to define Shakespeare's personal views.

Eichhoff, Theodor. Unser

CRITICISM—*continued.*

- Shakespeare. Beiträge. 1903-1904.
Four parts, containing Essays on the Texts of Romeo and Juliet and the Comedy of Errors, an introduction to Shakespearean study, and an elaborate examination of the Sonnets.
- Engel, E. Shakespeare—Rätsel. 1904.
Seven papers, of no great importance, but reasonably and pleasantly written.
- Fleming, W. H. Shakespeare's Plots. 1902.
The Laws of dramatic construction illustrated from Macbeth, the Merchant of Venice, Julius Caesar, Twelfth Night and Othello.
- Gelber, A. An der Grenzen zweier Zeiten. 1902.
Papers on Shakespeare as a thinker and a humanist.
- Kohler, Professor J. Verbrecher-Typen in Shakespeare's Dramen. 1903.
The villainy of Shakespeare's villains is here carefully classified and pigeon-holed.
- Mauerhof, E. Shakespeare Probleme. 1905.
Three Essays: 'Lady Macbeth,' 'Briefe über Hamlet,' and 'Othello—die Tragödie der Eifersucht.'
- Moulton, R. G. The Moral System of Shakespeare. 1903.
- Opitz, H. William Shakespeare als Charakter-Dichter. 1902.
Hamlet, Lear, Othello.
- Sander, G. H. Das Moment der letzten Spannung in der englischen Tragödie bis zu Shakespeare. 1902.
- Sarrazin, G. Kleine Shakespeare Studien. 1902.
One of the 'Beiträge zur romanische und englische Philologie,' consisting of two papers on the Merry Wives of Windsor and the Lover's Complaint.
- Stubbs, C. W., Dean. The Christ of English Poetry. The Hulsean Lectures, 1904-1905. 1906.
Lecture III, deals with Shakespeare's attitude towards religion.
- Wolff, Max J. William Shakespeare. Studien und Aufsätze. 1903.
-
- Alfonso, N. R. d'. Lo Spiritismo secondo Shakespeare. 1905.
- Burgess, W. The Bible in Shakespeare. [1903.]
- Carter, T. Shakespeare and Holy Scripture, with the version he used. 1905.
Parallel passages, showing Shakespeare's familiarity with the Genevan Bible.
- Conrat, H. J. La Musica in Shakespeare. 1903.
From the Rivista Musicale Italiana.
- Douse, T. le M. Examination of an old Manuscript preserved in the Library of the

Duke of Northumberland, etc. 1904.

Discovered at Alnwick in 1867, and here attributed to the hand of John Davies, of Hereford.

Elson, L. C. Shakespeare in Music. A collation of the chief musical allusions in the plays, etc. 1901.

Franz, W., Professor. Die Grundzüge der Sprache Shakespeares. 1902.

Green, B. E. Shakespeare and Goethe on Gresham's Law and the Single Gold Standard. [1902.]

Hartmann, S. Shakespeare in Art. 1901.

Holmesworthe, L. Shakespeare's Garden. 1903.

Kühne, W. Venus, Amor and Bacchus in Shakespeare's Dramen. Ein medicinisch-poetische Studie. 1902.

Lippmann, E. O. Von. Naturwissenschaftliches aus Shakespeare. 1902.

Lucy, Margaret. Shakespeare and the Supernatural: a brief study of folklore, superstition, and witchcraft in 'Macbeth,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'The Tempest.' 1906.

Mantzius, Karl. Engelske Theaterforhold i Shakespeare-Tiden. 1901.

A dissertation on the London Stage in the time of Shakespeare. Part of the author's 'Skuespil-kunstens Historie.'

Mauntz, A von. Heraldik in

Diensten der Shakespeare-Forschung. 1903.

Phin, J. The Shakespeare Cyclopaedia and New Glossary. 1902.

Schulz, E. G. H. Das Verkleidungs-Motiv bei Shakespeare. 1904.

Wilson, W. Shakespeare and Astrology. 1903.

CRITICISM ON SINGLE PLAYS, ETC.

Gray, Robert. The True Hamlet of William Shakespeare. 1901.

Chambers, D. L. The metre of Macbeth. 1903.

Places the date at about 1606. With a table for twenty-six plays.

Porter, Charlotte, and Clarke, Helen A. Shakespeare Studies. Macbeth. 1901.

With extracts from Holinshed, Bellenden, Reginald Scot, and Golding's Ovid.

Stasov, V. V. Über Shakespeares Kaufmann von Venedig und das Shylok-Problem. 1905.

A translation from the Russian.

Leonetti, Raffaele. La Desdemona di Shakespeare. 1903.

Acheson, A. Shakespeare and the Rival Poet . . . proving the identity of the patron and the rival of the Sonnets [with the Earl of Southampton and George Chapman]. 1903.

Wilde, Oscar. The Portrait of Mr. W. H. 1901.

CRITICISM ON SINGLE PLAYS,
ETC.—*continued.*

Reprinted from 'Black-wood's' of July, 1889, by Mosher. A fanciful story, of great literary merit, urging that 'Mr. W. H.' was a young actor named Will Hughes.

M., J. Shakespeare self-revealed in his 'Sonnets' and 'Phoenix and Turtle.' The texts with an introduction and analyses by J. M. 1904.

Creighton, Dr. C. Shakespeare's Story of his Life. 1904.

An attempt to find autobiography in the Sonnets and the Tempest. In the former the Herbert theory is supported.

Jacobson, H. William Shakespeare und Käthchen Minola. 1903.

A study of The Taming of the Shrew.

Schomberg, E. H. The Taming of the Shrew. Eine Studie zu Shakesperes Kunst. 1904.

Heft 20 of 'Studien zur englischen Philologie.'

Robertson, J. M. Did Shakespeare write 'Titus Andronicus'? 1905.

The play is here taken from Shakespeare and given to Peele and Greene as authors or at least revisers.

HISTORY OF SHAKESPEARE
CRITICISM, ETC.

Bobsin, O. Shakespeare's Othello in englischer Bühnenbearbeitung. 1904.

Brodmeier, C. Die Shakespeare Bühne nach den alten Bühnenanweisungen. 1904.

Burmeister, O. Nachdichtungen und Buehneneinrichtungen von Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. 1902.

Cserwinka, J. Shakspeare und die Bühne. 1902.

Eichhoff, T. Der Weg zu Shakespeare. 1902.

Chiefly an exposure of forgeries by J. P. Collier. Reviewed in 'The Library.'

Hannmann, F. Dryden's tragödie 'All for Love or the World well Lost' und ihr Verhältnis zu Shakespeare's 'Antony and Cleopatra.' 1903.

Köppel, E. Studien über Shakespeare's Wirkung auf zeitgenössische Dramatiker. 1905.

Vol. 9 of the series 'Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas.'

Lounsbury, T. R. Shakespearean Wars. i. Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist. ii. Shakespeare and Voltaire. 2 vols. 1901.

'The Yale Bicentennial Publications.' A chronicle of Shakespearean controversies.

Redard, E. Shakespeare dans les pays de langue française. 1901.

Trentel, C. Shakespeares Kaufmann von Venedig in französischer Bühnenbearbeitung. 1901.

Uhde-Bernays, Hermann. Der Mannheimer Shakespeare. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte

der ersten Shakespeare-Ubersetzungen. 1902.

Heft 25 of the 'Litterar-historische Forschungen.'

SOURCES AND INFLUENCES, ETC.

Anders, H. R. D. Shakespeare's Books. A dissertation on Shakespeare's reading and the immediate sources of his works. 1904.

Vol. I of the 'Schriften' of the 'Deutsche Shakespeare Gesellschaft. Originally intended as an introduction to a revised edition of Collier and Hazlitt's 'Shakespeare's Library,' which the Society hopes to produce. Altogether a most useful work.

Jung, Hugo. Das Verhältnis Middleton's zu Shakespeare. 1904.

Heft 29 of the 'Münchener Beiträge.'

Lanier, S. Shakespeare and his Forerunners. 1902, etc.

Lee, Sidney. Foreign Influences on Shakespeare. 1904.

In the author's 'Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century.'

Mascetta-Coracci, L. Shakespeare e i classici italiani. A proposito di un sonetto di Guido Guinezelli. 1902.

Root, R. K. Classical Mythology in Shakespeare. 1903.

No. 19 of 'Yale Studies in English.'

Schelling, F. E. The English Chronicle Play. A study in the popular historical literature environing Shakespeare. 1902.

Emphasizing the indigenous growth and national spirit of the Historical Drama.

Thorndike, A. H. The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakespeare. 1901.

Arguing with great force, first that Shakespeare's change from tragedies to romances is to be accounted for by the contemporaneous production of the Beaumont-Fletcher romances; and second, that these latter definitely influenced Cymbeline, A Winter's Tale, and the Tempest.

Evans, M. B. Der Bestrafte Brudermord: sein Verhältnis zu Shakespeare's Hamlet. 1902.

Bode, Emil. Die Lear-Sage vor Shakespeare, mit Ausschluss des älteren Dramas und der Ballade. 1904.

Perrett, W. The Story of King Lear from Geoffrey of Monmouth to Shakespeare. 1904.

Palaestra, No. 35.

Kröger, E. Die Saga von Macbeth bis zu Shakspeare. 1904.

Palaestra, No. 39.

Holleck-Weithmann, F. Zur Quellenfrage von Shake-

speares Lustspiel 'Much Ado about Nothing.' 1902.

Chiefly by comparison with Jakob Ayrer's 'Comedia von der schöner Phänicia,' and Michael Kongeht's 'Die vom Tode erweckte Phönicia, Tragico Comoedia.'

Hef 3 of the 'Kieler Studien zur Englischen Philologie.'

BIBLIOGRAPHY AND TEXT.

Bodleian Library, Oxford. The Original Bodleian copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (The Turbutt Shakespeare). [By F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt, and Strickland Gibson. With 7 plates.] 1905.

Greg, W. W. Capell's Shakespeareana. A Catalogue of the Books presented by Edward Capell to the Library of Trinity College in Cambridge. 1903.

Phin, J. Shakespeare Notes and New Readings. 1905.

Prölss, R. Von den ältesten Drucken der Dramen Shakespeares, und dem Einflusse den die damaligen Londoner Theater und ihr Einrich-

tungen auf diese Dramen Ausgeübt haben. 1905.

Smith, C. A. The Chief Difference between the First and Second Folios of Shakespeare. [1901.]

Smith, A. R. A Handbook Index to those Characters who have speaking parts assigned to them in the First Folio. 1904.

Thiselton, A. E. Some Textual Notes on 'Measure for Measure.' 1901.

— Some Textual Notes on 'A Midsummer Night's Dreame.' 1903.

— Two Passages in Shakespeare's 'The Life of Tymon of Athens' considered. 1904.

BACON CONTROVERSY.

(a) BACON v. SHAKESPEARE.

Bayley, Harold. The Tragedy of Sir Francis Bacon. 1902.

Attributing the Renaissance in general and Shakespeare's plays in particular to the Rosicrucians.

[Begley, Walter.] Is it Shakespeare? The great question of Elizabethan literature. Answered in the light of new revelations and important contemporary evidence hitherto unnoticed. By a Cambridge Graduate. 1903.

Bompas, G. C. The Problem of the Shakespeare Plays. 1902.

As might be expected from its authorship, this book is much more judicious than most in this section.

Bormann, E. Das Drama Henry VIII von Francis Bacon-Shakespeare. [With the text.] 1902.

— 300 Geistesblitze und Anderes von und über Bacon-Shakespeare - Marlowe, etc. 1902.

— Die Kunst des Pseudonyms. 1901.

— Das Lustspiel der Kaufmann von Venedig von Francis Bacon-Shakespeare Übersetzt und eingeleitet von E. Bormann.

— Der Shakespeare-Dichter. Wer wars? und wie sah er

aus? Eine Uberschau alles wesentlichen der Bacon-Shakespeare-Forschung, etc. 1902.

A survey of the controversy from the Baconian point of view.

Gallup, Mrs. Elizabeth. The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn. A drama in cypher found in the works of Sir Francis Bacon. [1901.]

Holzer, G. Bacon Shakespeare der Verfasser des 'Sturms,' etc. 1905.

Lewis, G. P. The Shakespeare Story: an outline. 1904.

Reed, Edwin. Bacon and Shakespeare Parallelisms. 1902.

— Francis Bacon our Shakespeare. 1902.

Stotsenburg, J. H. The Shakespeare Title. 1904.

Sutton, Rev. W. A., S.J. The Shakespeare Enigma. [1903.]

Theobald, R. M. Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light. 1901.

(b) SHAKESPEARE v. BACON.

Ashurst, R. L. Contemporary Evidence of Shakespeare's Identity. 1903.

No. 5 of the Publications of the Shakspeare Society of Philadelphia.

SHAKESPEARE v. BACON—*continued.*

Calvert, A. F. Bacon and Shakespeare. 1902.

With portraits, etc.

Gervais, F. P. Shakespeare not Bacon. Some arguments from Shakespeare's copy of Florio's Montaigne in the British Museum. 1901.

Marriott, E. The Bi-literal Cypher. 1901.

Rowlands, J. Shakspeare still enthroned. [1903.]

Sullivan, Sir E., Bart. Verulmania: some observations on the making of a modern mystery, etc. 1904.

No. 49 of the Privately Printed Opuscula of the Sette of Odd Volumes.

Willis, W., Judge. The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy. 1902.

Willis, W., Judge. The Baconian Mint: its claims examined, etc. 1903.

(c) NEUTRAL.

Dawbarn, C. Y. C. Bacon-Shakespeare Discussion, etc. 1903.

Reed, Edwin. Noteworthy Opinions, Pro and Con. Bacon vs. Shakspeare. 1905.

Neutral in substance, but the author adds a Baconian note at the end.

Webb, T. E., Judge. The Mystery of William Shakespeare, etc. 1902.

Judicial in form.

Wilde, J. P., Lord Penzance. Lord Penzance on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy, etc. 1902.

In the form of a judicial summing up.

ARUNDELL ESDAILE.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE MUNICIPAL LIBRARIES.

WHAT contributions do the municipal libraries make to the reading and study of Shakespeare? The question is a pertinent one at a time when it is rather the fashion to decry the rate-supported libraries.

The Shakespeare collection in the Birmingham Reference Library leaps at once to the mind as an answer. This great collection of world-wide fame is national rather than local. Yet the fact remains that it owes its completeness to municipal effort and support. True, the idea of a Shakespeare library for the great industrial capital of Shakespeare's native county did not originate with the municipal council. Mr. Sam Timmins and Mr. George Dawson, both residents of Birmingham, were the originators. But it was the encouragement given to the project by the Birmingham Libraries Committee which enabled the idea to be realized. And, when the first Shakespeare library of 7,000 volumes was destroyed by fire in 1879, the Libraries Committee, with the help of the community, set ardently to work to replace it. Not only was no time lost, but the new collection rapidly surpassed the old in the range and importance of its contents. With the four folios amongst its numerous treasures, the Birming-

ham Shakespeare collection of over 12,000 volumes is a magnificent instance of what a municipal library can accomplish.

Still, what Birmingham has done is not an answer to the question. Shakespeare's is the greatest name in English literature, and if the municipal libraries neglect him they plead guilty, to some extent at least, to the charge so loudly made, that they do little to encourage the reading of the best books.

In order to be able to give something like a reliable statement of the facts, I addressed letters of inquiry to about twenty librarians, and have received in reply a body of information which is suggestive and full of encouragement.

Birmingham is the only municipal library which can boast of possessing a copy of the first folio, but Lambeth and Liverpool have copies of the second, third and fourth folios; Manchester has the second and fourth, and the Cambridge municipal library has the 1607 issue of the 'Sonnets.' One or other of the reprints of the first folio are to be found in many of the libraries, but only eight appear in the list of subscribers for the Clarendon Press facsimile, a number disappointingly small, but it is probable that some copies found their way to municipal libraries through the booksellers. American public libraries are proverbially richer, and more energetic in their support of such enterprises, but America also only contributes eight public libraries direct to the list.

Birmingham is not the only municipal library which has made a point of Shakespeare literature. There is a Shakespeare Memorial Library in the

Free Library of Cambridge, comprising over a thousand volumes, brought together and presented by Mr. Henry Thomas Hall, who thus stated his reasons for making the collection: 'The works of Shakespeare reflect the highest honour on the country of his birth. They have had great influence in the formation of the English character, and are now exerting still greater influences, for they are being more extensively used than ever. The constant springing up of fresh editors and the frequent publication of new editions of his works demonstrate the great activity of thought and research which marks the Shakespearean literature of the day. To collect and preserve the works of such an author is a labour that each town possessing a Free Library should engage in, for by so doing they will afford every lover of his race an opportunity of making himself acquainted with the great poet of humanity, and at the same time promote the erection of the noblest monument to his genius whose 'powerful rhyme' shall 'out-live the gilded monuments of princes.' To assist in the fulfilment of this work is the object of the Cambridge Shakespeare Memorial Library.'

Birkenhead also has given special attention to the subject and boasts of about eight hundred volumes, including several fine scrap books and volumes of mounted pamphlets. Liverpool and Manchester have each about seven hundred volumes in their Reference Libraries, and from Leeds, Plymouth, Wigan and many other places come reports of collections ranging from a couple of hundred volumes upwards.

The Metropolitan Borough of Lambeth is not

only the proud owner of three of the folios, but its library is the depository of about five hundred volumes of works by and about Francis Bacon and the Bacon-Shakespeare question. These were a gift from a believer in the Bacon-Shakespeare heresy. It is certainly a convenience to have so large a contribution deposited in one centre, and students of Bacon should find it useful, apart from any controversial questions.

Turning to the lending departments of the libraries, it is quite clear that there is no dearth of opportunity for those who desire to borrow texts, or who wish to pursue the study of the plays with the aid of commentaries. As regards opportunity for the readers, the municipal libraries make an excellent show. Reports as to the use made of the opportunities vary. Mr. Folkard, Librarian of Wigan, writes that in the reference library an average of about twenty-five volumes per week are called for, chiefly editions of the text. At Aberdeen the Variorum and Henry Irving editions, together with Bartlett's Concordance, are kept on open shelves in the reference library, and are in continual use. In the lending department of the same library one hundred and seventy-six separate loans of texts of the works were made last year, in addition to numerous loans of books about Shakespeare, of which the details are not supplied. These replies from two centres totally different in character may be taken as examples of many others. There is, however, another kind of reply, not so encouraging, which seems to imply that there is need for some awakening on the subject. There are societies for the study of Browning,

and Dickens, and Omar Khayyam, but the promotion of the study of the greatest of all writers awaits the revivifying touch of some organization. To bring the great mass of readers to a knowledge of his works would be the greatest monument that could be raised to the genius of Shakespeare.

In various parts of the country local societies already exist—at Bristol and Clifton several Shakespeare Reading Societies are at work on private lines. Nottingham has a branch of the British Empire Shakespeare Society for reciting and reading plays. At Worcester the authorities of the Public Library have formed two circles to encourage the reading and study of Shakespeare. These circles have been in existence for the last six years, number about one hundred and twenty members, and meet in the Committee room of the Library twice in each week during the winter months. In April next the members propose to stage 'The Merchant of Venice' for six nights at the local theatre. An even more firmly established 'Society of Shakespeare Lovers' is associated with the Public Library of Dundee. For fifteen years this Society has met weekly in one of the rooms of the Institution for the systematic study of Shakespeare's works. Papers, discussions, and readings, with an occasional open night when friends are invited and a whole play read through by the members, make up the proceedings. Mr. Maclauchlan, the librarian, adds, 'I interpret your letter as meaning that there is some movement to promote the systematic study of Shakespeare in Free Libraries, at which I greatly rejoice.'

Lectures on Shakespeare have from time to time been given in many of the libraries, and short lists of books suitable for the general reader have been printed and circulated.

The municipal libraries can further extend and encourage the reading and study of Shakespeare amongst the masses. For a very small sum of money every library could print and circulate amongst its readers a slip containing a list of the texts, commentaries, biographies, and other works available, and, perhaps, a brief note on the pleasure and profit to be derived from the study of Shakespeare. If some well-known Shakespearean scholar could be persuaded to write a suitable note introducing the subject, it would meet with general acceptance. Libraries having volumes suitable might arrange a small exhibit in the library in the month of April. Such an exhibition was held in the Manchester Reference Library in April, 1905. The Clarendon Press and other facsimiles of the folios and quartos invariably arouse interest when so exhibited, especially if accompanied by a short descriptive note clearly written.

The books in the following list should find a place in every public library, though in the case of the numerous editions of the text a selection must, of course, be made in accordance with each library's requirements.

I. WORKS

Globe Edition. Ed., W. Aldis Wright. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

Oxford Edition. Ed., W. J. Craig. Frowde, 2s.

- Leopold Edition. Introd. by F. J. Furnivall.
Cassell, 3s. 6d.
- Alexander Dyce's Edition. 10 vols. Sonnenschein,
4s. 6d. each.
- Edinburgh Edition. Ed., W. E. Henley and
Walter Raleigh. 10 vols. G. Richards, 20s. each.
Remainder price about £3 the set.
- Eversley Edition. Ed., C. H. Herford. 10 vols.
Macmillan, 4s. 6d. each.
- Cambridge Edition. Ed., W. Aldis Wright. 9 vols.
Macmillan, 10s. 6d. each.
- Arden Edition. Gen. Ed., W. J. Craig. 40 parts
(16 published). Methuen, 2s. 6d. each.
- Larger Temple Edition. Ed., J. Gollancz. 12 vols.,
illustrated. Dent, 4s. 6d. each.
- Students' Edition. Ed., A. W. Verity. Cambridge
Press, 2s. 6d. or 3s. each.
One play to each volume. Three published.
- Variorum Edition. Ed., H. H. Furness. 15 vols.
published. Lippincott, 18s. each.

POEMS

- Sonnets. Ed., E. Dowden. K. Paul, 3s. 6d.
- Poems. Ed., Geo. Wyndham. Methuen, 10s. 6d.
- Elizabethan Sonnets. Introd. by S. Lee. 2 vols.
(Arber's English Garner). Constable, 4s. net
per vol.

BIOGRAPHIES

- Elze, Karl. William Shakespeare. Bohn's Lib.
Bell, 5s.

- Halliwell-Phillipps, J. O. *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare.* 2 vols. Longman, 21s.
- Lee, Sidney. *A Life of William Shakespeare.* Smith Elder, 7s. 6d.
- The same. *Abridged edition.* Smith Elder, 2s. 6d.
- Rolfe, W. J. *A Life of William Shakespeare.* Duckworth, 10s. 6d.

COMMENTARIES AND CRITICISM

- Bradley, A. C. *Shakespearean Tragedy.* Macmillan, 10s. net.
- Brandes, Geo. *William Shakespeare, a Critical Study.* Heinemann, 10s. net.
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. *Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare, etc.* Bohn's Lib. Bell, 3s. 6d.
- Courthope, W. J. *A History of English Poetry, Vol. IV.* Macmillan, 10s. net.
- Dowden, Edward. *Shakespeare. Literature Primers.* Macmillan, 1s.
- Dowden, Edward. *Introduction to Shakespeare.* Blackie, 2s. 6d.
- Dowden, Edward. *Shakespeare, his Mind and Art.* K. Paul, 12s.
- Gervinus. *Shakespeare Commentaries.* Smith Elder, 14s.
- Hazlitt, William. *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth and Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.* Bohn's Library. Bell, 3s. 6d.
- Hudson, H. N. *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare.* 2 vols. Ginn and Co., 8s. 6d. each.
- Jameson, Mrs. *Shakespeare's Heroines.* Bell, 2s. net. *Illustrated edition,* Bell, 6s.

Morley, Henry, and Prof. Griffin. English Writers.
Vols. IX-XI. Cassell, 5s. per vol.

Moulton, Richard G. Shakespeare as a Dramatic
Artist. Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d.

Ransome, C. Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots.
Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

Seccombe, Thos., and J. W. Allen. The Age of
Shakespeare. 2 vols. Bell, 7s.

Symonds, J. A. Shakespeare's Predecessors in the
English Drama. Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

Abbott, E. A. A Shakespearean Grammar. Mac-
millan, 6s.

Bartlett. A Shakespeare Concordance. Macmillan,
21s. net.

Dyce, Alexander. Glossary to the Works of Shake-
speare. Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d. net.

The new edition, edited by Professor H. Littledale, has
been arranged for use with any edition of the text.

Hazlitt, W. Carew, ed. Shakespeare's Library. 6
vols. Reeves and Turner, 25s.

Out of print. Contains plays, romances, novels, poems, and
histories used by Shakespeare.

Madden, D. H. The Diary of Master William
Silence. Longmans, 16s.

A study of Shakespeare and Elizabethan sport.

Publications of the Shakespeare Society.

„ „ New Shakespeare Society.

The following books should also, if possible, be added when the foregoing have been supplied.

Collins, J. Churton. *Studies in Shakespeare*. Constable, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Fleay, F. G. *Shakespeare Manual*. Macmillan, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Stokes, H. P. *The Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*. Macmillan, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Out of print, may be bought second hand.

Swinburne, A. C. *A Study of Shakespeare*. Chatto, 8*s.*

Ulrici, Hermann. *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*. 2 vols. Bohn's Library. Bell, 7*s.*

Ward, A. W. *History of English Dramatic Literature*. 3 vols. Macmillan, 36*s.* net.

Craik, Geo. L. *The English of Shakespeare*. Chapman and Hall, 5*s.*

Dodsley's *Old English Plays*. Ed., W. Carew Hazlitt. 15 vols. Reeves and Turner, 10*s.* 6*d.* each.

Out of print, second hand cost £5 or £6.

French, G. R. *Shakespeareana Genealogica*. Macmillan, 15*s.*

Out of print. Notes on dramatis personæ, characters, and the Shakespeare and Arden families.

Hazlitt, W. Carew, ed. *Fairy Tales, Legends, and Romances, illustrating Shakespeare*. John Pearson, 6*s.*

Manley, J. M., ed. *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama*. Vols. I and II. Ginn and Co., 5*s.* 6*d.* per vol.

Pollard, A. W. English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes. Frowde, 7s. 6d.

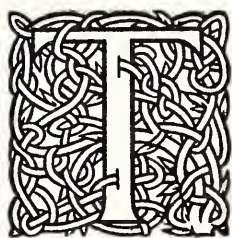
Skeat, W. W., ed. Shakespeare's Plutarch. Macmillan, 6s.

Stone, W. G. Boswell, ed. Shakespeare's Holinshed. Lawrence and Bullen, 15s. net.

The facsimiles of the quartos and folios, and the Variorum edition of Dr. Howard Furness should also be acquired by every library. Where funds are not available, an effort should be made to acquire them by outside help.

JOHN BALLINGER.

TWO REVIEWS.



THE Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. Vol. I. The Text edited by Arnold Glover. Cambridge University Press, 1905.

By far the most important work which the Cambridge University Press has yet undertaken in the field of English literature is the edition of Beaumont and Fletcher in ten volumes, which is to appear in the series of 'Cambridge English Classics.' The misfortune which befel the project in January, 1905, in the death of the editor, whose work on Hazlitt and Johnson had made his name familiar to English scholars, led to some inevitable delay; but thanks to the zeal shown by Mrs. Glover and by Mr. A. R. Waller, to whose care the completion of the work has been entrusted, the difficulties have been overcome, and the first volume has at last appeared.

Since the first announcement of the undertaking in June, 1904, there has been some speculation among students as to the probable features of the edition, and all will have welcomed with interest the first instalment. The text selected for reproduction is that of the folio of 1679, and of this it has been sought to give as exact a reprint as possible. The degree of accuracy attained is, indeed, remarkable, and argues great care on the part of all

concerned. The closer the reader compares the reprint with the original, the greater will be his sense of its fidelity, and the more he knows of such work the greater will be his appreciation of the labour involved. It is, of course, primarily a question for the readers of the press, and these appear to have discharged their task in an exemplary manner. That in a book of this size oversights should occur was only to be expected, and to say that they do not detract from the value of a work, whose first aim is accuracy of detail, would be foolish; but they are so slight, and of such rare occurrence as to be hardly appreciable. If some are noticed here it is rather with the desire to put the present editor on his guard against possible sources of trouble than from any wish to detract from the merits of the volume. In the first place, one or two of the editorial rules seem ill-advised. Thus: 'It has not been thought necessary to record . . . the substitution of marks of interrogation for marks of exclamation and *vice versa*.' But in the seventeenth century the use of these points by no means always followed the modern practice, and though the printing was sometimes careless, to alter them without specific notice is unjustifiable. Nor has the modernization been carried out consistently. In the line (p. 9): 'How dull and black am I?' a point of exclamation has been substituted, though the query-mark is quite correct according to the old usage; while elsewhere (p. 267), 'Take heed?' has been allowed to stand, though the point is a mere misprint. So also, where the mark of interrogation appeared unnecessary, it has been silently replaced by a full point (as twice

on p. 268). How closely it was intended to adhere to the typographical peculiarities of the folio is not clearly stated, nor does the practice appear to be altogether uniform. In the earlier sheets an attempt was made to follow the original in its confusion of roman and italic punctuation, but this proved too much for the editorial vigilance, and in the later plays the practice was abandoned. Other deviations are rare, though they occur now and then, as on p. 93, where, in l. 17, a comma is omitted after 'these' and in l. 20 an apostrophe before 'tis.'

Of course, the most difficult problem to be faced was the treatment of misprints. The rule laid down is admirable: to correct only evident misprints and to indicate all such corrections by the use of brackets. But the practice is hardly consistent. On p. 11 we have 'mid-[n]ight' for 'mid-might,' but in the very next line 'them' is retained in place of 'thee,' literally without either rime or reason. Similarly, on p. 118, the obvious misprint, 'dowcers' is quietly accepted, and on p. 119 the equally impossible 'Haunces.' On p. 164 'Panthe' is allowed to stand for 'Panthea.' Such oversights, however, are greatly preferable to any undue tampering.

Rather less satisfactory than the reprint itself is the collation of the quartos. The transcripts of the title-pages contain a number of small inaccuracies. On p. 449 occurs a more serious error. After the title of the 1651 quarto of the 'Scornful Lady,' is the note: 'The British Museum copy lacks the printer's device on the title-page possessed by the other copies seen; it varies also slightly in spelling, etc.' This copy belongs, of course, to a distinct

edition, and the failure to recognize this fact throws out the numbering of the quartos from this point. What is chiefly to be regretted, however, is that the readings of the quartos are not more fully recorded. One instance must suffice. On p. 18 occurs the line: 'To bed then let me wind thee in these arms.' This is ambiguous, the sense varying according as a pause is made before or after 'then.' It is, therefore, eminently a case in which we require the readings of the quartos; but none are given. It may be remarked that the text of 1641, at least, reads 'To bed, then' in opposition to Dyce. These are, however, for the most part, trifling errors in a big work, and printer and editor alike deserve commendation for the manner in which they have discharged their respective tasks.

There is, unfortunately, another matter which calls for discussion; the choice, namely, of the folio of 1679 as the text to be reproduced. That the folio, with its outward uniformity, its fairly consistent practice of spelling and punctuation, offered certain conveniences to an editor is obvious. There was, however, the further question whether it offered a sufficiently satisfactory text to be worth reproducing, and this question must be emphatically answered in the negative. The editor may, however, be absolved of responsibility in this connection. Not only is the choice of a single publication as the basis of the text consistent with the method adopted in other works in the series of 'Cambridge English Classics,' but the real reason which governed the choice is too patent to be ignored. Granted that some early edition was to be

followed, it was only by taking for reproduction the second folio, a working copy of which can be obtained for about the price at which the Cambridge edition is published, that a reprint could be produced at the popular price intended, and a popular price was necessary because it had to compete with an elaborate and expensive edition which had already been for some years in preparation.¹ We have of late become familiar enough with the cheap reprint of the popular publisher, which is often very useful; an academic press issuing such a work and announcing it as a scientific edition is a novelty. As for the defence in the preface of the text adopted it is mere special pleading which will deceive nobody, and the fact that variants are given (though great difficulties are put in the way of reference, through the lines not being numbered) in no way excuses the offering to readers a hopelessly corrupt text. How bad that text is will become apparent when we consider the history of the plays in question.

Any work the folio may contain by either of the authors mentioned on the title-page must have been written by 1625. By the closing of the theatres in 1642 seventeen of the plays had been published in quarto, and in 1647 thirty-four other plays had been collected into a folio volume. One further play was published as a supplement to the folio in 1652. Thus in the case of thirty-five plays

¹ In the 'Introductory Note' is the remark: 'During the progress of work upon the present issue another edition has been announced, under the general editorship of Mr. A. H. Bullen, and the first volume was published last year.' The implication is erroneous. Mr. Bullen's edition has undoubted priority of inception as well as publication.

the text of 1679 is based on the previous folio; in that of seventeen on previous quartos, and in most cases on the latest and most corrupt. It is no wonder that editors have bestowed little praise upon this text, and there is no evidence in support of the view put forward in the present reprint that its 'failings' have been in any way 'exaggerated.' Equally imaginary are the 'advantages' for details of which the reader is artlessly referred to the original booksellers' preface. The worthlessness of such advertisements is notorious, and the present specimen is so patently mendacious as to lose all semblance of authority. The publishers there claim to have printed from a copy of the 1647 edition of the plays in which 'an ingenious and worthy Gentleman' had 'Corrected several faults (some very gross) which had crept in by the frequent imprinting of them.' Yet they must have known as well as we do that the plays in that edition were all printed for the first time. The plays which had become almost unrecognizable in the late quartos through 'the frequent imprinting of them' they made no attempt to correct. So again they mention the addition of lists of all *dramatis personae*, though in the case of five plays none appears. Their claim to have added 'several Prologues and Epilogues' is another deliberate lie. So much for the authority of the 1679 text when based on the earlier folio.

To illustrate the use made of the quartos take such a play as the 'Elder Brother.' Of this five quartos were printed between 1637 and 1678, and they exhibit a pretty constant and pretty thorough

debasement of the text. Most noticeable is the fact that whereas the first quarto prints the play correctly as verse, the last re-arranges the whole as prose. The folio follows this last quarto, and the Cambridge Press has pinned its faith on the folio. The result is that, if in future volumes the editors adhere to the practice of the present, the whole of the quarto text of the 'Elder Brother' will have to be printed in the appendix, simply because the utterly worthless text of 1679 is followed in the body of the work.

From the prospectus of Mr. Bullen's edition the preface to the present reprint quotes the opinion that 'for the use of scholars, there should be editions of all our old authors in old spelling.' This is perfectly true, but it in no way justifies the present venture. The modern scholar demands a text with unsophisticated spelling, not because there is any mystic virtue in an old spelling text, but because any deviation from the earliest authoritative edition may involve the alteration of the text as it actually left the hand of the author. The Cambridge Press has adopted a text which is separated from the earliest procurable in many cases by half, in no case by less than a quarter of a century, and which contains the accumulated errors of from two to seven more or less careless compositions. The spelling of 1679 may be old spelling for us to-day, but it is not the spelling of 1625, and it is this, or the nearest approach obtainable, that is of interest to students of Beaumont and Fletcher. Thus though editor and printer will receive deserved recognition of their careful work, the scheme as a whole can

bring no credit to the Cambridge Press in quarters where English scholarship is the serious concern of students.

W. W. GREG.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above was written the second volume has appeared. As was anticipated, the verse text of the 'Elder Brother' has been reprinted in the appendix: what could hardly be foreseen was that Mr. Waller, who is apparently the responsible party, would select one of the later quartos for the purpose. The edition, which he has chosen to call A, bears, indeed, the date 1637, equally with another edition, which he calls B. Not only, however, is it perfectly clear from the readings that A was printed from B, and not *vice versâ*, but no one familiar with seventeenth century typography can help suspecting from the style of the printing that the date is a fraud and that the volume was in fact issued somewhere between 1650 and 1660!—W. W. G.

II.

Venus and Adonis, 1593: Lucrece, 1594: The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599: Shakespeare's Sonnets, 1609: Pericles, 1609: reproduced in facsimile from the earliest editions, with introductions by Sidney Lee. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1905.

If Mr. Lee has kept us waiting for his work, the work has proved well worth waiting for. The introductions to the various poems reproduced form a monument of Shakespearean criticism of the first importance. No doubt, belief in all Mr. Lee's theories cannot be held necessary to literary salvation, nor can he claim to have said the last word on any of the innumerable and difficult problems with which he deals, but so far as the patient collection and collation of evidence is concerned his work may reasonably be accepted as final.

The work of reproduction has been carried out to perfection by the Oxford Press, and the whole get up of the work in any of the various styles in which it is issued is most attractive. Besides the regular facsimiles, the title-pages of numerous later editions have been reproduced, to illustrate the very full bibliographies appended to the introductions, though it is a little difficult sometimes to follow the principle on which the choice has been made. We miss particularly the 'Venus and Adonis' of 1594, though except for the date this agrees closely with the 1593 title-page, and the 'Poems' of 1640. The title-pages given are reproduced for the most part in half-tone, and it has unfortunately been found necessary on this account to roll certain sheets, which makes the surface of the paper very unpleasant. The difficulty could have been obviated by reproducing the title-pages in collotype, which is a more satisfactory process from every point of view.

The tale of 'Venus and Adonis' is traced with minute care from its obscure origins in Eastern mythology through the lost ritual songs of the early days of classical Greek literature and the earliest extant poems relating to the subject, the work of Alexandrian idyllists, to its later treatment at the hands of Roman, Italian, French, Spanish and English writers. Exactly how much of this literature Shakespeare knew it is difficult to determine, but Mr. Lee thinks that an acquaintance can be shown with some at least of the Italian work. The point in which Shakespeare's poem stands more or less alone is the insistence on Adonis'

coyness, which becomes the main feature of the tale. This was not invented by Shakespeare, since both Greene and Marlowe are explicit enough upon the point, but he was the first so far as is known to develop the suggestion. Mr. Lee thinks that Shakespeare developed Marlowe's hint, with the help of the tale of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. Given the hint, Shakespeare would hardly need any assistance but that of his own imagination; but it is likely enough that the influence of the other Ovidian myth had made itself felt at an earlier period, and probably in some Italian or Latin work which has so far eluded search, for Greene as well as Marlowe has to be reckoned with, and as Mr. Bullen has pointed out, 'Titian's famous picture in the National Gallery affords sufficient proof that Shakespeare was not the first to depict Adonis' coldness.' Another story to which Shakespeare probably owed something is that of 'Glaucus and Scilla,' as told by Lodge in 1589, though the degree of dependence implied in Mr. Lee's remarks is but indifferently borne out by the parallels quoted.

The literary history of the story of Lucretia is traced with similar fulness through Livy, Ovid, St. Augustine, the 'Gesta Romanorum,' Boccaccio, Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, Bandello and other writers. In treating of Shakespeare's sources Mr. Lee contends that the chief indebtedness was to Ovid, a smaller obligation is allowed to Livy, while Bandello, whose novel was accessible and probably read in a French translation, may have supplied occasional hints. Further, it is shown that Shake-

spere owed something tangible alike in treatment, incident and phrasing to Daniel's 'Rosamond,' and in a far less degree here and there to Constable's 'Diana.' In the same manner, when we turn to the 'Passionate Pilgrim,' we not only find an ample account of all the known circumstances attending that literary venture, but also a minute history of each of the twenty-one poems it contains.

It is, of course, in dealing with the 'Sonnets' that Mr. Lee is on the most controversial ground. His views are in general too well known to need setting forth in this place, and it will be sufficient to say that he has collected a good deal of fresh evidence in support of his contentions, though that does not necessarily mean that he has always proved his case to the satisfaction of his critics. Certainly as a basis for the poet's biography, the 'Sonnets' are about as unsatisfactory as possible. The so-called autobiographical interpretation, which would make these poems the direct and truthful record of the inmost secrets of the poet's heart, ignores both the conditions of poetic creation and the mental attitude of a great dramatist. But Mr. Lee's interpretation is properly no less 'autobiographical.' The question between him and Canon Beeching, for instance, is not as to whether or not the 'Sonnets' relate to actual circumstances of the poet's life, but whether they reflect the affection and friendship he bore to certain unnamed persons, or his sycophantic courting of a patron. Certainly the self-possessed and manly tone of the addresses to Southampton makes it difficult to believe in the hysterical adulation

which the adoption of the second alternative presupposes. But the critic of the 'Sonnets' is not bound to accept either of these views, nor yet, in its entirety, the theory that they are merely literary exercises on imaginary situations. Mr. Lee has himself demolished the idea that any authority attaches to the arrangement of the 'Sonnets' in the first edition. Each individual poem, or each obviously connected group, must stand on its own feet. Some may perhaps be, what Mr. Lee imagines, mere flattering addresses to a patron — Southampton, Pembroke, or another. Others again may be the exact reproductions of Shakespeare's own feelings inspired by actual events, while yet others may be mere imaginative exercises. Most likely of all, perhaps, the majority partake in ever varying and undefined degrees the characteristics of both these latter classes. Mr. Lee supports his 'patron' theory with much ingenuity and resource. The instances quoted in his 'Life of Shakespeare' as illustrating the 'love' of poets for their patrons, have, however, been shown by Canon Beeching to be quite inconclusive, and it is to be expected that, in spite of the numerous fresh examples here brought forward, many readers will still fancy that they detect, between the verses of these literary retainers and Shakespeare's 'Sonnets,' a difference not of art and imagination merely, but of intention and inspiration as well. In treating of the mysterious dedication, Mr. Lee is on firmer ground, and his unwearying efforts in search of parallels to every phrase it contains have met with a fuller measure of success. The William Hall theory has been relegated to a note,

which serves at once to clear the main issue and render the general contention less open to criticism. This certainly appears to be the most satisfactory—or the least unsatisfactory—explanation yet advanced, and a provisional acceptance of it will do far less harm than coquetting with any of the more sensational theories. At the same time it may be well to point out that Mr. Lee has hardly realized the force of the contention that the phrase ‘the eternitie promised by our ever living poet’ is both pointless and far fetched unless the person addressed is the person to whom it had been promised, and also that in contending that ‘begetter’ cannot have the force of ‘inspirer’ he appears to be advancing beyond the limit warranted by the facts.

The same elaborate care characterizes the treatment of the literary history of ‘Pericles.’ The chief interest of this introduction, however, is bibliographical, and in this aspect the work is perhaps not quite so satisfactory. Mr. Lee repeats his former assertion that the play was excluded from the collection of 1623, ‘either owing to Pavier’s unreadiness to part with his interest, or to suspicions on the part of the editors of the first folio as to the authenticity of the piece.’ With regard to the first part of this statement, it has been already pointed out when reviewing Mr. Lee’s former work, that Pavier’s edition was purely surreptitious, and that whatever rights there were really belonged to Blunt, who was one of the folio syndicate. Moreover, it is hard to believe that Pavier should have refused in the case of ‘Pericles,’ leave which he granted in that of 2 and 3 ‘Henry VI.’ By the ‘editors of

the first folio,' are presumably meant Heminge and Condell, but to what their 'editing' amounted is quite unknown, though the exclusion of the present play may suggest that it was merely nominal.

Although far from exhausting the many points of interest which arise in connection with Mr. Lee's work, the above remarks will perhaps suffice to indicate its importance. It is safe to say that no Shakespearian student, whatever may be his opinions with regard to particular theories, can afford to neglect these essays, or can read them without the greatest interest and profit. There are, however, certain matters of detail which Mr. Lee may perhaps be induced to reconsider should an opportunity of revision occur. It is whispered that the introduction to the folio facsimile may possibly be reprinted in book form; it is to be hoped that if that is to be the case, the present introductions to the poems and 'Pericles' will not be omitted.

One danger of the enthusiast into which Mr. Lee has fallen is that of seeing Shakespeare everywhere. Thus he makes Southwell deplore, 'from the Christian point of view, the pagan frankness' of 'Venus and Adonis.' He gives no reference, so that it is difficult for the reader to ascertain whether or not Southwell anywhere alludes to Shakespeare's poem, but the lines quoted about 'stilling Venus' rose' obviously apply to amatory verse in general, and have no direct bearing upon the subject in hand. Poor Barnfield cannot even copy some lines of Ovid into a commonplace book without being supposed to have Shakespeare's 'Lucrece' in mind; nor can

Sidney give the name of Pyrocles to a character of his romance without being thought to have suggested to Shakespeare the name of Pericles. Meres, it should be remarked, though he evidently ranked Shakespeare first among contemporary dramatists, did not call him, and very likely did not regard him as, 'the greatest poet of his era.' Two rather serious slips must also be mentioned here. One is the mis-translation, on two occasions, of a common Italian word. 'Stagione' does not mean 'spot' or 'trysting-place,' but 'season.' The other relates to the sources of Shakespeare's plots. 'Bandello's collection of tales,' we read, 'either in the original Italian, or in the French translation, was the final source of the plot of . . . "Hamlet."' Of course Mr. Lee knows as well as anyone that the Hamlet story is not found in Bandello, but in Saxo Grammaticus, and was thence borrowed by Belleforest, whose collection is only in part a translation of Bandello, but it is certainly to be desired that greater care should be taken to avoid confusions of this kind.

Perhaps the most serious point on which a reader may feel disposed to quarrel with Mr. Lee is a textual one, one lying on the borderland between the critical and the typographical. This is the strange persistence with which he seeks to impose a purely arbitrary standard of orthography, to import an idea of uniformity into sixteenth-century spelling which simply did not then exist, and to stigmatize whatever will not conform to his ideas as a misprint. Many of the forms cited as errors of the press, or as 'Spelling eccentricities which are scarcely to be differentiated from misprints' were perfectly recog-

nized, and are supported by the best authorities. Thus 'ghesse' is merely an Italianate, as 'guess' is a Gallicized form, and it would have required prophetic powers in a sixteenth-century printer to know which would commend itself to the judgement of a Shakespearean critic of the twentieth; 'prease' is a genuine phonetic variant of 'press,' and often rhymes with 'peace,' as in Sidney's famous sonnet. The same applies to 'randon'; while the form 'Ay,' which Mr. Lee would substitute for 'I,' is so rare as itself to be almost incorrect; and 'y' have,' in Sonnet CXX., is, as the spacing shows, not an error for, but a correction from 'you have.' There is a curious misunderstanding where Mr. Lee says that 'Brackets are wrongly introduced in,

But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
The humble as the proudest saile doth beare.
(*Son.* 80.)

The brackets merely stand for commas, as in the examples Mr. Lee has cited just before; the sense being 'since your worth which is wide as is the ocean,' not, as he evidently took it, 'since your worth is as wide as the ocean.' Worst of all, however, is the inclusion among 'confusing misprints' of 'sounding' and 'sound,' for 'swooning' and 'swoon' respectively. They are, of course, perfectly correct and recognized forms, which occur over and over again in Elizabethan works. That a leading Shakespearean scholar could be guilty of such an oversight as this is an awful warning against the complacent manner in which we habitually modernize and mutilate old texts.

A few miscellaneous points may be mentioned. As evidence of the carelessness of the compositor of the 1609 'Sonnets,' we are informed that 'The initial "W" of Sonnet LXXIX is from a wrong fount.' The remark is a little unhappy, for there are at least thirty-six cases of an initial wrong fount in the 'Sonnets,' many of them far more glaring than that selected by Mr. Lee for the pillory. The date of 'Mucidorus' is wrongly given as 1595 instead of 1598. The John Harrison who printed the 1600 edition of 'Lucrece' is said in one place to have been the son, in another the grandson, of the holder of the copyright. It is implied that the 'Whole Contention' is wanting in the Capell copy of the 'Pericles' volume of 1619, whereas the parts have merely been bound up in the wrong order. A well-known bookseller of Charing Cross Road is erroneously referred to as 'Mr. Bertram.' There is also a certain sprinkling of misprints though they are of no great importance. The attribution of a 'Ghost Hunting Coney Catchers' to Greene is the most serious. Lastly, we must protest most strongly against such atrocities as 'catalogve,' 'novveavx,' 'Lavrence,' and 'Ddiv.'

These may be small points, but accuracy is always desirable, even when one is writing on Shakespeare, and if the remarks offered above facilitate the removal of certain defects from a useful and generally admirable work they will not have been made in vain.

W. W. GREG.

RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FEW books of note on Shakespeare, or on matters connected with him, have appeared of late on the Continent. But the acting of him in the theatres, especially of Germany, is as frequent as ever (nine hundred and thirty-five representations of twenty-four plays of Shakespeare by one hundred and eighty-six theatres were given last year), and that does more perhaps to keep him alive than fifty volumes of criticism or controversy. German critics have been exercising their minds over the platform stage, and such books as Brodmeier's 'Die Shakespeare-Bühne nach den alten Bühnenanweisungen,' and Proelss's 'Von den ältesten Drucken der Dramen Shakespeares' have been much discussed in England. I came lately across a curious Russian book by Vladimir Vasilevich Stassov on 'Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice and the Shylock Problem.' The author maintains that Shakespeare's characters are not, as most critics will have it, all Englishmen, but that he differentiates nationalities in a marvellous way, and nowhere more than in the characters of Shylock or Othello. His remarks on the characters of 'The Merchant of Venice' are most depreciatory. He considers them, vulgarly speaking, 'a poor lot' with the exception of Shylock, who is the only respectable, manly person in

the piece. On him injustice is heaped by the others, who consider themselves just. Shakespeare, according to this critic, knew that things were always so in this world, and desired to show it. Stasov compares the Merchant with Tolstoy's 'Power of Darkness' for a picture of human wickedness, stupidity, and prejudice. There is a German translation of this strange work.

The second volume of Heinrich Bulthaupt's 'Dramaturgie des Schauspiels' deals with Shakespeare, and contains some suggestive criticism. 'Shakespeare-Vorträge,' Vol. VI, by the late Friedrich Theodor Vischer, contains the Roman plays, and brings the series to an end. There is a full index of the whole work, which, it will be remembered, gives the text of the play in what Vischer considered the best German translation, with the comments critical and verbal made by him as he read the plays with his students in class.

* * * * *

It is difficult to decide how to deal with Gerhart Hauptmann's new play, 'Und Pippa tanzt.' It is a sort of fairy drama of happiness, and belongs to the same class as 'Die Versunkene Glocke.' But although even there the inner meaning takes some trouble to trace, it can be found, and the melodious verse lends an unspeakable charm to the whole. The new play is a somewhat incoherent phantasmagoria from which it is not easy to unravel the very slight thread of story and allegory the poet intends us to seize. It is in prose, with one or two lapses into verse of a not specially distinguished order.

The first act however is extremely good. The scene is a tavern in the Silesian mountains, the resort of the glassmakers who work in a neighbouring factory. They are drinking and playing cards, warm and comfortable, forgetting the icy winter outside. Pippa, the daughter of an Italian glass-blower, a warm-blooded girl who turns the heads of the Germans, is made to dance for their pleasure. A quarrel arises over the cards, and her father is stabbed to death. In the confusion, Huhn, a former glass-blower, a sort of *Tiermensch*, carries Pippa off to his ruined hut. Thither she is followed by a wandering glassmaker, Michel Hellriegel, who is so clever that he understands everything except what reality means. He is the enthusiast, the dreamer, who will never reach anything in a practical way, the poet with a longing for the sun; his imagination finds the most miraculous happenings perfectly reasonable. If he is hungry and cold, his fancy makes him declare that he has suffered nothing, lost nothing, and he goes on triumphing towards the enchanted castle promised him in his childish dreams. He kisses Pippa, they escape together from Huhn's clutches, only to fall later into those of Wann, the astronomer and magician. Wann knows and foresees everything, brings Huhn and Pippa to their death, blinds Michel, and in that condition, after much needless instruction in the art of dreaming, sends him forth to further wandering. Beginning as realistic drama, continuing as a fairy tale, and ending as a moral lesson, the story defies analysis. Pippa is doubtless meant to be winged imagination and hope, the

wish that is never fulfilled, except in the artist's dream. For Huhn she is the flame that every glass-blower seeks; for Michel she means a glimpse into the beauty of this world. Work like this, if really great, if really fulfilling its aim, must be, as it always is in the hands of a master, clear and comprehensible. One lays down the book of Hauptmann's drama with a feeling of bewilderment, and a strong desire to grapple next with something very real and quite commonplace.

A certain class of writers expend themselves on one delightful book and then seem unable to do anything else. In 'The Letters that never reached Him' the Baroness von Heyking achieved a well-deserved success, and I turned eagerly to her new volume, 'Der Tag Anderer'; to my disappointment I found a volume of short stories (nothing, as usual, indicating that the volume was not filled with one tale), of no great distinction. The title story has a theme in great vogue just now. A mother, still young and a widow, whose marriage had been loveless and unhappy, refuses the chance of a second and happier marriage because she fears the criticism of her daughter, aged seventeen, the girl in question being herself comfortably engaged to the son of an American millionaire. It strikes us as an absurd and useless sacrifice of the happiness of two persons, but curiously enough, in all these cases the woman seems to think only of herself and never of the man. Another story, 'Gewesen' (the past), has some of the charm of the author's first book. The scene is Mexico: the *milieu* diplomatic. A woman meets again, after

many years of a loveless marriage with a wealthy diplomat, the lover of her youth, now a distinguished traveller and explorer. Her mother, a worldly, ambitious woman, had contrived to separate them on account of his poverty and lack of position. Now they met again: but what was the use of it? She was not of those women who are disloyal to their husbands, and so there was nothing left to the lover of her youth but to go away.

‘Der Goldene Ring,’ the first story in Ernst Heilborn’s ‘Ring und Stab: zwei Erzählungen,’ is a study in the difficult art (or should it be science?) of platonics (in this case the experiment ends in marriage and does not remain exactly platonic up to that consummation), so loved of the German soul. Berthold is the ordinary selfish man of refined tastes and susceptibilities who only begins to realize how much he loves Gertrud, when he has, as he fears, lost her for ever. Gertrud, a teacher in a high school in Berlin, was a rigid sort of person, and we never quite see how she could have had any charm for Berthold. It must, however, have been great, for, to salve her conscience, she set down certain rules for their intercourse. She insisted on paying her own share of the expenses of their common amusements, and as she was poor (he was very well off) he had to be content with travelling third class on their Sunday outings into the country, with cheap seats at the play, with tramcars instead of cabs, and with third-rate restaurants and confectioners. She would also accept no gifts from him except flowers for her room, and would not consent to dress to please him. Her clothes were never pretty, and

the green woollen petticoat displayed every time she lifted her skirts to cross a road or enter a tramcar offended his aesthetic taste. When a friend of hers becomes engaged, Gertrud almost envies her the conventionalities of a public betrothal. The story is, however, very well told, and interests as such stories do, but it is not so good as a similar study by Gabriele Reuter, 'Der Lebenskünstler,' or as a short story by Sudermann in the volume entitled 'Im Zwiellicht.'

'Le Bel Avenir,' by René Boylesve, is the only recent French novel that calls for any detailed notice. It is a study of the education of three young men. Alex, accompanied by his widowed mother, comes from a quiet country house near Poitiers to Paris to study law. He is an average young man, of pleasant manners, and a general favourite, but wholly unintellectual. He leads the usual life of a Paris student, fails in his examination, and, having sown his wild oats, makes a sensible marriage, *i.e.*, chooses a wife with a *dot*, returning to the quiet country life he left as a boy. Paul, the son of a Parisian, a friend of Alex's mother, is a type of the prig, and Hilaire, the son of a woman of the lower class, a *protégé* of Alex's mother, a type of the youth who profits by his opportunities. There are many side issues, but the start in life of these young men is the main theme. It is well presented, simply, straightforwardly, almost without comment from the author. Perhaps the most sympathetic character is that of the little *grisette* who loved Alex so unselfishly.

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The story of 'Julie de Lespinasse' is as, if not more, fascinating than any novel. But never has it been so well or so fully told as in the Marquis de Ségur's just published volume. The book is a monument of careful research. Many fresh sources have been explored, and much unpublished material of importance brought to light. Not only Mlle. de Lespinasse, but the persons with whom she was most closely connected, are treated in great detail, and we derive incidentally a picture of the society and the times in which she lived. We feel her charm, and study with ever fresh interest the psychological problem of a woman passionately and sincerely in love with two men at the same time, one of whom died of consumption, and the other married some one else. The author has admirably succeeded in his aim of placing his heroine in her right atmosphere, in grouping 'Autour d'elle les gens de son entourage habituel, d'insister particulièrement sur ceux qui exercèrent une action sur sa destinée.' Thanks to documents placed at his disposal, he has for the first time drawn a full-length portrait of M. de Mora, Julie's Spanish lover. Indeed, all the passages in her life which have hitherto seemed obscure, are made quite clear here by documentary evidence, and thus the Marquis de Ségur's book must remain the definitive one on the subject. Every one knows the main facts of the story of Julie de Lespinasse. Without birth, fortune, or beauty, by the charm of her mind and heart alone, she became the friend of d'Alembert, and created a salon that was frequented by the most distinguished persons of a brilliant

epoch. It was not until the publication, five-and-thirty years after her death, of her letters to Guibert, that those of her friends who were still alive knew that she had been the victim of a burning and devouring passion for him. Every one had believed that her strange moods and the alteration in her health were caused by the death of her first lover, M. de Mora. Her relations with d'Alembert, who took up his abode with her from 1765 to her death in 1776, were purely platonic, and she seems never to have appreciated at its true worth his unselfish affection for her. Had M. de Mora lived, and had she not met Guibert, there seems little doubt that Mora would have married her. Guibert never really greatly loved her, and though at times during their *liaison* he was carried away by the ardour of her passion rather than by that of his own, she was not the only woman with whom he had relations, and he ended by making the conventional French marriage with the usual *jeune fille*. It is one more instance of a woman of intellect and character wasting her love on a weak, worthless man. Even after she comes in some degree to recognize his true self, she goes on loving just the same.

‘I like nothing by halves,’ she writes to him, ‘nothing that is indecisive, nothing that is only a little. I pay no heed to the talk of the people I meet in society: they amuse themselves and yawn: they have friends and love nobody. That seems to me deplorable. Yes, I prefer the torment which consumes my life to the pleasure which deadens theirs. My soul was not made for the petty interests of society. To love, to suffer, heaven, hell, that is

what I should devote myself to, that is what I wish to feel, that is the climate in which I desire to live, and not the temperate one in which the fools and automatons who surround us live.'

Indeed, the soul-drama here laid before us is more striking and arresting than anything fiction has to give us: it is life itself stripped of all its outer wrappings. And with regard to our judgement of the heroine of this strange story, we can only echo the closing words of the Marquis de Ségur's admirable book:

Pour nous qui avons pu suivre jour par jour les phases de cette existence tourmentée, et pénétrer profondément dans les replis de cette conscience, ne devons-nous pas accorder à l'héroïne de cette histoire l'indulgence qu'on ne refuse guère aux créatures humaines dont l'âme intime nous est connue et qu'il nous est loisible de juger d'après leurs sentiments plus que d'après leurs actes? Elle a gravement péché sans doute, mais elle a cruellement expié; et, si elle a beaucoup souffert, au moins a-t-elle beaucoup vécu. Peut-être ne faut-il ni la condamner, ni la plaindre.

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In June, 1904, a Rousseau society was founded at Geneva, and there has just been published the first 'Annales de la Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau.' The object of the society, which, by the by, seems to have very few English members, is to develop and co-ordinate all studies relating to Rousseau, his work, and his time; to publish a critical edition of his works; to unite under the name of *Archives Jean-Jacques Rousseau* (after the fashion of the *Goethe-Schiller Archiv* at Weimar) manuscripts,

printed books, portraits, medals, and all kinds of documents relating to Rousseau; to preserve the monuments, buildings, and picturesque sites recalling Rousseau's memory; and to publish periodically a collection of memoirs and documents. The hope is expressed that in some ten or twenty years the student of Rousseau will go to Geneva with the same certainty of finding every source of information in the Archives there, as the student of Goethe or Schiller now goes to Weimar. The contents of the first volume of 'Annales' are of great interest, and include, among other things, 'Rousseau et le docteur Tronchin,' by Henry Tronchin; and 'Quelques documents inédits sur la condamnation et la censure de l'Emile et sur la condamnation des Lettres écrites de la Montagne.'

A word may here be fitly said of the excellent work being done by the municipality of Paris in regard to the history of the city. In 1899 it instituted a commission, the members of which include, besides the municipal councillors, such men as Jules Claretie, M. Delisle, members of all the academies, notable architects and artists, curators of museums, etc., charged 'de rechercher les vestiges du vieux Paris, de constater leur état actuel, de veiller, dans la mesure du possible, à leur conservation, de suivre, au jour le jour, les fouilles qui pourront être entreprises et les transformations jugées indispensables, et d'en conserver des preuves authentiques.' This is done at the expense of the municipality, and volumes of transactions, fully illustrated with photographs, are issued at frequent intervals. The volumes I have been fortunate enough to see (they

are not to be purchased), contain an account, for instance, of the history of the ancient parish cemetery of Ste. Marguerite, with eight photographs and a facsimile plan of the place as it was in 1763 and 1790; of the Hôtel de Villette, maison mortuaire de Voltaire in the Rue de Beaune, with five photographs; of the Palais de Thermes, preserved under the Boulevard St. Michel. The descriptive letterpress is by well-known antiquaries. The whole forms an admirable historical guide to old Paris. Would that something similar were being done for London!

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In Elie Berger's '*Histoire de Blanche de Castile reine de France*,' we have one of those fascinating historical books of which the French alone seem to possess the secret. As the mother of Louis IX (St. Louis) for whose education and upbringing she is responsible, she has sufficient title to fame. Her biographers have generally devoted themselves to praising her piety, charity, and courage, and regard her chiefly as the mother of a great king. But she takes high rank among the founders of French national unity, and her policy is even more remarkable than her virtues or private qualities. The author has made excellent use of all available documents preserved either in France, England, or Rome, and has produced a work of the highest value, and a fine portrait of a great woman.

Il y a des figures que les siècles n'arrivent pas à détruire ; elles semblent grandir à mesure que leur entourage dis-

paraît par l'action fatale de l'indifférence et de l'oubli. La reine, Blanche de Castile, qui a travaillé, combattu et souffert pour la vieille France, que l'Espagne nous a donnée pour le triomphe de la civilisation, n'est un étrangère pour personne, les plus ignorants savent son nom. Cette popularité posthume, dont beaucoup ne connaissent plus la cause, mais que nul ne songe à contester, est la récompense des services qu'elle a rendus à sa seconde patrie.

A book of similar interest is 'Mémoires du Général Marquis Alphonse d'Hautpoul, pair de France, 1789-1865,' published by 'son arrière-petit-fils' Estienne Hennet de Souter. D'Hautpoul was a soldier, a politician, and a minister; his life was full of adventures and great deeds, and as the memoirs were never intended for publication, the book is as diverting and instructive as an historical novel. It is the simple story of the life of an 'homme de cœur, loyal soldat et parfait gentilhomme,' traced rather with the point of the sword than written with a pen. He took part in the Prussian campaign of 1789-1808, and in the Spanish, 1808-12. He was a prisoner in England, 1812-14. He was Minister of War, and then of Foreign Affairs, 1849-50.

Of French books dealing with contemporary history the most important is André Cheradame's 'Le Monde et la Guerre Russo-Japonaise.' It is certainly one of the best books on the subject yet published. The first part deals with the complex causes of the war; the second contains the essential documents relative to the negotiations which preceded hostilities, and to the war itself, with a succinct summary of the principal events of the struggle; the third is concerned with the new situation created

for every great state of the world by the Russo-Japanese conflict. The conclusion gives a sketch of the general foreign policy seemingly the best to re-establish the equilibrium of forces destroyed by the defeat of Russia. The volume is a great contribution to philosophical as well as to political history.

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In philosophy two books are worth mention. The first, Norero's '*L'Union mystique chez Saint-Thérèse*,' is an interesting psychological study. Norero maintains that the state of St. Theresa's soul is interesting not only to Catholic theologians, but also to contemporary psychologists, for she presents an example of exact introspection and penetrative analysis. He endeavours to reconcile the incontestable observations of science with the legitimate affirmations of conscience, and first describes the different modes of mystic union in St. Theresa from the subjective point of view of her immediate consciousness. He then analyzes its principal factors from the objective point of view of psychology, and lastly tries to appreciate its significance and value for the human consciousness. I do not remember any other book in which mysticism is treated in so scientific a manner, and it has roused much attention and interest among leading French and English psychologists.

As a nation we are inclined to take a wholly practical view of our history and ourselves. It has remained for a Frenchman, Jacques Bardoux, to write on the psychology of war crises in contem-

porary England. The most interesting chapters in his 'Essai d'une Psychologie de l'Angleterre Contemporaine: Crises belliqueuses' are those that deal with the question of war as revealed in contemporary literature. The varying and various views of Carlyle, Dickens, Ruskin, Froude, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, Kingsley, and later, those of Karl Pearson, Henley, and Kipling, on war and peace are very cleverly analyzed. The conclusion, so far as he arrives at one, is that the peace-loving views of Mrs. Browning, Ruskin, and Dickens gave way to contrary forces less exceptional and less permanent. The arguments throughout the volume are most ingenious, and help us to see ourselves as others see us.

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The following recently-published books deserve attention:

‘Le Voyage de Sparte.’ Par Maurice Barrès.

An impressionist travel book in which we have Sparta as M. Barrès sees it, not necessarily as it is. He comes to the conclusion that Greece is good, and if France through the intermediary of Rome is descended from Greece, it is an honourable task to defend a civilizing influence on French soil—but France, *i.e.* Lorraine, is best.

‘Sous le Fardeau. Roman social.’ Par J.-H. Rosny.

A pamphlet-novel dealing with the misery of the lower classes of Paris. The hero, a doctor, practising in the poorer quarters of the city, has every opportunity of getting acquainted with wretchedness born of poverty and crime.

‘Joseph Dombey, médecin, naturaliste, archéologue, explorateur de Pérou, du Chili, et du Brésil. 1778-1785. Sa vie, son œuvre, sa correspondance.’
Par Le Dr. E.-T. Hamy.

In the eighteenth century France had a great interest in voyages of exploration, and missions were sent out by the government or the Academy of Science, or the great trading companies. It was Turgot who, at Condorcet's suggestion, sent Dombey to Peru and Chili, and this book is a most interesting and full account of the expedition.

‘Madame de Charrière et ses amis d'après de nombreux documents inédits, 1740-1805. 2 vols. Par Philippe Godet.

In an unpublished letter to Charles Berthoud in 1808, Sainte-Beuve expressed regret that there was not ‘une Madame de Charrière complète faite en Suisse à Neuchatel.’ His wish is now realized by Godet's charming book about a charming woman. Madame de Charrière was a friend of Rousseau, and wrote delightful letters.

‘Napoléon et sa Famille.’ Vol. VII (1811-1813).
Par Frédéric Masson.

The continuation of an important contribution to Napoleon literature. This volume shows less the influence of Napoleon on his family than the influence of his family on him and his work. In these years he no longer exalts or degrades his brothers, but they become the artificers of his fall, thus proving that Napoleon chose and employed bad tools, and made them worse by his contradictions and weaknesses.

‘Les Druides et les dieux Celtiques à forme d'animaux.’ Par H. D'Arbois de Jubainville.

Lectures delivered at the Collège de France. The book contains chapters on the conquest of Great Britain by the Gauls, on the Druids in Great Britain and in Ireland, on their doctrine in regard to the immortality of the soul, on metempsychosis in Ireland, and on the gods taking the forms of animals in the epic literature of Ireland.

‘L’argot au XX^e Siècle. Dictionnaire Français-Argot.’ Par Aristide Bruant.

A new edition, with supplement. The classical word is given with all its various slang equivalents.

‘Theodor Mommsen als Schriftsteller. Ein Verzeichnis seiner Schriften.’ Von Karl Zangemeister.

A most useful list, arranged chronologically, of Mommsen’s works from 1837 to 1905, including articles in periodicals, and the names of those printed works to which the great historian furnished introductions or other matter. There is a full index.

‘Lettres de Catherine de Médecis.’ Publiées par M. Le Comte Baguenault de Puchesse. Vol. IX. 1586-1588.

This is the last volume of a very valuable work forming one of the series in the collection of unpublished documents on the history of France, issued under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction. It contains full indices to the whole work.

Les éléments sociologiques de la morale.’ Par Alfred Fouillée.

This book works out still further the new idea that ethics is a branch of sociology.

‘Le Rêve. Etudes et observations.’ Par Marcel Foucault.

The author deals in very interesting fashion with the evolution of the dream after sleep and with the state of consciousness during sleep. A fascinating chapter discusses ‘feelings’ in dreams.

‘Critique de la doctrine de Kant.’ Par Charles Renouvier (publié par Louis Prat).

A wonderful criticism of the Kantian philosophy written by a man eighty-seven years of age.

ELIZABETH LEE.



Walter L. Colls ph. sc.

R. Gamett.

THE LIBRARY.

RICHARD GARNETT.

S. T. T. L.

Of him we may say justly—Here was one
Who knew of most things more than any other;
Who loved all learning underneath the sun,
And looked on every learner as a brother.

Nor was this all. For those who knew him knew,
However far his lore's domain extended,
It held its quiet 'Poet's Corner' too,
Where mirth and song and irony were blended.
AUSTIN DOBSON.

April 26, 1906.



RICHARD GARNETT was born at Lichfield on the 27th February, 1835, and was only three years of age when he came from that city to London with his father, the Reverend Richard Garnett, who in 1838 received the appointment of Assistant Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, in succession to Henry Francis Cary, the translator of Dante.

There can be few now living who remember the
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elder Garnett, but when I first joined the Museum Staff in 1870 I learnt from some of my gray-haired colleagues that the physical resemblance between the father and son was as striking as their intellectual kinship. The father, like the son, combined an exceptional memory with a critical and acute intellect and a kindly and cheerful heart. Richard Garnett, whose earliest memories were connected with the Library, obtained his appointment to an Assistantship at the early age of sixteen, on the 1st of March, 1851.

Nowadays Assistants are seldom appointed until they have passed through the honour schools at one of the Universities, and have faced a competitive examination of no small strain and stress. The present system, no doubt, works better, as a rule, than the old haphazard method of patronage, but in this case Sir Anthony Panizzi, to whose influence the appointment was due, conferred on the Library one of the many benefits for which the Museum has cause to remember his name with gratitude.

Had Richard Garnett, instead of entering the Museum as a boy, gone to Oxford or Cambridge, his career would probably have been very different. He had in him all the makings of an ideal University Don. The power not merely of acquiring, but of imparting knowledge, he possessed in the highest degree, and the whole bent of his intellect was academic. Had such been his lot, his learning, his wit, his wise and pithy utterances would doubtless have formed the delight of many a Common Room, but it may be questioned whether his influence upon the larger world of letters would have been so great as

circumstances allowed it to become. May it not also, without intentional irony, be asked whether his profound respect for and his extraordinary knowledge of Greek and Roman literature would have survived the daily round of educational familiarity? It is at least curious that of all recent authors none have shown a greater or more genuine love of the classics than George Gissing and Richard Garnett, neither of whom had enjoyed the blessings of a University education.

After some years of the usual round of cataloguing, through which every assistant in the Library must pass, Garnett was appointed to the office of 'Placer of Books,' a technical term implying one of the most responsible and delightful posts which the Library has to offer to a fortunate member of its staff. The Museum, as every one knows, possesses no complete class catalogue; but the want of this is to some extent supplied by the elaborate system of classification which divides the shelves of the Library into more than seven hundred divisions and sub-divisions. The duty of the 'Placer' is to assign to each newly acquired book its proper position in one or other of these divisions, a work which necessarily involves a glance at the contents of each volume, and often very much more than a cursory glance. Few of those who have been so fortunate as to hold this office can abstain from a sigh when, in after days of less freedom and greater responsibility, they look back on this old peaceful and happy task.

To Richard Garnett, of all men, such work was a perpetual delight. Here, in the quiet recesses of the Library, he remained for more than ten years,

adding day by day to the immense stock of his knowledge, unknown to the world at large, but appreciated by a growing circle of friends able to understand and appraise him at his true value.

In 1875 Dr. Garnett was promoted to the rank of Assistant Keeper, and succeeded Dr. George Bullen as Superintendent of the Reading Room.

No greater change could well be experienced in the life of an official than to be taken suddenly from the peaceful hermitage of the Library and thrust into the ceaseless toil of the Reading Room, the stock-exchange of literature. The duties of the head of this curious room are so varied and contrasted that it has been said, not without truth, that the perfect Superintendent should combine in his own person the qualities which make a gentleman, a scholar, a police-constable, and a boatswain's mate. In the first two of these capacities Dr. Garnett was obviously the right man in the right place, and however little he resembled the constable or the petty officer, there was much in his manner and bearing which enforced respect in the minds of all who were brought into contact with him, while among his subordinates the wish to deserve his praise was as strongly felt as the desire to escape his censure.

It was, however, in his ability to guide and help readers in selecting books on a thousand different subjects that his reputation as Superintendent rests. His memory was phenomenal, both for its extent and for its accuracy; his judgement of the value of books was practically final, and his knowledge of every variety of subject was as nearly as possible inexhaustible. A hundred stories are current of his

answers to curious questioners; it will be sufficient to quote, as an example, the fact that I heard him on the same day give the names of the winners of the Derby from 1850 to 1860, and the dates of the Popes of the seventeenth century.

The fame which is gained by conversation or by spoken words of any sort soon fades into legend or forgetfulness. A more enduring monument to Dr. Garnett's memory will be found in the printed Catalogue of the Library.

In 1880 Sir E. A. Bond, then the Principal Librarian, determined to undertake the printing of the general catalogue. Most of the senior members of the staff, on whose memory the abortive attempt to print letter A many years earlier had left a profound impression, considered the scheme impracticable, but Dr. Garnett warmly endorsed it, and with characteristic energy and determination undertook the editorship of the new venture. The inordinate growth of the transcribed catalogue which had, by this time, swollen into more than two thousand enormous volumes, furnished an excellent reason for the new undertaking, but in the minds of Sir E. A. Bond and of Dr. Garnett there was present another and yet more important motive. They realized that the Catalogue of Printed Books is the largest and most complete contribution to bibliography extant, and they foresaw the immense benefit which it would confer on students throughout the world to have access to its contents without being compelled to visit London for the purpose. Their object has been amply fulfilled. There is now no civilized country which does not contain

copies, more or less numerous, of the Museum Catalogue, and it is no uncommon occurrence to find visitors to the Library producing notes of books which they wish to see, penned in Moscow or Chicago. On one point Dr. Garnett, in the early days of his editorship, was mistaken. I well remember his telling me that he had little or no hope of living to see the completion of his work. That he did live to see it accomplished, and admirably accomplished, is due to the untiring energy with which both he and his collaborator, Mr. Arthur W. K. Miller, whose name will always be associated with Dr. Garnett's as the joint editor and begetter of the great Catalogue, wrestled with their task. Their toil took no note of official hours. By day and by night, at the Museum and in their own homes, they worked at the mighty mass of proofs, and worked to such purpose that the whole Catalogue, with its four and a half million of entries, was completed in less than twenty years from the time when the first page was sent to the printers.

In 1890 Dr. Garnett was appointed, again in succession to George Bullen, to the Keepership of Printed Books, an office which he held, and in no mere conventional phrase may be said to have adorned, until his retirement from active service in 1899.

Into that retirement he carried the respect and admiration of all his colleagues, and the warm friendship of those who had been privileged to know him more intimately. Retirement with Dr. Garnett meant anything rather than repose or

inactivity, as witnessed by the publication in 1903 and 1904 of the admirable 'History of English Literature,' written in conjunction with Mr. Edmund Gosse. But during these years, occupied as he was with literary work, he lost none of the interest in everything affecting the Museum Library which had been the most absorbing motive of his life. Only a week or two before his death the conversation round the dinner table turned, in his presence, upon certain suggested reforms in the Catalogue, and Dr. Garnett spoke with all the vivacity of youth and the wise experience of age in defence of the criticized headings. Little did those who listened with such interest to his words foresee how soon they were to follow him to his last resting-place on earth.

It is no easy task to sum up in a few words the intellectual gifts or the character of so many-sided a man as Richard Garnett.

The point which would first strike the attention of an acquaintance, especially if he applied to Dr. Garnett for literary aid, was his extraordinary memory and knowledge of the authorities on every variety of subject. Dr. Garnett once assured me that he never consciously learnt any passage of prose or verse by rote, but his memory was at once so retentive and so discriminating that any fact, or name, or theory which drew his attention remained stored away in his brain ready for accurate reproduction at the right moment. I say at the right moment, because he was by means one of those who feel it to be their mission to inflict in or out of season their light or their leading on their suffer-

ing fellow-mortals. He wore neither his heart nor his learning on his sleeve. He was, in fact, of a singularly reticent, reserved and modest nature, and possessed that shrinking from loud or dogmatic utterance which is so often characteristic of real intellectual superiority. Nor was there ever a man further removed from a mere walking encyclopaedia or a cold abstraction of pedantic knowledge and erudition.

He was one of the most living of men: the warmth and geniality of his disposition was as much a feature of his character as the acuteness of his intellect and the originality of his thought; his conversation was animated and vivid, his laughter infectious; he was always the brightest and most cheerful of companions.


To look at him from another side he was a master of sarcasm and of irony. Those who knew him best will realize most fully how characteristic of this phase of his mind are such passages as the following, from the 'Twilight of the Gods,' relating the execution by fire of a heretic, who had asserted that the sacred book of Ad was written on the bones of a cow and not on those of a camel. "But," I said, "it *is* written on the bones of a cow!" "Even so," said he, "and therefore is his heresy the more damnable and his punishment the more exemplary. Had it been indeed written on the bones of a camel he might have affirmed what pleased him."

To turn to yet another side of his character. He was gifted with strong personal sympathies, and with a most kindly and benevolent nature. There

are many who could tell pathetic stories of help of one sort or another, which they have received either by the use of his influence or from his open-handed generosity.

But running through all these phases of his complex intellect and character there was a notable air of distinction about all that he did, or wrote, or said. To few men could Johnson's words on Burke be more truly applied: 'Sir, if a man were to go by chance at the same time with him under a shed, to shun a shower, he would say—"This is an extraordinary man."'

G. K. FORTESCUE.



I WAS once talking with Dr. Garnett about certain rare Welsh books not in the British Museum, a fact of which he was fully conscious, when we were joined by a distinguished professor of Moral Philosophy, who in the course of conversation referred to some rare books in that subject, which also had been wanting in the Museum Library. Dr. Garnett was able to answer without a moment's hesitation as each book was named. 'Yes! we still want that,' or, 'I am glad to say we have that now, we bought it so and so.' Before the conversation ended an eminent mathematician was introduced, to whom Dr. Garnett put the question: 'Are there any gaps in the Museum Library in your subject?' A discussion followed on rare books relating to mathematics, and again the answers

came prompt: 'We have' or 'We have not.' This is a fair example of the bibliographer's memory applied to a collection so large that intimate knowledge of the presence or absence of books would constitute a remarkable achievement—add to this his wide knowledge of the contents of books, and the numerous subjects upon which his knowledge was that of a specialist, and some idea will be possible of the extraordinary learning which he carried so modestly, and placed so willingly at the service of those who sought his help.

The promptness with which he could draw upon his stores of knowledge for quotations or illustrations upon any subject of conversation has been remarked by many who have written about him. I was always greatly struck by the ease with which he moved from one topic to another quite remote, and continue to pour out quotations, parallels, and illustrations as freely as if there had been no change of subject. There was no pause, no appearance of mental effort, he simply glided as a skilled skater describes a curve on the ice. Whatever the subject, he gave the impression that his knowledge of it was fresh and waiting for use. Only one instance have I ever heard of his knowledge being at fault. Mrs. Garnett had brought home, after a short country holiday, a squirrel's nest, which was placed on the drawing-room table, and shown to her friends. A lady remarked that she was not aware squirrels made nests. Mrs. Garnett appealed to her husband: 'Richard, do squirrels build nests?' He hesitated, then replied: 'I really don't know; I don't think so; I must look it up.'

Wide as was his knowledge I think that the way in which he applied his memory to men and women was even more wonderful. The number of his friends was large, yet he made each one feel that his friendship was personal, as undoubtedly it was. The memory which served him so well in his reading, enabled him to keep people in mind, to recall their interests, and to touch the personal note so often lacking with those who know many people. He quickly recognized the good points of younger men, and always helped them with sympathy and encouragement. This was especially the case in matters relating to Librarianship, the field in which his own greatest work was done. He was always ready to consider new ideas, and to help forward those who were striving to make libraries more efficient. He loved libraries, the British Museum Library above all others; but his interest extended to the humblest collection of books in a village institute. He believed in libraries as contributors to the progress and happiness of mankind; it was this belief which kept him closely in touch with the affairs of the Library Association, even after he had come to feel that the bustle and fatigue of the annual meeting was too much of a strain. Many of his most graceful speeches at the Association meetings were made under circumstances which did not allow of their being reported. I recall especially the charming speech made during the Aberdeen meeting, when the members were being entertained by the late Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, at Glen Tana. If a record of that speech is available it ought to be printed as an illustration

of the apt and graceful way in which Dr. Garnett could use his wide reading for the adornment of life.

JOHN BALLINGER.



FIRST made the acquaintance of Richard Garnett shortly after his appointment as Superintendent of the Reading Room in 1875, and from that date to his retirement in 1899, received from him, in common with all other readers in the British Museum, unfailing help and many kindnesses. His connection with the Library Association, of which he was one of the principal founders, commenced with the preliminary arrangements of the Organizing Committee for the first Conference of Librarians in 1877, at which he read a paper, 'On the System of Classifying Books on the Shelves followed at the British Museum,' and joined in several of the debates. I well remember the impression made upon us by the earnest manner in which he treated library technicalities, and the liberal and enlightened policy which he advocated for the treatment of the users of libraries. From that period to very recently he read many papers at our monthly and annual meetings, chiefly on subjects connected with library history, the methods used at the British Museum, the question of printing the catalogue of printed books, debateable points in cataloguing, and bibliography. Even at the busiest time he was ever ready to fill a vacant place on our programmes, and

was frequently the victim of secretarial impertunity. He was interested in the public library movement, in the education of library assistants (for some years he was Chairman of the Education Committee), and as a member of Council gave much help and advice in the conduct of business. In 1893 he acted as President of the Association at Aberdeen, and delivered an admirable address. He frequently joined in the discussions, speaking with great rapidity in a somewhat low tone, and as he had a habit of bending his head, at times he was scarcely audible. Another quaint but not unpleasant peculiarity was a kind of rhythmic rise and fall of tone, and an occasional reminiscence of his native midland tongue. He delivered his remarks in well-balanced sentences, of precise literary form, without a break, and apparently without preparation. Words, phrases, or facts never failed him. He was always informing and interesting, full of knowledge, good sense and good feeling, never dry, technical, or pedantic. He rarely spoke without a well-told anecdote, or neat quotation, and his most informal speeches were brightened with many a ray of wit, and warmed with a vein of sly humour peculiar to himself. Indeed he was equally apt with speech or pen, and the exercise of both faculties appeared to give him real pleasure.

Mrs. Garnett, whose death he had to mourn three years ago, usually accompanied him to the annual meetings in the provinces. Her kindly manners, cultivated understanding, and sympathetic interest in all her husband's undertakings, caused her to make many friends.

Garnett was one of the founders of the Bibliographical Society, and held the office of President, with great success, during the years 1897-8.

I have only been asked to tell of my personal relations with Garnett, but I cannot omit a reference to his long and honourable official career extending to close upon fifty years. Perhaps his chief professional achievement was the printing of the entire Catalogue of the Printed Books in the British Museum Library, due to the vigorous persistence with which he urged the advantages and necessity of that laborious and costly undertaking, which was at first organized and superintended by him, and which he saw carried to successful completion.

As superintendent of the Reading Room he was brought into close relations with the public, and gradually, as we know, won high and well-deserved fame among British and foreign scholars, and in the larger body of the humble and unknown, who form the bulk of those who work or amuse themselves under the great dome at Bloomsbury. Other superintendents before and after him have earned the gratitude of generations of readers for kind, ready, and efficient help—that is an unbroken tradition which is not likely to pass away—but it would be difficult to find among the distinguished and able men who have sat as oracles at that shrine of knowledge one better equipped than was Garnett for holding that difficult office. His varied scholarship, wide reading, accurate acquaintance with the languages and literatures of the ancient and modern world, his remarkable memory, and unequalled knowledge of books, gained in the best practical

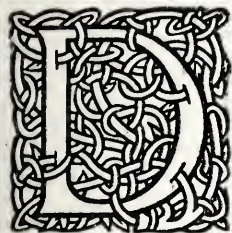
school of handling them day after day during the many years he was occupied in arranging and classifying the accessions, gave him unequalled qualifications for the office, while his natural urbanity encouraged the most timid and retiring applicant.

Garnett ought to have taken a high place among the men of letters of his day, but, unfortunately, his great literary powers were often turned to trifling objects, and at times he was induced to lend his pen to undertakings somewhat below the dignity of his capacity. I do not propose to criticise or to give a list of his books, but I desire to make a passing reference to a few that I specially liked. He had a special gift for the rare art of apt translation in verse, and his charming faculty for poetry found expression in several volumes. In prose he wrote a polished, easy, and agreeable style. His little lives of Carlyle, Emerson, and Milton are admirable, and so is his 'History of Italian Literature' (1898). He was an accomplished critic and known as a student of Shelley. His numerous contributions to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and the 'Dictionary of National Biography' should not be forgotten, nor yet the professional writings preserved in his 'Essays in Librarianship and Bibliography' (1893), and 'Essays by an Ex-Librarian' (1901). In my judgement by far the best book he ever produced was the collection of short stories called the 'Twilight of the Gods' (1888), which for irony, wit, and learning, united with felicitous literary expression, are perhaps unrivalled in English literature. To find a parallel one must go to

France. The wit and irony recall the mastery of Voltaire without his mordant heartlessness, while the brilliancy and fine scholarship are worthy of Anatole France.

As a tribute to his memory I have spoken from my knowledge of Richard Garnett as a Fellow of the Library Association, as a librarian and bibliographer, and as an author. I now wish to speak of him as revealed in his more intimate and familiar hours. The world at large was acquainted with his reputation as librarian, scholar, and writer. His many personal friends, among whom I am proud to range myself, admired and loved him, not only for his rare intellectual merits but for his still rarer and more excellent personal qualities; for the combined simplicity and nobility of his character, manly yet refined, amiable yet dignified; for his modesty; for his charm of manner; for his goodness and warmth of heart; for his delicate courtesy in small things as well as great; for his delightful play of wit and fancy in conversation; for his wide sympathy with all intellectual effort; for his generosity in speaking of all men; for his tenderness for the failings of others. All these fine qualities, seldom to be found happily united in one delightful personality, will make his honoured and loved name fragrant and evergreen in the memory of those who knew him.

HENRY R. TEDDER.



R. GARNETT'S death afflicts one with a sense of impoverishment. Even to those who were but seldom privileged to meet him, the occasional recurrence of his personality across the field of remembrance, with the following glow of pleasurable anticipation of again meeting him, was one of the perhaps minor but not less real amenities of life. The remembrance will persist, but the hope is gone.

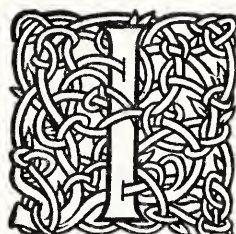
I feel that I cannot add to the full tribute which has been paid to the charm of his personality, to his wealth of scholarship, to the rare liberality with which he placed his great resources at the service of enquirers. But I am grateful that I am permitted to add a fugitive leaf to the wreath of affection and admiration to which so many and so various hands contribute. I was not of those who enjoyed his intimacy; but I knew him for nearly thirty years, and I met him sufficiently often to appreciate his rare qualities and his engaging and impressive character, and to become inspired by deep respect and by a true regard. On one or two occasions it was my happiness to be able to render some trifling service to him and Mrs. Garnett, and his acceptance was so frank, so cordial, so benignant, as to render the opportunity a delight.

If I were to specify the occasion on which I thought him at his brightest and happiest, I should name the day when the Library Association enjoyed the gracious hospitality of the late Sir William

Cunliffe Brooks at Glen Tana, that 'palace in the wilderness.' No one who was present can forget the grace, the gaiety, the felicity, the absolute rightness, with which Dr. Garnett conveyed to Sir William the warm and grateful appreciation with which the Association received and acknowledged his noble hospitality. The speech formed a worthy crown for an unforgettable day.

Dr. Garnett was one of those fine and rare spirits whom it is a delight and a privilege to know. By many his memory will be cherished as among the choicest jewels in the casket in which are enshrined their dearest and most precious recollections.

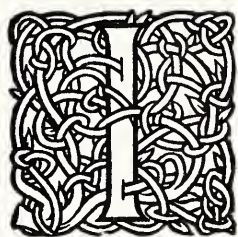
F. T. BARRETT.



I AM not able to put into order my recollections of Richard Garnett; the immediate feeling is chiefly that, in common with many others, and for good reasons, I loved and honoured him, and that he is lost to us. Every one who thinks of him must think of his generosity; he had in a pre-eminent degree that kind of charity spoken of in the 'Religio Medici': 'I make not my head a grave, but a treasure of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves.' His wide range of learning and his wide sympathies enabled him to be so great a giver. You never came up to a dead wall in his mind and were stopped; you did not thread tortuous

lanes, although he possessed much curious knowledge, nor climb some rough *salita*; it was always the open downs, with liberal prospects, and yet no minute detail was too little for his inspection. Did anyone ever hear him speak unkindly of another? I, for one, never did. And yet he had a rare gift of irony, a keen-edged, intellectual wit; but he understood things too well to permit him to take pleasure in objugation or complaint. His memory was marvellous; what had passed once before his eyes seemed to be incised on his brain. I do not know that he ever attended a horse-race, but while he was staying in my house the Derby day came, and he was able to recite the names of the winners of the Derby for the ten preceding years. In literary research he was keen and surefooted; but he did not become intellectually myopic through the practice of microscopy. I do not venture to speak of his work in so many provinces of literature, it speaks for itself; but he was capable of surprises to the end. He sent me a copy of the first edition of 'De Flagello Myrteo'; I thanked the sender, but never guessed that my friend was the writer of these fine *pensées*. A few days before his death he wrote to me acknowledging the authorship.

EDWARD DOWDEN.



IN the course of a long life, given up chiefly to official work and to work done for every reason but that of personal impulse, Dr. Garnett found time and opportunity to write two books after his own heart. To be more precise, I would say that he put his heart into one and his mind into the other. It was the heart that had to wait longest for its chance. 'De Flagello Myrteo: Thoughts and Fancies on Love' was written at the age of seventy, in two brief periods; and the conditions under which it was written were curiously similar to what has been told us of his own way of work by the writer whom it most resembles, Coventry Patmore, whom Dr. Garnett had known at the British Museum as a young man, whose poetry, as he told me, he had come to like with difficulty, for whom he had made the first selection of his poems, the 'Florilegium Amantis' of 1879, and to whom he had returned in spirit, or whom he had perhaps first really encountered, at the very end of his life. Patmore, a strenuous artist, wrote rarely, and most of his work was done in short periods of inspiration or improvisation, with long tideless intervals between. I can hardly use any less word than that of inspiration for this beautiful little book of 'thoughts,' in which prose has almost the certainty of poetry, and verse, at times, an elegance not less penetrating than that of the prose. Thought and form are alike sublimated to an essence, and it is difficult to choose among sayings

said so finally, and in tones tender and playful, scornful and ecstatic, in turn. Here are a few, which represent no more than a few of the kinds of thought and fancy:

‘In the religion of Love the courtesan is a heretic; but the nun is an atheist.’

‘If one had disparaged Laura to Petrarch, and Beatrice to Dante, indignation would have made Petrarch voluble, and Dante dumb.’

‘It is said that Hope was the only good Genius left in Pandora’s casket: but which of the others could have lived without her?’

‘Love, alas! often puts golden treasure into an earthen vessel; but he never puts earth into a vessel of gold, unless it be earth from a grave.’

It was with such calm, solemn, and luminous meditations that one who had seemed all his life to be a Stoic, perhaps a Cynic philosopher, made his own last preparations. I have said elsewhere, speaking of ‘The Twilight of the Gods,’ that other book into which he put himself, that this ‘learned mockery, so sane, so rational, dancing in the fetters of artful pedantry, makes a sort of Punch and Judy show of the comedy of civilization’; and I can think of no image which would better represent the hilarity, violence, and contemptuous aloofness of his way of juggling with great names, great conventions, frozen ideals, paralyzed beliefs. On the surface these tales are pieces of light-hearted buffoonery, and I see, among the opinions of the press quoted on the fly-leaf of the enlarged edition

of 1903, references, evidently made in all good faith, to the 'Ingoldsby Legends' and the 'Bab Ballads.' Neither Barham nor Mr. Gilbert, two writers of equally intoxicating brilliance of nonsense, ever wasted thought on an idea deeper than a pin would scratch. Dr. Garnett's book would have been publicly burned by any government in any age which had really taken seriously the beliefs which it professed in theory. It is a text-book of intellectual anarchy; it is loaded with symbols of revolution; but the air of our century is proof against it, it will never go off with the least damage to our idols.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

BEFORE an attempt is made to supplement in any other way what has already been written about Dr. Garnett from various points of view, a special word of gratitude has to be said for the help and encouragement which he constantly gave to this magazine. Not only did he lend it countenance and authority by acting as one of its consulting editors, but he found time to write for it three very characteristic articles;¹ he was quick to express his pleasure at any contribution of unusual interest which appeared in its pages, and he frequently offered suggestions of subjects which might be written on,

¹ 'Early Spanish-American Printing,' vol. i, pp. 139-146; 'On the De Missione Legatorum Japonensium' (Macao, 1590), vol. ii, pp. 172-182; 'Some Notes on Ancient Writing and Writing Materials,' vol. iv, pp. 225-235.

though the suggestions too often required a learning akin to his own to carry them out. Two quite recent instances of his kindness may be specially mentioned. In the conviction, in which he was probably right, that it is only by an abundance of pictures that a bibliographical magazine can attain a satisfactory circulation, he offered himself to subscribe to provide more illustrations, an offer which could not be entertained, but is very gratefully remembered. Again, only just before last Christmas, when asked for his opinion on the principles by which municipal librarians should be guided in their book-purchases, he wrote for our January number no mere hasty expression of his ideas, but a considered and carefully thought out view of the whole matter, which in its mellow reasonableness seemed to sum up almost all that could be said on the subject. To lose a friend such as this is a grievous loss indeed to those who are carrying on a magazine to work a little closer towards ideals for which there are few enthusiasts, and while the editors of 'The Library' have individually many other reasons for lamenting Dr. Garnett's death, the loss of his help and sympathy in their difficult task comes specially home to them.

Besides the notes here printed, and the one or two obituaries in the daily papers which appeared to be written from personal knowledge and with personal feeling, some very interesting tributes by Mr. F. M. Hueffer, and by three of Dr. Garnett's women friends—Miss Beatrice Harraden, Miss Agnes Adams, and Miss Alice Zimmern—have been published in the June number of 'The Book-

man.' Necessarily slight as are all these contributions, they yet point to the possibility that by co-operation some sketch of this unique personality might be evolved which should be different from the ordinary biography, so unflinching in its tedious detail, so swollen with letters no longer interesting, which passes through the circulating libraries, and is dead within the year. 'Every night of his life he went to the pillar-box at the top of the street,' Miss Adam writes in 'The Bookman.' 'He had an enormous correspondence, and insisted on posting his own letters. His friends who lived near used to say they knew it was ten minutes to twelve when a slow, hesitating step passed their windows. Latterly he leaned heavily on his stick—the stick that used to be Ford Madox Brown's.' It may seem capricious to pick out the record of so small a characteristic as this, and make much of it, but to at least one reader these few sentences brought back the living personality, and with it the sense of individual loss by his death, more than all the columns of formal obituaries.

Dr. Garnett was proud of being a fellow-townsmen of Dr. Johnson, and it seems probable that, if his memory endures, it will be, as in the case of Johnson, less for what he wrote than for what he was. There is, indeed, a rather tempting parallelism in the actual literary output of the two men. Against Johnson's Dictionary we may set Dr. Garnett's share in the British Museum Catalogue. The biographies of Milton, Carlyle and Emerson need not fear comparison with the once famous 'Lives of the Poets.' In poetry, 'The Vanity of

Human Wishes' and 'London,' adaptations though they be, have more individuality and a stronger ring than Dr. Garnett's graceful verses; but if the scale turns against him at this weighing, the author of 'The Twilight of the Gods' and 'De Flagello Myrteo' might well hope to make a corresponding recovery when these are contrasted with 'Rasselas' and 'Irene.' The epigrams in these two books of Dr. Garnett's are indeed as quotable as the best things in Boswell, and are only too likely to prove the chief memorials of his powers as a talker. The revelation of the authorship of 'De Flagello Myrteo' within a few days of the writer's death may suggest a possible need of waiting a little before the chorus of admiration with which it has been greeted can be accepted as a final verdict. On the other hand, 'The Twilight of the Gods,' which has been enthusiastically praised in so many notices, has won its way to this favour after a most chilling first reception. Amid the gentle regrets now uttered that Dr. Garnett wasted on mere literary and official taskwork time which might have been devoted to producing more such books as this, it is interesting to remember that these intensely characteristic stories found their way to the remainder market with disconcerting rapidity. It would certainly have pleased their author had he ever known that it was the loyal appreciation of his staff at the British Museum that helped them to emerge very quickly from this undignified position. When the remainder-man's catalogue was received in the Printed Book Department, it was promptly taken the round of the different rooms, and the resultant

order for twenty-five copies so surprised the vendor that he refused to execute it except at the very advance of price it was partly intended to bring about.

While Dr. Garnett took the cold reception of his stories with cheerful philosophy, he never pretended to be indifferent to criticism. One of his most characteristic utterances, both for its feline reference and for the genial assurance with which it was spoken, was provoked by overhearing a doubt expressed as to whether authors who knew their own worth really care for the praise of critics. 'Do poets like praise'? 'Do cats like cream'? was his comment, and as he made it there was a delightful beam of amusement in his face, which is good to remember. Before very long the cream for his own 'Twilight of the Gods' came to him in a form which he greatly appreciated—that of a warm letter of thanks and praise from the late Lord Lytton, with whom he had, I believe, no personal acquaintance. It was typical of his modesty that this touch of sympathy from a single distinguished reader gave him as much pleasure as if he himself had been a raw beginner, and that when he had his own copy of the book bound a pocket was made in one of the covers, and Lord Lytton's letter placed in it.

It is pleasant to know that the success of 'The Twilight of the Gods' was not wholly posthumous, and that Dr. Garnett lived to see it pass into a second edition. That it was not more quickly appreciated is perhaps no real matter for regret. Not to succeed too rapidly is the surest of all safeguards for artistic integrity. No man of letters of

Dr. Garnett's generous nature and limited official income can ever be quite indifferent to the temptations offered by publishers, and had he been bombarded with applications for more such stories, the pure gold which he extracted from this vein of fancy might have been alloyed with metal less truly characteristic. As it was, he found later on a new literary diversion in the aphorisms of the 'De Flagello Myrteo,' and not many authors have more than two absolutely original books to their credit.

One of the many reasons for hoping that some authentic memoir of Dr. Garnett may be written is that there are already signs that without some really discriminating record his reputation may attract to itself many of the Joe-Millerisms of librarianship. There is much to be grateful for in Mr. Hueffer's article in 'The Bookman,' but it may be wished that he had abstained from the obviously imaginative story of the engraving of a Merovingian buckle, for which Dr. Garnett directed him to about page 274 of the tenth volume of a work to be found on the fourth row of the fifth shelf (*sic*), on the right from the entrance to the Reading Room. Dr. Garnett's feats of memory were too really extraordinary to need embellishment of this kind, and they become much more human and interesting when they are traced to their source instead of being treated as semi-magical prodigies. Even his acquaintance with the names of the Derby winners, by which he amused so many of his friends, was not quite fortuitous, for by a whimsical survival from the manners of an older generation, he was for many years an amused

subscriber to a half-crown sweepstake on the Derby. There is even a tradition that he was once the winner of it, and used his gains to present all his innocent fellow gamblers with flowers.

One may be more more grateful to Mr. Hueffer when he speaks of Dr. Garnett's 'enigmatic and very wonderful presence.' Gentle, easy of approach, and entirely unassuming as he was, it may be doubted whether any man every ventured to take a liberty with him; and for myself, to the end of his days, I paid him the unpleasant compliment of stammering more consistently when talking with him than with any other person in the world with whom I was on the same terms. But however long the query took to explain it was always heard with the same benign smile from the spectacled eyes, and when the end came there was usually some modest disclaimer and then a stream of suggestions, not always precisely to the point, but almost always opening up new vistas and pointing out connections I had never suspected. When time served it was worth while to venture on a story for the sake of the better one with which he was sure to cap it, and which would be made more humorous if it happened to bring in his accustomed pronunciation of the vowel u as short as possible. An anecdote of a bütcher, who exclaimed when he had slain a refractory sheep, 'I've conciliated that one, anyway,' was the only story I remember to have heard him tell twice, and for the sake of the 'büt' in 'bütcher' I would gladly have heard it often.

At the time when I first knew Dr. Garnett he had already been a third of a century in the British

Museum. Mr. Fortescue's recollections go back thirteen years earlier than this. Those who remember him in his freshman days are now sadly few. He was a 'tall, lanky youth,' one of them tells me, always reading, and reputed to possess the gift of eating his lunch, going on with his work, and skimming the 'Athenæum' all at the same time. The newspaper he seems to have read only in the street as he came down to the Museum of a morning, holding it up before him with one hand, while he held bag and umbrella in the other. Perhaps it was this early habit of reading as he walked which accounted for his rather peculiar gait. When he entered the Museum he probably felt himself a Croesus, for the pay of assistants had just been altered from a daily or weekly wage to an annual salary of £130; and for a lad of sixteen to be able to start on a salary of £130 a year was no more common in those days than now. While his appointment illustrates the occasional advantages of the old system of patronage, that of his immediate senior can hardly be quoted on the same side, for the legend runs that he had obtained his post as the only way of acknowledging his services in bringing over to the Queen some Barbary horses as a present from the Sultan of Morocco, and his stay at the Museum was neither very long nor very successful. Two places higher up, and in receipt of about £45 a year more salary, was Coventry Patmore, with whom the young Garnett, already thinking of poetry, associated more than with anyone else. Two places below him was E. A. Roy, who had entered the Museum some ten years earlier

in an inferior grade, and whose merits, as recounted by Panizzi before the Commission of 1850 formed one of the levers by which the position of the staff had been recently improved. It seems that he knew French and Italian fluently, had a cataloguing acquaintance with German and Spanish, and could even transcribe Arabic. Yet 'this young man,' complained Panizzi, 'receives twenty-five shillings a week, and if he catches a cold and is absent he gets nothing during his absence.' Panizzi was a good friend to Garnett, but his admiration for Mr. Roy's merits caused him in 1856 to promote the latter, as the older man, over Garnett's head. Later on he was passed over again, much less justifiably, in favour of Ralston, the well-known Russian scholar, and on this occasion resented the slight so much that until an explanation was offered him he wished to be allowed to resign. But despite this share of official troubles it cannot be doubted that his life at the British Museum, from first to last, was a very happy one. He loved it so much that he very seldom took his full allowance of holidays, and he knew nothing of Museum headaches. The atmosphere produced in winter by its hot-water pipes he used to compare for its warmth and dryness to the air of Egypt, and he seems to have found it sufficiently bracing to keep him in constant health. Would that more of his old colleagues were alive to tell us what he was like in these early days, when he sat first in the King's Library, and afterwards in the Arched Room, and catalogued the old books in their order shelf after shelf!

In conclusion, a few words may be said as to

Dr. Garnett's connection with the Bibliographical Society of which, as Mr. Tedder has already noted, he was one of the founders. Despite the obstacles which his duties as one of the Resident Officers at the British Museum threw in his way, he was a frequent attendant at its meetings, and with the courtesy which never failed him in his intercourse with his colleagues, made a special point of being present when anyone from the Museum was reading a paper. It is no exaggeration to say that his presence by itself sufficed to make a meeting a success, for he chatted delightfully with everyone who went up to him, and could always be relied on for an interesting speech. He had no oratorical gift, and when not entirely at his ease was far from an effective speaker. But here he was among friends; the small audience and the room both suited him, and after some deprecatory remarks as to his own ignorance, he would settle down to play round any subject on which he was asked to speak with a wealth of learning and fancy which was quite delightful. It was the charm of his suggestions that they were almost always far fetched and yet triumphantly relevant. I remember that in speaking of English books printed abroad he pointed out as an example of the haps by which the spread of printing was ruled, that if England had been absolutely supreme at sea, when, under Elizabeth, she was supporting the claim of Don Antonio to the throne of Portugal, the Portuguese islands off the coast of Africa would no doubt have been captured, and proclamations have been issued there in his interest, and thus the appearance of printing in

Africa would have been accelerated by at least fifty years. The speculation was quite to the point, but it may be doubted whether any other human being than Dr. Garnett, who was always fascinated by the might-have-beens of history, would have thought of it.

During the two years that he held the office of President he worked really hard for the Society, and was always ready to promote its interests. He frequently also acted as deputy to his immediate successor, the Earl of Crawford, during the latter's absence from England, and to do this on one occasion came straight to the Society's rooms after completing his last day's work at the British Museum. With some misgivings, lest he might already be a little overwrought, it was hastily resolved that something should be said as to the affection and esteem which he carried with him in his retirement. Dr. Garnett was taken by surprise, but the mingled dignity and cheerfulness of his brief reply were characteristic of his whole attitude to life.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE PUBLIC TASTE.



BAD man writes a wicked book, a stupid man a bad one. Society protects itself against bad men. Readers have a right to expect that their books will be excluded from public libraries.

Everything turns upon the fact that the libraries are public. No administration is all-seeing. No laws or regulations reach the recesses of a citizen's life. But in public places the community insists that its code of the proprieties shall be observed. A citizen frequents church, marketplace, or theatre in the assurance that he will neither hear nor see things which shock the average man. His standard may be far above or far below the average; but he must accept the ruling of the majority in this as in other matters. An ill-disposed writer has an opportunity which is denied the public speaker. From the secrecy of his study he may communicate to the public things which he would never be allowed to say. I have a right to trust that I shall not unexpectedly find myself listening to his insinuations, his suggestions, or his perversions. The matter is of less consequence than the manner. Everything depends upon the intention with which reticence is laid aside. It is easy for anyone who writes on this theme to be sententious. It is equally easy to

ridicule copy-book maxims. Yet right remains right, and wrong wrong. There is a decency which forbids, despite all sophistries. Realism is no justification in itself. There may be purposes which justify exposure, but they need to be self-evident before we admit their validity. Only the strongest of motives prevents a modest person from feeling distressed when he witnesses exposure. One of the most powerful and graceful of French novelists has recently produced a book which has been much read notwithstanding the fact that from time to time he checks the easy flow of his argument to spit in his reader's face. One cannot imagine that this sudden abandonment of the restraints which society imposes can fail to disgust the reader of average sensibility. I have a right to expect that the guardians of a public library will keep such a book, as they would keep such a man, from entering the place.

Who is to compile an index expurgatorius? Few of us covet the post of public hangman. We have no desire to kindle the book-fire in the marketplace. Fortunately, in the case of public libraries there is no need for an active measure of this kind. Action is taken when a book is admitted. In not admitting we merely imitate the Quaker who cut the rope by which a burglar was hanging from his roof, with the quiet remark, 'Friend, thou art not wanted here.' The fact that a library is a place where the public meet with authors of whom they know nothing, either good or bad, demands a guarantee that the book-tasters to the library reject such books as are poisonous to the moral nature.

Is the public the best judge of what is good for its moral and intellectual health? To credit the public with a power of discriminating between what is wholesome and what is harmful is to admit that it possesses literary knowledge of which it is pathetically destitute. Seventeen years' experience as Chairman of the National Home Reading Union has convinced me that no greater service can be done the reading public than by drawing up lists of the best—that is to say, the most suitable—books for various grades of readers. The average man, from whom the business of life exacts a daily tale of eight hours' work, enters a library with no idea of the subject which is likely to interest him; or if he have a predilection, with no notion of how he is to find out the books which will take him from his present level of intellectual attainment farthest, and most quickly, into the new realm which he desires to explore. He is conscious of immense opportunities, and of vast ignorance of the way in which to seize them. No librarian, no library committee, need feel hesitation in guiding the reading of the great majority of their clients. It is hopeless to leave them to find out the right books for themselves. The greatest service which can be done them is to put the right books in their way.

Are books which are bad as literature, although innocuous from an ethical standpoint, to be denied to the public? In this matter the public must, I fear, be allowed to go its own stupid way. When it is a question of choosing between two books, and only a library of unlimited means can take all books,

library authorities have perforce to exercise some selection; but their only guidance in ordinary cases is an intelligent anticipation of the probable demand. The library must cater for its customers. If the majority of readers prefer thistles to lettuces as articles of diet, we may regret their want of taste, we cannot insist upon their relinquishing their favourite food. Yet even here we may fairly ask whether it is not rather a question of habit than a perversity of taste. The denizens of heaths and roadside wastes know little of the succulent products of a well-kept garden. It is impossible to lay too much stress upon the inexperience of the frequenters of public libraries.

The fact that many of those who frequent public libraries are inexperienced, and the still more obvious fact that a vast number of people who do not frequent public libraries, stay outside because they do not know what books to ask for, if they enter, leave a responsibility with the librarians and committees which they cannot escape. Something, not much, may be done by excluding the less desirable books. Much, very much more than at present, should be done to attract readers and to create a demand for the best. The dream of an intellectual England may never come true, but every public library helps towards its fulfilment. Its action is not, however, automatic. It is an instrument of education which works only when directed by brains stimulated by missionary ardour. The dumping of a church, a museum, or a library in an apathetic and uncultured district does not effect the reformation of its inhabitants.

How to quicken a library—to give it life. There are no rules of universal application; but, amongst many means, the following stand out as being peculiarly within the province of a librarian and under his control: (1) The display of books bearing upon subjects which are at the time occupying the public mind, such as the civilization of Japan and Russia (or its absence in the case of the latter), Arctic and Antarctic exploration, problems of poverty, the tercentenary of *Don Quixote*, etc. In many cases it will be found desirable to prepare lists, without displaying the books. Mr. Hunt, the librarian at Bootle, has sent the writer some admirable lists of books which he has prepared suitable for young people, interesting to those who are contemplating summer holidays, illustrative of a local exhibition of Italian art, etc. If such lists comprehend all the books on the subject in the library, with the best books indicated by a mark or type, they are especially valuable. (2) Talks on books;—nothing is more useful than a weekly lecture upon their own hobbies, by persons who know their subjects, and who have taken the trouble to look out the books in the library which will enable others to follow in their steps. (3) I must be forgiven if I urge that in my opinion the most effective method of giving voice to the dumb mouths which line the shelves is the formation of public reading circles, meeting in the library, for the purpose of co-operative study and discussion.

That the reading of a book with a view to a meeting at which its subject-matter will be discussed increases the interest of reading, the power

of recollecting its contents and the probability of their comprehension, is not open to dispute. That such increased functional activity is to the glory of the library seems equally clear.

ALEX. HILL.

THE LADY DILKE GIFT TO THE NATIONAL ART LIBRARY.

THE important and valuable collection of books brought together by the late Lady Dilke in the course of her studies and researches into the history of French Art and Artists during the Renaissance¹ and the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with others acquired chiefly on the score of their beauty, have found a permanent home, in accordance with her wish, in the Library of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. Lady Dilke left her 'books' to her executors, to whom she explained in her will that her intentions were known. The executors knew from Sir Charles Dilke that Lady Dilke intended her Art books for South Kensington, and that her recent opinion had been that her classical books should also some day find there a permanent home. They gave all the books to Sir Charles Dilke, subject to the presentation by him to the 'South Kensington Art Library' of the portion of the collection selected by him for that purpose.

¹ The two volumes on the 'Renaissance of Art in France' were published, as was her 'Claude,' written in French, under her earlier name of Mrs. Mark Pattison, and her Salon articles in the 'Academy' are signed 'E. F. S. Pattison.'

It would seem from the excellent 'Memoir' which Sir Charles Dilke has prefixed to the 'Book of the Spiritual Life,' that it had long been Lady Dilke's object to acquire works for presentation to South Kensington. He writes on page 7, speaking of her drawings:

'After our marriage she began, in accordance with the wishes of Mark Pattison as to the disposal of his money, to set aside a certain fixed proportion of her income for buying books, other than those needed for her daily work. For the fine editions—especially of the Latin and Italian classics—destined, along with the working books, for the Art Library at South Kensington, a book-plate was required. The designs for the stamps, together with some at Oxford in wood-carving and some in metal at our London house, are the few pieces of her own work intended by her for preservation.'

The volumes, many of them in beautiful bindings, bear unmistakeable evidence of having belonged to a lady of excellent taste and discrimination, and one, moreover, who spared neither trouble nor expense in procuring fine examples of the books she needed for the work she had undertaken. Apart from the fact of the associations which many of them possess, from having formerly belonged to collectors and authors of renown, these books in numerous instances contain manuscript notes and inscriptions, which cannot fail to interest book-lovers. In some cases we find lengthy memoranda which show how carefully Lady Dilke has perused them and availed herself of the various sources of information respecting the subjects with which her name will always be

identified. With very few exceptions this collection may be described as a student's library, for it is rich in works of reference, and it comprises, also, long series of the best art publications and periodicals and copies of the rarer monographs, issued under the auspices of the French government. The entire collection comprises about 630 works, some of them in many volumes. Upwards of 430 of these books relate strictly to art subjects, while of the remainder, consisting for the most part of fine editions of the classics, many might be included among the art books on account of the beauty of their woodcuts.

Lady Dilke had a large circle of acquaintance among the most eminent and learned of foreign authors and critics, and she was in constant correspondence with men like Burty, Eugène Müntz, Hermann Grimm, Thausing, and others. It was partly owing to this interchange of letters that she was able to acquire such a wide grasp of her subject and to explore so thoroughly, as to evoke the warm appreciation of the most competent authorities, the literature of the country of certain phases of whose art she became the historian. To quote one instance only, M. Emile Michel speaks of her Claude book, published in 1884, as 'a remarkable study, full of value, by reason of the profit that all French admirers can draw from so fresh a revelation of his talent.'

It is somewhat difficult, in attempting what can be but a very brief account of the collection, to make choice of the few works to be described. We do not wish simply to string together a list of rare books in choice bindings, but should desire to select

certain of the more important volumes which may serve to convey some general impression of the gift as a whole.

It will be understood readily that a large proportion of these books are by foreign writers of the last century, but Lady Dilke also possessed an unusually good selection of fine editions of the classical authors and not a few early printed works in choice condition, many of them noticeable on account of the beauty of their illustrations.

Perhaps few French works of the sixteenth century are more prized by collectors and present features of greater interest than the beautiful version of the dream of Poliphilus which Jean Martin dedicated to the Conte de Nantheuil in 1546. This volume, splendidly bound in whole morocco, with Lady Dilke's book-plate impressed in gold on the cover, contains several sheets of manuscript notes by her, in which comparisons are made between the woodcuts in this edition and those found in the first Aldine issue at Venice in 1499. An inscription dated January, 1905, at the commencement, by Sir C. Dilke, is to the effect that he retains this work 'for life interest,' but a few months later he writes, 'Decided to give it now.'

Another precious folio of much the same date (1560), is the 'Livre de Perspective de Jehan Cousin,' Paris, Jehan le Royer, with the beautiful woodcut diagrams and illustrations of this artist. The binding is in pure vellum, with the small gold monogram used by Lady Dilke at each of the angles. The large majority of the specially bound books are the work of Zaehnsdorf, and many of them are admirable

specimens of his skill. As an instance of careful and conservative binding in the case of a much prized volume, we may mention the 'Annotationes in Legem II' of Lazarus Bayfius, printed at Paris by R. Stephanus in 1536. This work has been rebound by Zaehnsdorf in whole morocco, with the gold ex-libris of Lady Dilke on the front cover, but the original binding of stamped calf has been retained in the form of doublures, inserted within the covers. This book contains numerous woodcuts, many of which bear the 'Lorraine Cross, the supposed mark of Geoffroy Tory.'¹ It was edited by Charles Estienne, the brother of the printer, who informs us in a short preface that the illustrations were taken from ancient monuments, and notably from marbles still extant at Rome. In addition to the woodcuts, are many fine initial letters, the well-known 'Lettres fleuries,' also believed to be the work of Tory.

Yet another enviable volume belonging to this most beautiful period of French art is 'Les dix premiers Livres de l'Iliade d'Homère, Prince des Poètes,' printed at Paris by Jehan Loys, 1545. The woodcuts in this work are each of them surrounded by quaint arabesque borders, and these are apparently also due to Geoffroy Tory, though we do not find the book noticed by Bernard in his monograph of that artist. Another volume in the collection has borders only, with all the pages otherwise blank, and is probably unique.

A very late example of the use of a xylographic

¹ On this subject Lady Dilke corresponded with M. Claudin, the historian of the early French press, and converted him to her view.

title is found in the fine copy of the '*Mer des Histoires*,' Les Angeliers (F. Regnault), 1543. This volume was formerly in the library of Mr. Shipperdson, and it contains his book-plate and some interesting memoranda apparently by him.

At the risk of dwelling too long on this section of the collection, we must mention the beautiful copy of '*Le Premier Tome de l'Architecture*' of Philibert de l'Orme, Paris, F. Morel, 1567, a fine folio work with a splendid title-page.

Sir Charles Dilke has added a note: 'These and many other volumes left to her Executors and given by them to me, given by me to the South Kensington Art Library, according to what I believe was her wish.'

Lady Dilke was fond of collecting from booksellers' catalogues cuttings and notes relating to her treasures. Such is notably the case with respect to '*Le Premier volume des grans Decades de Titus Livius*,' with the mark of François Regnault, Paris (1514?), a magnificent folio, bound in whole crushed morocco by Zaehnsdorf, with the ex-libris in gold on the outside of the cover. Several facsimiles clipped from book catalogues have been inserted in this volume. This is but one out of the complete set of three volumes, which are, however, seldom found together and are of the utmost rarity.

Rich as it is in the early woodcut books of the sixteenth century, perhaps the greatest gems from the collector's point of view belong to a later date and come into the category of the treasured period when the aid of the eminent artists of the eighteenth century was invoked to adorn the masterpieces of

the printer's skill. There is no more splendid work here in respect of size and condition than 'Les Graces,' Paris, Laurent Prault, 1769, on thick paper and wholly uncut. This copy, moreover, possesses special interest from the fact that it contains a note by Lady Dilke concerning one of the illustrations. 'This volume was originally bound without the plate "Les Graces Vierges," which should face page 75. I had this plate reproduced from one in the Cabinet des Estampes in 1902, and two proofs of this reproduction on Japan carefully inserted by Zaehnsdorf.' This work is finely bound in old calf, with Lady Dilke's book-plate in leather. Here mention ought also to be made of the superb large paper copy in four volumes, folio, of the 'Fables Choiesies, mises en Vers par J. de la Fontaine,' with Oudry's illustrations, issued by Jombert, Paris, 1755, and the 'Fables Nouvelles,' of Dorat, La Haye, 1773.

Lady Dilke does not seem to have fallen a victim to the expensive taste for collecting emblem books, though she had a small number of choice specimens. We may mention in this category the 'Diverse Imprese' of Alciato, Lyons, 1549, a rather used copy, but richly bound in old crushed levant. The woodcuts in this edition are each of them surrounded with a beautiful border. The copy of the 'Imprese di M. G. Symeoni,' Lyons, 1560, was formerly in the Hopetoun Library and bears the book-plate and autograph of J. Balfourius. Here mention may be made of the fact that in connection with her intention to treat of the woodcuts of the early Lyons press, as recorded in the Memoir, she had

gathered not a few fine examples of work of that period.

It is impossible to allude otherwise than very briefly to the many books which possess features of personal interest.

Thus Jules Guiffrey, now director of the Gobelins, presented his work, '*Les Cafféri*,' Paris, 1877, to Paul Mantz, and the volume not only contains an autograph letter and also a memorandum that it formerly belonged to Mantz, but Sir C. Dilke has added that his wife 'had much regard both for Paul Mantz and J. Guiffrey (père).

Not a few of the works were presentation copies to Lady Dilke by the authors; thus the '*Essai sur l'histoire du Théâtre*,' by Bapst, Paris, 1893, has this inscription on the title-page:

à Lady Charles Dilke,
homage de profond respect,
GERMAIN BAPST.

The finely illustrated work by Baron Roger Portalis, entitled '*Honoré Fragonard, sa Vie et son Œuvre*,' Paris, 2 vols., Rothschild, 1889, would appear also to have been a presentation copy.

The collection is rich in scarce architectural books and monographs on special buildings. Many of these works are beautifully preserved and richly bound. There are also a few collections of rare engravings, such as '*Les Places, Portes, Fontaines, Eglises, et Maisons de Paris*,' by Perelle, in oblong folio. This book is remarkable for its excellent topographical illustrations of ancient buildings which have now disappeared.

It is scarcely necessary to state that works of reference on the fine arts are to be found here in great numbers, such as the 'Abecedario,' of Mariette, in six volumes, Paris, Dumoulin, 1851-1860; the 'Musée des Monuments Français,' by A. Lenoir, Paris, Guilleminet, the first volume dated 'An. IX.' (1800), and the eighth and last volume issued in 1821. This work contains many excellent illustrations. Here also is the 'Dictionnaire des Peintres de toutes les Ecoles,' Adolphe Siret, 4 vols., Paris, 1883; 'Kugler's Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte,' Stuttgart, 1861; and Perrot et Chipiez, 'L'Art dans l'Antiquité.'

Many volumes of inventories of State property are included here, such as the 'Inventaire général des Œuvres d'Art du Département de la Seine,' the 'Inventaire général des Œuvres d'art de Paris,' and the 'Inventaire général des Richesses de la France,' 21 vols., also a long series of the 'Comptes des Bâtiments du Roi sous le règne de Louis XIV.' All these books are finely bound; Lady Dilke possessed, moreover, a very complete collection of the writings of the Vicomte H. Delaborde.

Such standard publications as the 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' 'Le Chronique des Arts,' the 'Jahrbuch der Königlich Preussischen Kunstsammlungen,' from 1880 onwards, all in fine condition and uniformly bound, are, of course, included, and there is a very extensive collection of catalogues, handbooks, and guides to the chief national and provincial galleries and museums in all parts of France, including many which could only be procured by a diligent traveller on the spot.

In a large number of the volumes, Lady Dilke has written her name in a bold and characteristic handwriting, as for instance in 'Les Comptes des Bâtiments du Roi (1528-71) recueilli et mis en ordre par Le Marquis Léon de Laborde,' Paris, Baur, 1877. This work formed a part of the series published by the Société de l'histoire de l'Art Français.

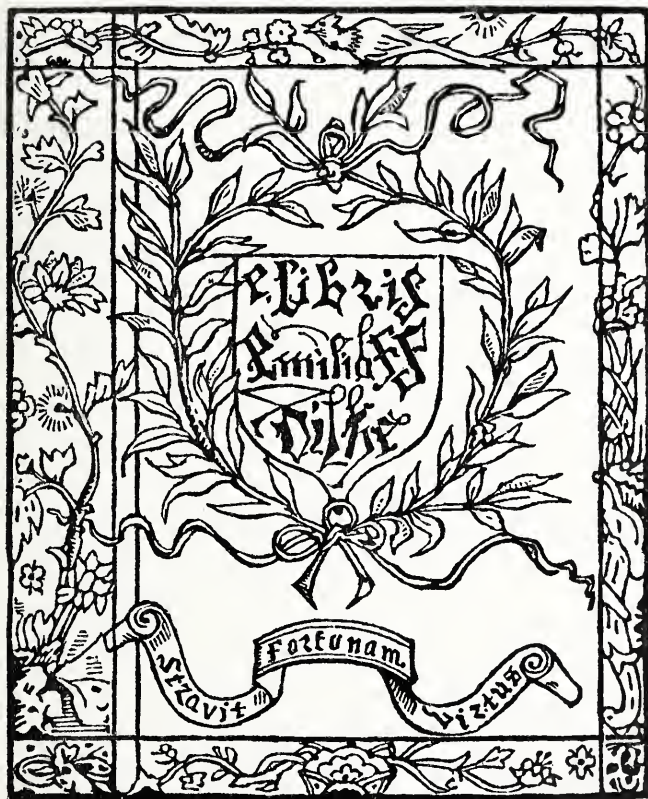
A few of these books take us back to the time of Mark Pattison and the library at Lincoln College, Oxford, with the impressed stamp of Lady Dilke's first husband, as for example, Koberstein's 'Grundriss der Geschichte der deutschen National Litteratur,' 3 vols, Leipzig, 1847.

As an instance of an annotated book, we may mention the work entitled, 'Les Graveurs sur bois et les Imprimeurs à Lyon au XV^e Siècle,' by M. Natalis Rondot, Lyons and Paris, 1896. In this volume Lady Dilke has made copious notes concerning certain of the artists whose careers are recorded.

In some few cases the books belong to comparatively modern art periods, which had, no doubt, special features of interest to the collector. We even find here 'La Mascarade Humaine,' with some of Gavarni's best cartoons and an appreciative introduction by L. Halévy, Paris, 1881. We are told in the Memoir that in later life Lady Dilke became an admirer of Gavarni, as one of the first caricaturists who was also a great draughtsman.

Lady Dilke's book-plate, of which, by the courtesy of Sir Charles Dilke, we are able to present a facsimile, is found in nearly all her books.

This book-plate was designed, as already stated, by Lady Dilke herself. It is used in various ways, sometimes impressed in leather as a book-stamp, and also on vellum and paper. In the case of small books, only the central shield is in some instances employed.

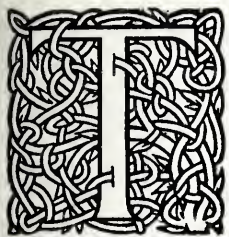


A certain proportion of the books formerly belonging to Lady Dilke will doubtless already be contained in the National Art Library, but it will be safe to say that no finer examples of some of the rarities can form part of the national collection; indeed, even in the case of the works of reference, duplicates will be valuable to art-students. Doubt-

less, in selecting a final home for her treasures, Lady Dilke was not unmindful of the days when she was herself a student at Kensington, and the ultimate disposal of her collection is a touching tribute to the scenes where she, no doubt, was first impressed with the love of those phases of art, to which she was throughout life so devotedly attached, and to which she rendered such important services.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.

ON CHRISTIAN CAPTIVE INDULGENCES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LAMBETH PALACE, AND JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY.



THE British Museum possesses (press-mark C. 18. e. 2. | 17) a fragment of an indulgence which the cataloguer assigns, with a query, to the year 1510. It is entered under the heading 'Pardons,' in the 'Catalogue of Early English Books.' The document is a very curious one, and reads as follows:

- ¶ . . . my lord . . . gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ . . . my lorde the cardynall of saynt Malou gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ . . . my lorde the cardynall of saynt Marke gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ . . . my lorde the cardynall of Albanoyes gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of the Four crowned gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Clement gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt S . . . ryace gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Ner . . . and Achylley gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Syerg . . . and saynt Bach gyueth an C. dayes of pardon.

- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Marcell gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Sabyll of y^e xii. apostles gyueth an C. dayes of pdon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Prysce gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Johan saynt Poule gyueth an hondred dayes of pdon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Grysogon gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt stephen incelymōt gyueth an hondred dayes of pdon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Mary detrāstibre gyueth an hondred dayes of pardō.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Anastaze gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Susane gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde y^e cardynall of saynt Peter ad vīcula gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Sabyne gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Theodore gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the cardynall of saynt Nycholas gyueth an hondred dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the bysshop of London gyueth forty dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the bysshop of Wynchester gyueth forty dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also my lorde the bysshop of Norwyche gyueth xl dayes of pardon.
- ¶ Also the foure general ordres at Rome dayly prayeth for the good state and prosperyte of all them y^t helpeth/ socoureth/ or dothe theyr charytable almesse vnto y^e sayd marchauntes.
- ¶ The somme of the pardons is fyue yeres and fyue

lentes/ and two thousand foure hondred and four score dayes/ and true Indulgence to euey benefactour (totiens quotiens).

Merchants are not generally objects of 'almesse,' and at first it seems remarkable that traders with so many friends of such eminence should be in need of charitable contributions. The puzzle receives a solution from a similar fragmentary indulgence preserved in the Lambeth Palace Library. This is described by Maitland,¹ and was printed in the 'British Magazine' (vol. xx, Sept., 1841, p. 260). This document is printed on a broadside headed by a woodcut of the Crucifixion, between two other woodcuts of the arms of the Pope and of the King. It had been cut and folded to form the flyleaves of a quarto volume, and is torn. What remains reads as follows (some of the contractions having been extended):

Be it knowen to all trewe Cristen people we have receyued a commaundement from our holy father pope Leo the X. of that name nowe beyng pope of Rome and xxii. Cardynalles (and also by my lorde of Caunterbury primat of Englande) and at the requiryng of our Soueraygne lorde kynge Henry the VIII. to shewe and openly declare of certayne Marchaunts taken prysoners by the Maurys and Infydels ennemyes of our Cristen faythe.

¶ Our holy father pope Leo that nowe is consyderynge that where ii. certayne Bretherne John Bussett and Richard Bussett marchaunts of Aunyon in tyme of conuayiynge of theyr marchaundyse by the See to the Cytie of

¹ 'List of some of the early printed books in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth.' 1842, p. 262.

Valentyne with dyuerse other Cristen people beyng in theyr Shyppe after a longe concertayon and fyght or bateyll with manslaughter by a daye and a nyght ayenst the Maurys and the Infydels upon the See were taken by the sayd Maurys. ¶ Also our holy father consyderynge that the sayd John and Richarde by the reason of that captyuyte were conuayed and adducte to the parties of the Infydels to theyr myserable seruytute and also consyderynge that whereas the sayd Maurys bycause that they myghte exacte and extorte some Summe of money of theym dyd put the sayd John and Richarde to cruell tortures and tormentes by reason of the whiche the sayde John and Richarde so that they myght be released of so great paynes for fere of the sayd tortures and tormentes dyd promyse unto the sayde Maurys the Summe of .viii. C. large ducates of golde for theyr relaxacyon and redemption.

¶ And as the sayd John Bussett fyndynge sufficient suertie was delyuered and released onder this effecte and condycyon that he shulde gader the almysse of cristen people and to paye the foresayd summe of .viii. C. ducates and bycause the sayd John and Richarde by reason of the sayd spoylynge and robbynge and losse of theyr goodes Be made so poore that they be nat suffycient to paye the foresayde Summe without the cherytable helpe of cristen people. And also bycause the sayde John syns the tyme of his delyueraunce under the condycion abouesayd hathe been vexed with many infyrmyties and sore sykenesse and also at the tyme of these grauntes was sore vexed therefore our holy fader the pope seyng hymselfe oonly nat to be suffycient to relue all suche poore and oppressed people conuytynge the sayd John and Richard to be releued and released from theyr captyuyte and that cristen people shulde be more redyer to put theyr helpynge handes for the redemption of the sayd persones in that they shall se theymselve plentyfully to be refresshyd with the gyfte of the heuenly grace trustynge of the mercy of

almighty God and the auctoryte of seynte Peter and Paul and lykewyse by his owne auctoryte of his Bulle under Leade to euery cristen man and woman geuyng of theyr goodes truely gotton as often and many tymes as they shall do their cherytable almysse for the releasyng and the redempcion of the sayd John and Richarde beyng in captuyte, hath released .vii. yeres and .vii. lentes of penaunce enioyned out of purga . . . [torn] dyng also all Archebyssshops bysshops abbottes pryours prechers of the worde of God parsones and pa . . . chapelles and other persones ecclesiasticall to whom this present wrytyng shall come under paynes and . . . ly church of Rome to publysshe in theyr churches and opyn places or cause to be publysshed these sayd . . . ly father as often as they shal be requyred by the sayd John beyng released as is aforesayd or ellys by . . .

¶ And also they to depute .ii. discrete men for to gather the meke and deuoute almysse of cristen peopl . . . and places duryng the space of .iii. yeres from his date of his Bulle which is the yere of our Lord . . . the .xxviii. daye of August and these .ii. men so deputed to haue auctoryte to gather the almysse of cristen peop . . . the sayd John so commendyd unto theym to gyue theyr ayde and fauour unto these thynges aforesayd. And that no . . . gatherer otherwyse vulgarly called pardoners be suffered in that behalfe and these .ii. men also and other deputies to gyue a good and lafull accompte of theyr receytes under the paynes and censures of the holy church of Rome as is abouesayd.

¶ Ferthermore to excite all cristen people to be the more benyuolent to the foresayd charitable acte and dede .xxii. Cardynelles hath graunted as often and as many tymes as they shall do it eche one by hymselfe a. C. dayes of pardon.

¶ Also our soueraygne lorde kynge Henry the .viii. hath gyuen out his letters patentes under his brode Seale requyryng and prayinge to all theym that be his true

louers and subjectes fauourably to receyue the messengers: ferthermore hath straytly charged and comaunded to all and synguler hed offycers that is to say his Mayres Sheryffes Constables and churche Wardeynes of euery Cytie Borough and Towne as well within the lyberties as without, they to gather the almysses dedes of euery cherytable and well disposed parson and it so gaderyd to delyuer it to the sayd Collectours and . . . [torn] to haue for theyr good dede Godes blessyng and our Ladyes.

¶ Also my lord Cardynall archebyssshop of Yorke and Chauncheller of Englande hath gyuen a. C. dayes of pardon totiens quotiens.

¶ Also my lorde of Caunterbury primat of Englande hath gyuen and granted .xl. dayes of pardon titiens quotiens with his letter and seale of lycence thorowe his prouynce.

¶ Extracta a quadam bulla apostolica et a quibusdam litteris .xxii. Cardinalicum.

¶ God saue the Kynge

Will'mus permissione diuina Cant' Archiepiscopus totius anglie primus et apostolice sedis legatus. Uniuersis & singulis Rectoribus vicariis Capellanis Curatis et non curatis Ceterisq; sancte matris ecclesie filiis per prouinciam nostram Cant' vblibet constitutis. Salutem gratiam et ben. in Uniuersitatem vestram tenore presentium pre charitas et deuotionis intuitu rogamus et in domino exortamur quatinus cum Johannes Busset mercator Auinionen. ad vestras eccl'ias seu loca vestra accesserit xpifidelium elemosinas et alia charitatiua subsidia in reuelamen ipsius Johannis colligatis. Ipsumq; Johem omni benigno fauore recipiatis tractetis et admittatis, Eundemq; Johannem seu verum procuratorem eius priuilegia et indulgentias per sanctissimum in xpo patrem et dominum nostrum Dominum Leonema papam decimum in ea parte concessum: prout in cedula hic annexa et in linguam nostram vulgarem confectam: a

quadam bulla apostolica eiusdem Domini nostri papa Leonis decimi plenius continetur ad exponendum et declarandum in ecclesiis vestris parrochialibus intra missarum vestrarum et aliorum diuinorum solennia cum maior in eisdem affuerit populi multitudo diebus dominicis et festiuis vestre plebi id annuncietis: cum ad illud per predictum Johanem seu eius procuratorem congrue fueritis exquisiti libere permittatis. Ac christifidelium elemosinas donationes et largitiones pacifice absque perturbatione colligere sinatis. Et quicquid in hac parte datum legatum siue collectum fuerit: id idem Johanni seu procuratori suo sine diminutione aliquali tradatis seu tradere faciatis absque dilatione. In cuius rei testimonium Sigillum nostrum presentibus est appensum. Ad vnum annum a die dat. presentium tantummodo durat. Dat' in manerio nostro de Lambeth. Nouissimo die mensis Maii Anno Domini M.C.C.C.C.C.xvii. Et nostre Trans. Anno xiiii.

¶ The Summe of the hole Indulgence graunted by our holy father the Pope and his Cardynalles be .iiii M. viii C. xl. dayes.

The two 'Pardons' might be thought to refer to the same unfortunate merchants, but the totals of the indulgences do not agree with each other. Nor do the separate items in each of the pardons agree with the total as stated. The larger promise is then either a second edition or a common form suggesting the existence of professional captive Christians living upon the charity of the benevolent. This suspicion is strengthened by an indulgence which is preserved in the John Rylands Library, and is attributed to the press of Pynson. It is printed on a broadside at the top of which is a picture of the Virgin and Child, flanked by the papal arms and those of England. It reads:

¶ These be the articles of the pope's
Bulle under leade | translated from
latyn into englisshe. |

Our holy father pope Leo the. x. of that name unto all cristen people that these present letters shall | see sendith salutacion and thapostolýque blissyng. |

¶ Almyghty god our creatour and redemptour to thentent he wolde delyuer mankynde from the thraldom and boundes | of our goostlye ennymye y^e deuyll, was contentyd to sende downe into erth his onlye gotten sone to be endewyde with y^e nature of man | for mannys redēp-cion. By whose example, our sayd holy father beyng moued, enforsith hymselfe with all studye, for to delyuer from | theyooke of seruitude all those cristen people, whiche for the worshýppynge of cristys feyth in the miserable bōudage of the ennymyes | of cristys feithe be oppressed. |

¶ Item our sayd holy father hath understande y^t his welbelouyd chylde Johñ Sargy of Corfu layman of the diocys of Athenis, be- | ynge borne of an noble progeny, with his two bretherne passynge by shyp, upon the see of Egey, towards the Ile of Creta, was taken by | certayne turkes robbers upon the see and brought by them unto myserable seruytude and boundage. |

¶ Item our sayd holy father declareth how that the sayd Johñ Sargy was delyuered from y^e sayd seruytude (his sayd two brethern | abydynge still in captyuytie) for whose redempcyon and raunsome thre hundreth ducates of golde large was ordeyned for to be payed | voto the sayd turkes, whiche by reason of theyr pouertie, they be nat able for to paye. Wherefore greatly it is to be dred that onlesse In | breue tyme the sayd prysoners be comforted in that byhalfe with y^e deuout almes of cristen people, they beyng nat able longe to suffre | the paynes of so cruell thraldome shall be compelled for to denye the name of Jesu criste and his holy cristen religion. |

¶ Wherefore our sayd holy father usynge the rowme in erth of our sauour criste Jesu, who of his pytie and mekenes rewardith all de- | uout almoses and mercyfull gyftes by oon hundreth folde. And gyueth unto his trew people moche more than they can deserue, gladly | moueth all trewe cristen people unto the warkes of pytie, by indulgences and remyssions of synnes, to thentent, that they may be more | apte unto the fauours of god, and also by meane of theyr temporall gyftes they may deserue to obteyne the rewardes of eternall helthe. |

¶ Our sayd holy father therfore desyrynge that the sayd prysoners shulde be delyuered from the sayd cruell seruytude, and that cristen | people may more gladly putto theyr helpynge handes for theyr redempcion for that, that they shall perceyue them selfe to be refresshed | more plentifully by the gyftes of heuynly grace, trustynge upon the mercy of almyghty god, and thauctoryte of Peter and Paule his | holy apostels, unto all & euerytrewe cristen people bothe man & woman trewly penytent and confessyd, the whiche unto the sayd Johñ | Sargy, or unto any honest man that by hym shall be deputed, wyll put theyr helpynge handes of theyr lafull goodes after theyr de- | uocion for the redemynge of the sayd prysoners, as often times as they do so, mercyfully graunteth .xv. yeres and as many lentes of | pardon and indulgence, in remission of theyr synnes. |

¶ Item our sayd holy father cōmaundeth all Patriarches archebysshops & bysshops under payne of interdiccion of enterynge y^e chur | che, and all Abbottes, Priors, Plebaynes, Person and, Uycars of parrisshe churches, and prechers of the worde of god, and other spi | rituall persons unto whom these present letters shall come under payne of the sentence of excōmunycacion that they publysshe or cause to be publysshed the sayd letters, in theyr churches, whan the moost people be theyr accompanied to here the deuyne seruyce, and as | often tymes as they shall be requyred therunto upon the sayd Johñs partye. |

¶ Item our sayd holy father cōmaundeth that in euery parrysshe, where y^e sayd Johñ shall come, two honest and credyble p̄sons shall | be deputed by the sayd curates, whiche, by the way of pytie and charyte, shall gether the almes and deuocion of people, and the same so | gethered they shall trewly delyuer unto the sayd Johñ or his deputis, and farther helpe and fauour them as apperteyneth. |

¶ Item our sayd holy father inhybyteth and cōmaundeth, euery man what degre or estate so euer he be of, and also the cōmissaries de- | puted for the buyldynge of saynt Peters church in Rome that they ne any of them trouble moleste or let the forsayd Johñ or his depu- | ties in this ther present cause. Whiche his holynes wyll nat, to be comprised in any reuocacion or suspencion of lyke indulgence made | in that by halfe by his holynes and the holy see apostolyque though all the sayd reuocacion be made in fauour of the sayd buyldynge of | saynt Peters church in Rome, and the forsayd letters of indulgence his holynes wyll, do stande in strengthe and effect only for the ter | me of foure yeres next and īmediatly folowyng the date of the same. Whiche is gyuen at Rome y^e yere of the incarnation of our lorde | Jesu criste. M.CCCCC.xvi. the .xii. day before the kalenders of June the fourth yere of our sayd holy father the pope.

¶ Here foloweth in englysshe the contentes of the kyngs moste | honorable letters patentes of proteccion under his great seale. |

¶ It hath pleased the kyngs moste noble grace not only moued with pytie and compassion towards the redemption & delyueraunce | of the aboue named prysoners from the seruytude and thraldome of the abouesayd turkes ennymyes to the name & relygion of criste | but also ryght entierly exorted and required unto the same by the popes holynes hath acceptyd and taken the fornayd Johñ Sargy | proctour for hym & his sayd bretherne his ser-

uauntes and goodes into his moste royall & graciouse protection & defence, whereso euer | he or they shall come within this realme, requiryng all Bysshopes, Abbottes, Priors, Persons, Vycars and other spirituall per | sonages, in whose churches the sayd Johñ or his deputies shall come, thankfully taccept and admytte them in that byhalfe. And also | straytly cōmūadeth all his Sheryfes Mayres & other his officers and subgettes tempall, that they shall mayntayne defende and ayde | the sayd Johñ, his deputies and seruauntes and goodes where so euer they shall come, for alyuyng and getheryng of almes, & chary- | table gyftes of cristen people in this byhalfe, and that his sayd officers and subgettes shall nat do unto them any iniury hurte molestacion trouble or greif, but shall let the same to be done by any other, and if any suche malyciouse demeanour be cōmyttede agaynste hym | his sayd deputies or seruauntes, than they shall se it spedely and without delay dewly corrected, as more playnly it is expressed in his | moste graciouse letters patentes under his great seall therupon made. Dated at his palace of westmynster the .xxvi. day of Octobre in | the .x. yere of his reygne. Whiche letters of his sayd most royall & graciouse pteccion his hyghnes wyll, that after one hole yere next | ensuyng the date herof shall be voyde and of none effect. |

Archbishop Warham is regarded as liberal in the issue of indulgences, and Hook offers a curious reason for this. 'Against the chance of opposition, in England, to the sale of indulgences,' he says, 'Leo X had taken due precaution. A fourth of the money, if not a third, arising from the sale of indulgences, represented as an act of mercy as well as a piety, was granted to Henry VIII.'¹

Pardons, genuine or fictitious, were very com-

¹ Hook, "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," vi, 342.

mon at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, and were one of the causes that led to the controversy of the Reformation. The Chetham Library possesses a broadside indulgence, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in favour of the benefactors of the building of St. George's Church, Southwark ('Halliwell Broad-sides,' No. 2193). From Mr. A. W. Pollard I learn that another copy of the indulgence in favour of John Sargy is in the British Museum, pressmark C. 18. e. 2. (8). In the same volume of fragments (No. 49) there is also a portion of an indulgence, printed by Faques, granted by Leo X to the contributories to the ransom (2,000 ducats) of a certain Sir John Pyllet, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre. This also is confirmed by Letters Patent of Henry VIII. A list of these English indulgences, including those in books—the 'Fifteen Oes,' for example—would be very useful. The sale of indulgences was a frequent and favourite subject for the satirists.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE most interesting novel published in France during the last three months is undoubtedly Marcelle Tinayre's 'La Rebelle.' While it lacks the poetry and charm, and perhaps the deeper feeling of 'La Maison du Pêché,' and the romantic atmosphere and beautiful prose of 'François Barbazanges,' it gets nearer to actual life. It is, I suppose, what would be technically called a feminist novel. Its main thesis is the right of the economically independent woman to arrange her emotional life as she pleases, and to be permitted the same moral latitude as a man. Here is a striking passage which sets forth the matter very clearly:

Que le travail des femmes soit un bien ou un mal, je l'ignore, et l'avenir seul nous le dira, mais c'est une nécessité que la femme subit sans l'avoir désirée, c'est un fait qui s'impose et qu'il nous faut accepter avec toutes ses conséquences. Et la plus importante de toutes, c'est la révolution morale qui paraît être l'effet et non la cause de la révolution économique.

Ce n'est point parceque la femme s'est affranchie moralement qu'elle a souhaité conquérir son indépendance matérielle. A l'usine, à l'atelier, au magasin, au bureau, à l'école, au laboratoire, elle eût préféré peut-être l'amour protecteur de l'homme et les tendres servitudes du foyer. Mais l'homme a fermé son foyer à la fille pauvre. Et la fille

pauvre qui repugne à se vendre et ne consent pas à mourir de faim a essayé de vivre hors du foyer, sans le secours de l'homme. Elle est donc allée où elle pouvait gagner sa vie. . . . Elle s'est aperçue, alors, qu'elle avait mérité qu'elle pouvait conquérir autre chose que le pain quotidien, les vêtements, et les logis : l'indépendance morale, le droit de penser, de parler, d'agir, d'aimer à sa guise, ce droit que l'homme avait toujours pris et qu'il lui avait refusé toujours.

Josanne Valentin married young. Very soon her husband becomes a chronic invalid, and she is forced to earn her own and his living as a journalist. Under these circumstances she thinks she has a right to happiness, and happiness with a Frenchwoman seems generally a synonym for a lover. Josanne carries on an intrigue with a young man and has a child by him. The boy passes as the son of her husband, who has no suspicion that all is not quite correct. But the lover grows cool, and finally marries. By chance Josanne has to review for her journal a book by Noël Delysle, 'La Travailleuse,' from which the above passage is quoted. His interest is awakened by her criticism; he seeks out the critic, and falls in love with her. But although the sick husband dies, and all connection with the former lover is entirely broken, Noël does not find it easy to put his theory into practice. He is jealous, as any ordinary man would be, of Josanne's past, and the latter part of the book is a mere description of his mental and emotional struggles. But in the end he manages to quiet his scruples and marries Josanne in the ordinary way. Conventions are hard to overcome. A

woman who disregards them is indeed fortunate if she finds a man, no matter how great his affection for her, willing to disregard them too. But it will be many a long day before the history of Josanne and Noël becomes that of the average man, and of the woman who earns her living. The book strikes a new note in fiction, and the theme is one that admits of much more discussion.

In 'L'Ecolière' Léon Frapié gives a volume of short stories chiefly about the very poor of Paris or about small official life. He is less happy in this *genre* than he was in his longer book, 'La Maternelle.' His short stories have a way of degenerating into anecdotes, interesting enough, but not deserving the name of literature. The title-story is perhaps one of the best. A mother who is in prison writes a letter to her ten-year old daughter, who is at home looking after the younger children, finding considerable fault, clear as it is that the little girl is simply accomplishing wonders. The irony of the situation is seen in the following extracts from the correspondence. 'Tâchez-donc,' writes the mother to her children, 'd'être plus raisonnables—et peut-être que, dès mon retour, je vous donnerai encore une petite sœur. Et pourtant vous ne le méritez guère.' To which the daughter replies: 'Pour ce qui est, d'une petite sœur, nous aurions préféré un poêle en remplacement du nôtre, qui est tout démoli; nous avons eu si froid, l'hiver dernier! Mais comme tu dis: ou a plus vite une petite sœur qu'une paire de chaussures neuves.'

In 'La Ménagère,' a sketch almost equally good,

Dubour, a small official, is known by his colleagues to be completely ruled at home by his *ménagère* whom they naturally take to be a hectoring wife. None of them, however, have seen her. When asked to accompany them on some evening expedition of pleasure, he invariably replied: 'Merci, impossible—la ménagère m'attend à l'heure exacte.' But on one occasion he was prevailed on to join them, and drinking more than was good for him, one of his friends took him home, and so discovered the *ménagère* to be his twelve-year old daughter.

'Jesse und Maria. Ein Roman aus dem Donaulande,' by E. von Handel-Mazzetti, has curiously enough attracted almost more attention in France than in the land of its birth. Henri Brémond devoted two long articles to it in the periodical 'Demain.' It is a religious novel, and Brémond hails its advent thus:

Avec 'Jesse und Maria,' le roman catholique brise ses chaînes, sort joyeusement de la prison d'ennui, de banalité et de pieux mensonge où il languit depuis si longtemps et devant laquelle tant de solides préjugés montaient la garde. Pas de sermons dans ce livre courageux, pas de controverses mal déguisées . . . mais seulement une œuvre d'art, comme 'Adam Bede' et le 'Piccolo Mondo Antico,' un roman d'observation attentive et de vérité profonde, une œuvre vivante, jeune, harmonieuse comme une fresque de Gozzoli.

While unable wholly to endorse this somewhat extravagant praise, I must confess that the book is deeply interesting, and its simplicity of treatment and style savour of true genius. The time is 1658;

the place, the old town of Pechlarn on the Danube. Protestantism is kept down by oppressive edicts, but has many adherents even among the nobles, although they fear exile too much to own it. But not so Jesse. Heedless of the imperial decrees, he studies at the High School of Wittenberg, is married in his own castle according to the Protestant rite, and plans to bring over the whole neighbourhood to Protestantism. His enthusiasm, his youth, win him all hearts except one, that of Maria, the forester's wife. She feels instinctively that Jesse is robbing her husband and herself of their faith. The young noble is determined to put down image-worship, and the image of the Virgin, a miracle-working picture, presented by the forester as a thank-offering for recovery from a severe illness, is especially obnoxious to Jesse; he sees in it all he is struggling against, and regards it as a personal enemy. His supporters even do not desire to get rid of it. But Jesse is led to mean actions; he makes use of the forester's needs, and promises to pay his debts if he will deliver up the image. Maria learns what is toward, and determines to prevent it at all costs. As none of their relatives will advance the money required, she goes to the Jesuit College at Krems, denounces Jesse to the Rector, and asks for the commission against heretics to be sent to Pechlarn. It comes. Jesse is brought to trial, and sees that there is no help for him. In his rage he shoots at the presiding abbot. The wound is not mortal, but all the same Jesse is condemned to death. Maria, in the hope of saving his soul, visits him in prison. But Jesse cares for nothing except

to have the news of his young wife's safe confinement before he dies. His grief subdues Maria. She goes to his wife, finds she has just been delivered of a son, but cannot herself feed him, and no one will nurse the child of the godless heretic. Then Maria takes him to her own breast. She hastens to the condemned cell with her news and Jesse no longer regards her as his enemy, but as the woman who has saved his child. He sees that he has acted wrongly in attempting to rob the people of their faith, and goes to death as atonement for his sin. And thus do the common feelings of humanity triumph over religious controversy and persecution. The sincerity of the author, who is a woman, is undoubted, and all the characters live.

To adopt a child is a dangerous experiment that too often ends in failure. Clara Viebig brings out that aspect of a thorny problem in her latest novel, 'Einer Mutter Sohn.' She there depicts a married couple with everything to make them happy except children. They adopt a boy, son of a peasant woman of the Eifel district, and bring him up as their own child. But although they took the boy when a year-old baby, and carefully kept from him the history of his origin, nature or heredity was too strong, and his coarse-grained temperament and inherited longing for the free country life never permitted him to acquiesce in the refined life of his foster-parents, and it was loss and failure on all sides. At length, having given himself up to the coarsest forms of dissipation, he died at the age of twenty. The book is less interesting, less successful than is usual with this author. There are

signs of effort; a gloominess that becomes at times oppressive pervades the narrative.

Wilhelm Hegeler's new novel is a disappointment. In 'Flammen,' and 'Pastor Klinghammer,' he had made a distinct advance in his art, but in 'Pietro der Corsar und die Jüdin Cheirinca,' the movement is as distinctly retrograde. It is a blood and thunder story of theatrical pirates and their women captives. It does not relate their adventures, but only the ways and customs of their home life, if such it can be called, in the intervals. No one of the characters is alive or interesting. Hegeler understands the psychology of the modern man and woman better than that of mediæval pirates and robbers.

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It is a curious coincidence that two modern philosophical works inculcating an almost identical doctrine should have appeared simultaneously, one in France, the other in Sweden. Jules de Gaultier in 'Les Raisons de l'Idéalisme' discusses the conception of substituting the aesthetic for the ethical idea as a principal of justification of existence. He is here only carrying further the theories of his former works, 'Le Bovarysme' and 'La fiction universelle,' to both of which I have referred in former articles. There he dwelt on the power and desire of the human being, 'se concevoir autre,' *i.e.*, to imagine himself to be something different from what he actually is, and pointed out that that desire or power was really the basis of all human action. He concludes his new volume with the reflection that 'sous le jour de l'idéalisme, le fait

de *se concevoir autre* se montre la forme de toute existence possible.' Throughout he opposes to the ethical sense the spectacular sense. He explains the spectacular sense thus: 'C'est tout plaisir pris à la considération de quelque événement indépendamment de son rapport avec les modes directs de notre sensibilité ou de notre intérêt.'

It is, of course, not possible to treat the subject in detail here. Gaultier begins by criticizing the methods and views of his predecessors. He examines metaphysics and the dualist systems; metaphysics and the monist systems; metaphysics of matter; metaphysics of thought; Berkeley's idealism. He then passes on to idealism and the sensible reality; the extreme logic of idealism. Two fascinating chapters deal respectively with the 'rationalism of illusion,' and 'idealism and science.' Gaultier uses rationalism in the same sense as Kant uses pure reason. Gaultier is worth studying from beginning to end by all students and lovers of philosophy. He seems to get nearer than most to the needs of our own time, to the solving of some of the metaphysical questions that occupy the minds of most serious thinking persons at the present day.

Ellen Key, the distinguished Swedish writer, and author of perhaps the best study of the Brownings that has so far appeared, is equally modern in her philosophical views, and her latest book, 'Der Lebensglaube: Betrachtungen über Gott, Welt und Seele,' will certainly add to her reputation as a thinker. Like Gaultier she is fond of substituting new lamps for old, and the most striking chapter in the book is perhaps that entitled: 'Das Glück

als Pflicht' (Happiness as Duty). She chooses as motto Spinoza's maxim, 'Joy is perfection.' Her arguments are most interesting and convincing: the greater joy we feel, the more perfect are we, the larger share we have in the divine unity; everyone has a right to the happiness he can command, but its worth depends on the kind of happiness he chooses; he who can live in the fullest sense in accordance with his nature, is not only himself the happiest, but also the most useful to others; while unnecessary self-sacrifice is to be avoided—it is absurd to fulfil a duty at the cost of one's own happiness which is not essential for the happiness of another—every true seeker after happiness knows that perfection is not to be attained without suffering, nor progress without sacrifice. When young people ask their elders: What shall we do in order to make ourselves useful? Tell them to be seekers after happiness, for such are the strength, health, and beauty of a nation. And the future of the nation evolves above all from the desire of its youth for happiness; but let them be sure first to seek their own happiness.

For only through his own complete and powerful desire for happiness will a man be filled with sympathy for the unhappiness of others. Only through his own demands for happiness and the satisfaction of those demands does a man know something of the demands of others. Only he to whom it is a delight to satisfy his bodily hunger will satisfy that of others so that they actually have enough. Only he who satisfactorily quenches his own thirst for knowledge will be able to quench that of others so that they are really refreshed. Only he who seeks the sources

of joy to be found in nature and art will delight in rendering it possible to others to experience such delights fully and wholly. Only he who has possessed love with his whole being, or has desired to possess it, will do his utmost to make it possible for other men to realize their love. Only he who unceasingly endeavours to increase his desire for happiness will, when he has to choose between his own happiness and that of the rest of mankind, have the strength to choose the latter.

There is perhaps, it may be objected, nothing very new in all this. But it is set out in an attractive, interesting manner, and engenders thought in those who read it. Other chapters deal with the decay of Christianity; the change in the idea of God; the creed of life; the evolution of the soul through the art of living; eternity or immortality.

Henri Brémont is already known in England by his delightful study of Thomas More. His latest publication is 'Newman; Essai de biographie psychologique,' and we may mention, by the way, that he has in preparation a study of 'George Eliot. Sa vie, son œuvre, et sa doctrine.' A few sentences from the preface will sufficiently show the aim of the book on Newman: 'prédicateur, romancier, controversiste, philosophe, poète.' 'Sauf un chapitre de pure critique littéraire, on n'a pas d'autre objet, dans le présent livre, que d'esquisser le portrait et que de décrire la vie intime de Newman. . . . Il ne s'agit ni de construire ni de discuter une théorie, mais de sonder une âme.' The book consists of an introduction, four parts, and an epilogue. Full honour is paid to Newman as writer and preacher. Brémont observes in the latter con-

nection that there are indications that the French clergy will soon renounce the oratorical formulae on which Christian eloquence has lived so long, and of which it is dying. To guide them in the new way, Brémond continues, to learn how to keep at an equal distance from the ancient and the modern rhetoric, from the academic sermon and the blustering lecture, they can have no better master than Newman. Brémond seals Newman of the company of Bossuet and Bourdaloue. He concludes a very interesting analysis—and, indeed, a very remarkable one as coming from a foreigner—of Newman's prose style with the highest praise of 'cette phrase admirable, fluide comme celle de Renan et de Sainte-Beuve, abondante et harmonieuse comme celle de Malebranche, solide comme celle de Bossuet.' Brémond's work is a study of much originality.

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English history and economics seem to interest foreign authors. Dr. Moritz Julius Bonn has been studying in Ireland the history of the English colonization of Ireland, and finding that Irish history so far was written by poets, fanatics, and party politicians, he has published himself a work in two volumes, 'Die Englische Kolonisation in Irland.' His object is to consider critically the methods of the English colonial policy in Ireland. He begins with the colonization of the Anglo-Normans and ends in 1848. It is a very careful study of the subject, and much information is packed into a small compass. Georges Lecarpentier has made a

study of 'La question agraire d'Ecosse et les Crofters,' which he publishes in the 'Bibliothèque du Musée Social'; and Paul Mantoux, in 'La Révolution Industrielle au XVIII^e Siècle. Essai sur les commencements de la grande industrie moderne en Angleterre,' points out how modern industry was born in England in the last third of the eighteenth century, and traces its rapid growth to its remotest causes.

* * * * *

A complete collection of the letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse to M. Guibert is now available in the 'Correspondance entre Mademoiselle de Lespinasse et le Comte de Guibert publiée pour la première fois d'après le texte original,' by the Comte de Villeneuve-Guibert. It is not a new edition but a first complete edition. The volume forms an indispensable pendant to the Marquis de Ségur's admirable book on Mlle. de Lespinasse, which I mentioned in my last article. All the passages suppressed in the original edition of 1809 are here reproduced, with twenty unpublished letters in addition, and a certain number of letters, also never before published, from M. Guibert to Mlle. de Lespinasse. The book is marred by the absence of both index and table of contents. I cannot here, fascinating as the task would be, criticize the letters. It has been done hundreds of times; I will only say that the unpublished letters still further accentuate the character of Mlle. de Lespinasse, the nature of her relations with Guibert, and the fact that her passion was much stronger than his.

Books about Rousseau are never ceasing, 'ce petit bourgeois qui fit de la botanique et remua le monde.' It seems curious nowadays that anyone should deem it necessary to defend Rousseau, but M. Brédif, the author of 'Du caractère intellectuel et moral de Jean-Jacques Rousseau étudié dans sa vie et ses écrits,' states that we ought to respect him even while blaming him because 'il fut courageux vis-à-vis des hommes dans la pensée de leur être utile.' The book is a sort of biography of Rousseau's soul drawn from the *Emile*, the *Confessions* and the *Correspondence*. It is well done and should prove interesting to those who desire to probe farther into Rousseau's mind and heart, a somewhat thankless and surely a somewhat needless task.

The following recently published books deserve attention:

'Histoire de la Peinture Française au XIX^{me} Siècle, 1801-1900. Par André Fontainas.'

A useful and interesting survey of the subject beginning with Louis David and his time. Ingres and Delacroix are next dealt with, as also the landscape painters from Corot to Daubigny and J. F. Millet. The later painters are described in two chapters, 'Realists and Impressionists' and 'The Last Years of the Nineteenth Century.'

'Les registres de Nicolas IV, 1288-1292. Recueil des Bulles de ce Pape publiées ou analysées d'après le manuscrit original des archives du Vatican. Vol. II. Par Ernest Langlois.'

One of the volumes, indispensable to students of history, published in the 'Bibliothèque des écoles françaises d'Athènes et de

Rome,' under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction. Six works of a similar kind have already been published, and ten others are in course of preparation by competent editors.

'*Mon Ambassade en Allemagne, 1872-73.* With preface and notes by André Dreux.'

The ambassador was the Vicomte de Gontant-Biron, posted at Berlin during a critical and difficult period. The book contains nothing very new, perhaps, but it helps to supplement such works as '*Occupation et libération du territoire,*' published under the care of the Thiers family.

'*Denkwürdigkeiten des Markgrafen Wilhelm von Baden. Vol. I. 1792-1818.* Bearbeiter von Karl Obser.' Published by the Baden Historical Commission.

'*Briefe des Generals der Infanterie von Voigts-Rhetz aus den Kriegsjahren 1866 & 1870-71.*' Edited by his nephew, Dr. A. von Voigt-Rhetz.

The letters were written to his wife. The book, like the two just mentioned, forms a sort of supplement to the study of history on its main lines.

'*La Fondation de l'Empire Allemand (1852-1871).* Par Ernest Denis.'

An attempt, in which on the whole the author is successful, to give a general picture of the life of Germany from 1851 to 1871, taking in all the various sides—political, literary, economic—and thereby indicating the conditions which prepared and determined the formation of German unity.

'*La Littérature Italienne d'aujourd'hui.* Par Maurice Muret.'

A capital guide to a subject of which too little is known outside Italy.

ELIZABETH LEE.

PATRONS AND PROFESSIONAL WRITERS UNDER ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.

The priest unpaide can neither sing nor say,
Nor poets sweetlie write excepte they meete
With sounde rewarde, for sermoning so sweete.¹

THE prevalence of a system of literary patronage has usually coincided with the existence of a despotic or at least highly aristocratic and centralized constitution of society. In such a society alone is the bounty of individual benefactors a necessity. In a community where power and wealth are widely distributed, and literary culture within general reach, there are contrived, almost inevitably, means of rewarding literary genius, based upon the fact of its ability to please large classes of men. Thus Thucydides, to whom the general vote of the Athenian citizens decreed at one time a public gift of £2,400, could afford to be independent of individual benefactors. A more commercial age, like our own, makes even its works of genius articles of merchandise, and substitutes for a gratuitous reward the market value of an edition.

On the other hand, among conditions such as

¹ Lodge: 'A Fig for Momus,' Eclogue III.

prevailed at Alexandria under the early Ptolemies, in Rome under Augustus, and in the Italy of the despots, the patron of literature is a necessity. There we find a comparatively small, wealthy, cultured society, under the leadership of men to whom the gratification of literary tastes is a luxury for which they are willing to pay with munificence. And it must be confessed that in such a society literary genius has flourished at least as well as in communities of more wide-spread culture. The list of writers who profited by the enlightened liberality of such patrons as Ptolemy, Augustus, Maecenas, Messala, Lorenzo de Medici, Alfonso of Naples, and Pope Nicholas V, includes some of the most renowned names in literature.

In England the circle of cultivated aristocrats has at all times been far smaller than in Renaissance Italy, nor have we ever been ruled by a monarch who could compare in taste and liberality with the great Italian humanist princes. The Teutonic custom of befriending and honouring genius in the person of the scôp, was, it is true, handed down to later times by rulers such as Alfred, and Henry Beauclerc; and this was, in the fourteenth century, reinforced by the example of Italy. But the practice was confined, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, to the monarch, the royal family, and some of the greater ecclesiastical dignitaries. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, influenced again, no doubt, by the example of Italy, we find a more general recognition, on the part of the nobility, of their obligations as patrons of literature. But the conditions of society differed widely from those of England

of the fourteenth century or Italy of the fifteenth. New commercial ideals, more widespread education, and the rise of a public—if not literary, at least interested in reading, all tended to disturb the relation between patron and man of letters, hitherto accepted as natural. The reigns of Elizabeth and James mark a gradual disintegration of the aristocratic system of literary patronage, and the beginnings of economic independence on the part of the writer. Like all economic transitions, this was attended with very painful experiences for those concerned—both patrons and protégés. Neither side realized the drift of circumstances, and efforts were aimed at the conservation of a dying system, which, rightly directed, might have facilitated the introduction of the new. We shall find that, all through the Elizabethan period, patronage was regarded as the one goal for the writer; hoped for, struggled after, all the more feverishly, because of a sense of its precariousness.

Moreover, apart from the influence of tradition, it was inevitable that literary production, so far as it existed, should still subsist chiefly upon patronage. Books were only just beginning to be recognized in the world of trade, and, in that age, all that fell outside the sphere of buying and selling at recognized prices was matter of patronage. Patronage ruled in every walk of life. The halls of great men, the courtyards of country gentlemen, the antechambers of the court,¹ were thronged with suitors, pleading for every conceivable kind of gift, from the office of

¹ G. Goodman: 'Court of James I' (ed. 1839), i. 320.

Groom of the Chamber to Her Majesty to the honourable employment of turnspit in a country kitchen. The elaborate mechanism of Civil Service Examinations, promotion by seniority, and registration, which now shields greatness from the unfortunate, was as yet undreamt-of; and the poet who wanted a sinecure or a dedication fee had to urge his claims personally amidst a crowd of rival applicants. No party government stood in need of his services, as in the time of the more fortunate Addison; no host of periodicals opened their pages to his facile productions, as now; he must gain a patron or renounce his profession. Not a single writer who persevered in his vocation was free from obligations to patrons. Again and again they tell us that patronage alone can save, or has saved them from sheer want. Massinger declares that he could not have subsisted without the support of his patrons;¹ Nash openly entreats that some one will find him meat and maintenance, that he may 'play the paper stainer';² Lodge depicts a recognized type in his portrait of the unfortunate poet, driven by lack of patronage to forsake poetry for the plough.³

The old form of patronage, as experienced by Chaucer and Gower, was a substantial and satisfactory thing. It provided a sufficient income and permanent connection with an exalted family, ensuring protection and affording prestige. It de-

¹ 'Maid of Honour' (Ded.).

² 'Have with you to Saffron Walden.' 'Works' (ed. Grosart), iii. 42.

³ 'Fig for Momus,' Ecl. iii.

manded in return the production of literary works of interest and artistic value, with, possibly, the performance of some few more or less routine or occasional duties, not infrequently delegated. The writer himself was an honoured servant, regarded as reflecting glory upon his patron, and providing for him the highest form of refined pleasure. If the poet ever had to ask, he asked as one possessing a claim; if he suffered vicissitudes, it was that he shared those of his patron.

Times had changed, however, as even Skelton had had to realize, half a century earlier. In Elizabethan days it is rare to find the tie between patron and protégé so close and permanent. The names of those writers who were so fortunate as to meet with lifelong patronage are few indeed: Ascham, Daniel, Jonson—it is doubtful whether another could be found. Even in the case of these favoured three there are signs enough that their needs were but inadequately met. Ascham, in a suit to the queen the year before his death, asks no more than to be enabled to leave £20 a year to each of his two sons, ‘Which,’ he declares, ‘will satisfy my desire, although as small a portion as ever secretary to a prince left behind him.’¹ Jonson was driven more than once to sell part of his library, and grieves that his fortune humbles him to accept even the smallest courtesies with gratitude.² By far the most fortunate seems to have been Samuel Daniel. He finds no more serious complaint to make than that, being employed as a tutor, he is ‘constrained to live with

¹ ‘Cal. State Papers,’ Dom. Add., pt. 41. Oct. 10, 1567.

² ‘To Sackville.’ Underwoods.

children,' when he should be writing 'the actions of *men.*'¹

The most enlightened and generous patrons of literature known to us were various noble men and women who group themselves around the central figure of Sir Philip Sidney. Though a poor man, Sidney was a devoted lover of the beautiful, and a true friend to the literary artist. Men of letters had special reason to share the almost idolatrous feeling with which he was regarded by his contemporaries. He is honoured with gratitude by nearly every writer of the times, and held up to public view as the ideal patron. Nash gave utterance to the general sentiment when he penned the following lament:

'Gentle Sir Philip Sidney, thou knewest what belonged to a Scholler, thou knewest what paines, what toile, what travell, conduct to perfection: wel couldst thou give every virtue his encouragement, every Art his due, every writer his desert, cause none more virtuous, witty, or learned than thyselfe. But thou art dead in thy grave, and hast left too few successors of thy glory, too few to cherish the Sonn of the Muses, or water those budding hopes with their plentie, which thy bountie erst planted.'²

Philip's sister Mary, the wife of W. Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, shared his tastes, and continued, as far as possible, the patronage of his many literary protégés after his early death. Spenser dedicated to her one of the sonnets prefixed to his 'Faery Queene'; Breton expresses passionate devotion to

¹ From a letter to Lord Keeper Egerton, prefixed to a presentation folio of Daniel's works, 1601. See Grosart's ed., i, 10.

² 'Pierce Penilesse,' 1592. Works, ii. 12.

her for having succoured him when in distress; ¹ Daniel acknowledges that she 'first encouraged and framed' him to the service of the Muses, ² and urged him to the choice of higher themes; Abraham Fraunce wrote two poems for her; ³ Nash praises her without stint. ⁴ She was evidently, like her brother, a genuine friend to literary art.

Her son, William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, inherited the tastes of his mother and uncle. He was educated in the love of poetry by his mother's wise choice of Samuel Daniel as his tutor; and many literary men later on owed him gratitude for kindnesses. The poet William Browne lived with him at Wilton; he befriended George Herbert and the dramatist Massinger; John Florio was 'under heavy obligations to him'; Davison, Chapman, Breton, and John Taylor dedicated works to him; Donne was his intimate friend. But the most interesting fact in connection with him is his relation to Shakespeare. To him and his brother Philip was dedicated the famous First Folio of 1623, and he is stated by the editors to have 'prosecuted both them (*i.e.*, the works) and their author with much favour'! On this statement has been based a further conjecture that this same William Herbert is the celebrated 'Mr. W. H.' to whom the Sonnets were dedicated—a conjecture not yet completely abandoned. He was of a most generous and attractive nature, like his uncle, as is shown by

¹ 'Pilgrimage to Paradise,' 1592 (Ded.).

² 'Defence of Rime,' 1609. Ded. to Earl of Pembroke.

³ The Countess of Pembroke's 'Ivychurch' and 'Emanuel.'

⁴ Preface to 'Astrophel and Stella,' 1591.

the following passage in a contemporary private letter: 'My Lord of Pembroke did a most noble act, like himself; for the king having given him all Sir Gervase Elwaies estate, which came to above £1,000 per annum, he freely bestowed it on the widow and her children.'¹ Every New Year's Day the Earl used to send Ben Jonson £20 to buy books.²

Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland, Sidney's daughter, does not seem to have inherited much of his interest in literature. At any rate, though she befriended Jonson, he does not appear enthusiastic about her as a patroness of the arts. He makes appeal to her noble father's memory to stimulate her zeal for letters, reminding her that it would be a sin against her 'great father's spirit' did she not inherit his love unto the Muses.³

Sidney's uncle, the famous Earl of Leicester, was a generous patron of scholars—though preferring those of learned rather than of artistic bent, and especially favouring Puritanical writers. He was friendly to Roger Ascham, whose son Dudley was Leicester's godson; and we are told that many persons were enabled by his generosity to pursue their studies. Works were dedicated to him by Greene, Florio, Edward Hake, and Spenser.⁴ A particular interest, that of mystery, attaches to Leicester's relations with Spenser, as hinted at in the enigmatic dedica-

¹ James Howell: 'Letters,' March 1, 1618.

² Masson: 'Drummond of Hawthornden,' p. 100.

³ 'To Eliz. Countess of Rutland' ('The Forest').

⁴ Greene's 'Planetomachia,' 1585; Florio's 'First Fruites,' 1598; Hake's 'News out of Poules Churchyarde'; Spenser's 'Vergil's Gnat,' publ. 1595, 'long since dedicated.'

tion of the translation of 'Virgil's Gnat' to the great nobleman. The little gnat, eager to save the life of a sleeping husbandman, towards whom a 'hideous snake' is making its way, makes use of his only means, his little sting, to awaken the sleeper—and is brushed aside and slain by his first hasty movement. The husbandman is Leicester, the gnat is his humble friend Spenser, who thus allegorically alludes to their relations:

Wrong'd yet not daring to expresse my paine,

To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,

In cloudie teares my case I thus complaine

Unto yourselfe, that onely privie are.

But if that any Oedipus unaware

Shall chaunce, through power of some divining spright

To reade the secret of this riddle rare,

And know the purport of my evil plight

Let him rest pleased with his own insight.

.

But whatso by myselfe may not be shoven,

May by this gnat's complaint be easily knowen.

In the latter part of the poem the ghost of the gnat appears to the husbandman, and reproaches him for the death, which has exiled him from all joy into the 'waste wilderness' of Hades.

Is Spenser referring to his own exile, far from all the joys of cultivated society, in Irish wilds? Was the patronage of Leicester, which sent the poet to Ireland, as secretary to Lord Grey, in reality a convenient mode of freeing himself from a man to whom he owed too much? The riddle is still undeciphered.

Elizabeth's other chief favourite, the Earl of

Essex, was also the recipient of many dedications, and much eulogy from literary men. He was himself something of a poet, a masque-writer, and an artist. It was he who took upon himself the cost of Spenser's funeral; and he was intimate with the Earl of Southampton, Shakespere's friend and patron.

Southampton was probably, after Sidney, the most discerning and generous of all the aristocratic patrons of literature at the opening of the seventeenth century. He was devoted to the drama; at one time, when in disgrace, filling his abundant leisure by 'going to plays nearly every day.' He was a generous friend to Nash, Barnabe Barnes, Markham, Florio, Minshew, and Daniel; and he is eulogized by innumerable writers, including Chapman, Sylvester, Wither, Brathwaite, Sir J. Beaumont and Henry Lok. His relations with Shakespere must have been intimate; there is a perceptible difference of tone between the two dedications (of 'Venus and Adonis' and of 'Lucrece') addressed to him by the great poet; the later of the two clearly expressing not so much gratitude as personal affection. It is most probable that he, and not Pembroke, is the friend who is addressed in the sonnets.

Other noble benefactors must be passed over lightly. Most famous is Lucy, Countess of Bedford, the literary daughter of a literary father, Sir John Harington. During the reign of James I she was the favourite patroness of the literary world, generously helpful to many, and receiving from writers of acknowledged prominence, such as Dray-

ton, Daniel, Jonson, Chapman, and John Davies of Hereford, grateful praises. Donne addressed several of his most beautiful and sincere poems to her. She seems to have been peculiarly happy in her choice of men of real genius as protégés. Another patroness was Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, who engaged Daniel as tutor to her daughter, Lady Anne Clifford, and accepted the dedication of a poem by Spenser; and the Elizabeth Careys, mother and daughter, with whom Spenser claimed relationship in the dedication of his poem 'Muiopotmos,' and to whom Nash twice acknowledges his great indebtedness.¹

It cannot have escaped notice that all these patrons have many protégés; and it will be surmised that, this being the case, their patronage was probably occasional rather than permanent, and limited in amount.

A frequent form of patronage was the bestowal of an annuity, large or small. Jonson had from the Crown an annuity of 100 marks, raised at his own request to £100. Prince Henry gave Michael Drayton a pension of £10, and Joshua Sylvester one of £20. It need hardly be pointed out that, even for the barest subsistence (except in Jonson's case) these annuities could only serve to supplement some other income.

Maintenance at the University was a form of bounty bestowed by many benefactors upon promising youths. It was an old practice, dating from mediaeval University customs, when scholars for

¹ 'Terrors of the Night' (Dedication, 1594). 'Christ's Tears' (Dedication, 1593).

the greater part lived upon charity, and when it was a work of piety to bestow upon a talented youth the training which might fit him for holy orders. Camden, and Speght, and many more were thus indebted to private benefactors for their University training. It was not, however, the invariable rule that such patronage was followed up by adequate help later on.

The least burdensome method of bestowing patronage was to confer upon the protégé some official appointment. Spenser, for example, was made secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, and later on a clerk in the Irish Court of Chancery, and to the Council of Munster. Whether such appointments were likely to aid or to thwart the poet in his chief pursuit seems to have been a question rarely considered even in earlier days; in Spenser's case it can hardly be doubted that, though they may for a time have freed him from sordid cares, they seriously encroached upon his leisure. If the duties of the post could be fulfilled by delegation, the evil was, of course, avoided.

Few generous-minded persons would now care to adopt a method of benefaction which appears in the sixteenth century to have been amongst the most frequent—viz., that of affording hospitality to the author. Nash was by no means a tactful or delicate-minded man, yet he was probably housed for some considerable time by the generous Careys.¹ It is to be hoped that they met with some recompense in the caustic wit of his conversation. John

¹ See his reference to them in 'Terrors of Night,' dedication and opening paragraph.

Donne, with his whole family, was hospitably entertained for five years by Sir Robert Drury. Even the dogmatic, arrogant Ben Jonson lived as the guest of Esmé Stuart, Lord d'Aubigny, also for five years. Spenser, too, was certainly at one time the guest of the Earl of Leicester—for how long a period is not known.

Other patrons would bestow gifts of money, varying in amount. King Charles—not usually very generous to literary men, once gave Jonson a present of £100; and Mr. Sidney Lee accepts as trustworthy the anecdote related by N. Rowe, that the Earl of Southampton upon one occasion gave to Shakespere the munificent sum of £1,000.

One fact emerges clearly as the result of study of this period. However widespread was the habit of patronizing men of letters, the bounty provided did not nearly suffice for the existing writers. It reached very few in sufficient amount to satisfy either their expectations or their needs. Nor do the writers scruple to express their discontent. The most outspoken are Nash—who never minced his words—and the writer of the 'Pilgrimage to Parnassus' (1597). Nash describes his fruitless efforts to court patronage by his writings. 'All in vaine I sate up late and rose early, contended with the colde and conversed with scarcitie; for all my labours turned to loss, my vulgar muse was despised and neglected, my paines not regarded, or slightly rewarded, and I myselfe (in prime of my best wit) laid open to povertie. Whereupon . . . I accused my fortune, railed on my patrons . . .¹' The unfortunate poet

¹ 'Piers Peniles.' Grosart, Works, ii, 9.

in the 'Pilgrimage to Parnassus,' spent many years in study, looking still to meeting with 'some good Mecaenas that liberalie would rewarde'; but alas! so long did he feed on hope that he well-nigh starved!¹

Why was this bitter experience so common? Daniel attributes it, not to indifference, but to the barriers between the great and their inferiors in station, which keep from them the knowledge of the need for their bounty.

For would they but be pleased to know, how small
 A portion of that overflowing waste
 Which runs from them, would turn the wheels, and all
 The frame of wit, to make their glory last,
 I think they would do something; but the stir
 Still about greatness, gives it not the space
 To look out from itself, or to confer
 Grace but by chance, and as men are in place.²

Daniel speaks charitably. He had indeed himself much cause for gratitude. Others might have spoken as charitably had they realized the facts,—that the demands made upon patronage were too heavy to be met. The system was breaking down under the stress of changed conditions. In olden times, if patrons were few, so also were writers. Moreover there was then absolutely no resource for the would-be writer but patronage or the monastery; failing these a man had to give up the attempt to live the literary life. In the days of Elizabeth and James I,

¹ 'Pilgrimage to Parnassus,' ed. Mackay, p. 20.

² Verses to J. Florio, 1611, prefixed to 'Queen Anne's New World of Words.'

on the other hand, while the latter of these refuges had disappeared, thus leaving patronage to bear an additional burden, other circumstances, newly arisen, tended to increase the number of professional writers beyond the old limits. The growing accessibility of books fostered literary studies and ambitions; the changes taking place in education tended to give more prominence to the Humanities; and further, the fashionable Court interest in literature, and the general popularity of poetry and of drama, seemed to open out alluring prospects of fame and profit to writers.

Hence the class of professional writers increased out of proportion to the class amongst whom patrons were to be found. The only persons who regarded very seriously their obligations as patrons of the literary man were the higher nobility, and the older country gentry. But these were neither very wealthy nor very numerous, and were heavily burdened by increased expenditure due to social conditions. On the other hand, the wealthy *nouveaux-riches* either held such obligations lightly, or held views which rendered them indifferent altogether to *belles lettres*.

Hence, inevitably, changed relations between patron and protégé. Of old, a talented youth would be educated by his natural protector, the great man of his birthplace, and, later on, fostered and encouraged by him in literary production. The return to be made for this beneficence was simply the creation of learned work for the gratification of his patron's immediate circle of friends. Now, he had become merely an unattached suitor, with few or no special claims, striving amidst a crowd of others

to snatch for himself a share of the bounty which not all could possibly obtain. He had to live in the midst of perpetual rivalry; he must for ever be striving to bid higher than his fellows. Literary productions become, not a graceful and natural outcome of favourable circumstances contrived by his patron; but eager bids for bounty by the needy. If he is so fortunate as to be able to give thanks for favours received, beneath the gratitude can constantly be detected craven fear lest no more should be forthcoming. The reader is saddened by the inevitable prominence given, in dedications, to the patron's charity, rather than to his taste or judgement. In this, again, Nash is a most shameless offender; see his reason for eulogizing Mistress Elizabeth Carey:¹—'Divine lady, you I must and will memorize more especially, for you recompense learning extraordinarily.'

The bait which the writer holds out is public eulogy. Under earlier conditions of patronage there had been but small occasion for this. A gracefully turned compliment, a promise of lasting remembrance, the choice, as subject for imaginative treatment, of some incident connected with the patron,—this was all that was required. The work itself was sufficient return for benefits received; and the fact that manuscript copies were necessarily few and expensive rendered it impossible to advertise to a world of outsiders the beneficence of the patron. But in the Elizabethan age the poet's work most frequently owned no natural patron; the patron himself had still to be attracted by artificial means.

¹ Dedication, 'Christ's Tears,' 1593.

He must be bribed by the offer of widespread fame, must be extolled for virtues raising him above the common run of benefactors. Hence extravagance of eulogy; hence servile humility in the writer. If any one should care to know to what lengths of exaggerated praise a man of genius could be carried in his desire to earn a patron's good will, let him study the verses addressed by John Donne to the bereaved father of Mistress Elizabeth Drury, a girl of fifteen, and probably unknown to Donne. Transfigured though they are by imaginative power, they yet betray unmistakable signs of the effort to bid high. The verses reached their mark, and Donne became for many years the intimate friend and dependant of the wealthy Mr. Drury.

Further evidence is afforded of the casual nature of the bond between patron and writer, when a still greater poet, Spenser, is found to have written his beautiful but conventional lament 'Daphnaïda,' on a lady whom he had never seen! How different are these two eulogistic mourning poems from Chaucer's simple, touching lament for the death of his patron's wife, Blanche the Duchess! He had known and loved the beautiful, gracious woman whom he honoured in his poem; and his verses, artistically equalled by Donne's and Spenser's, carry off the palm because of their sincerity.

To the student of the inner history of the lives of professional writers in this age, nothing is more saddening than such proofs of the loosening of the personal bond between patron and poet. Many dedications are obviously addressed to complete strangers; more to men whose acceptance of the

dedication is clearly the utmost that the writer ventures to hope for. Amongst the most pathetic, with its implied reproach to the man on whom the writer conceived he had natural claims, is Philip Massinger's to Charles, Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke.

'However I could never arrive at the happiness to be made known to your lordship, yet a desire, born with me, to make a tender of all duties and service to the noble family of the Herberts, descends to me as an inheritance from my dead father Philip Massinger. . . .'¹

It is a sure sign of the lack of effective patronage, when an author dedicates his works to a great variety of patrons. Thus poor Robert Greene has not less than sixteen different patrons for seventeen books. Nash's one brief period of comparative prosperity is marked by the dedication of two successive books² to his generous friends the Careys: his friendlessness is shown by the variety of his other dedications.

Of course, few dedications were in themselves adequate to attract more than a passing charity. A man could not hope for life-long recognition on the strength of an extravagant compliment at the head of a literary trifle. Therefore dedications were not relied upon to do more than procure a sum of money, varying according to the means and disposition of the dedicatee, and his estimate of the work. They might sometimes induce a man of rank to use his

¹ Dedication of 'The Bondman,' 1623. His father's real name was Arthur; in 1624 edition (Bodleian) it is given as 'Arthur.'

² 'Christ's Tears over Jerusalem,' 1593; 'Terrors of the Night,' 1594.

influence in obtaining for the writer some unimportant post: but as such posts were nearly always bestowed simply 'in reversion,' the applicant often preferred a prompt money reward. The uncertain value of such reversions is painfully illustrated by the life-long waiting of the unfortunate John Lyly for the office of Master of the Revels, the holder of which persisted in outliving him. In vain the unlucky writer pleaded for something more substantial,—'some lande, some good fines or forfeitures . . . that seeing nothing will come by the Revells, I may pray (*i.e.* prey) uppon the Rebells. Thirteene yeares your highness' servant, but yet nothing . . . a thousand hopes, but all nothing, a hundred promises but yet nothing . . . my last will is shorter than myne invencion: but three legacies, patience to my creditors, melancholie without measure to my friends, and beggerie without shame to my family.'¹ A humbler instance of the futility of many bits of patronage is afforded by the following letter from Christopher Ocland to Sir Julius Caesar (13th Sept., 1589). Incidentally it throws interesting light upon methods sometimes employed for filling positions under Government:

'I made a book of late in English and did for some especiall causes dedicate the same to my Lorde of Warwicke. I was in consideration of the same to see about the Tower and St. Katherine's for a gunner's roome (*i.e.* a post as gunner) in the Tower (for they be of my Lord of Warwicke's being Master of the Ordnance' gifte) and to finde out a man meete for the same who might give me some

¹ E. Arber: 'Euphues,' Introduction, p. 10.

competent piece of money, and my said Lorde wolde for my sake bestow the same roome upon him. Whilst I seeke this, fifteen or more days be spent, and the time lost. . . . I shall have money for the same gunner's roome at Easter next, and a yeare hence. So frustrate of my purpose I fall into want . . . such is my ill hap and fortune.'¹

A money fee was, then, in most cases preferable, and more usual. It was the sixteenth-century substitute, not so much for genuine patronage, as for the chance charity afforded in mediaeval times to the poor University scholar. The scholar was always poor, and lived as a matter of course upon charity—either that of the individual or of the public in general.

Al that he myghte of his frendes hente
On bookes and on his lernynge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that gaf him wherewith to scoleye.²

The Elizabethan literary man, unlike Chaucer's Scholar, did little praying for souls; but on the other hand he received readily all gifts that fell in his way. The usual fee paid for the dedication of a drama was forty shillings;³ but far smaller sums, as low even as half-a-crown, were thankfully received.

There is no evidence of much desire for dedi-

¹ Camd. Soc., vol. 23, p. 71.

² Chaucer: 'Canterbury Tales,' Prol. 299-302.

³ N. Field: Dedication of 'A Woman is a Weathercock,' 1612. The sum was probably equal to £10 or £12 present money.

cations amongst the wealthy; the supply clearly exceeded the demand. In this, if in nothing else, the sixteenth-century writer was less fortunate than his successor in the later seventeenth century. Then, the universal fashion in the upper classes of parading literary taste and generosity, produced a considerable demand for dedications—so much so that writers were known to pen a dedication, hawk it round to get the highest offer possible, and then write the book as a mere appendage to it.

It is to be noted that the approbation of a great man had a value not to be measured by the bounty actually bestowed upon the writer. Its indirect effect upon the general public was at least equally important. Jonson, pleasing himself by anticipating the acceptance of his verses by Lord Digby, already in imagination sees the public clamouring for copies:

. . . O, what a fame 'twill be,
What reputation to my lines and me!
. . . What copies shall be had,
What transcripts begged!
Being sent to one they will be read of all.¹

It is this consciousness of the power of aristocratic example that causes S. Daniel to make dignified appeal to the

. . . mightie Lords, that with respected grace
Doe at the sterne of faire example stand.

He urges them to 'holde up disgraced knowledge

¹ To Lady Digby Underwoods.

from the ground.' Alas! he is constrained sadly to confess

. . . the small respect
That these great-seeming best of men do give.
(Whose brow begets the inferior sort's neglect.)¹

Some of these great-seeming ones were so fully conscious of the value of their smile, that they considered the unfortunate author amply rewarded by the mere acceptance of a dedication. But, indeed, such acceptance was by no means, in all cases, the simple thing it would appear. Patrons occasionally realized, to their cost, that certain obligations entailed by patronage were not so easily evaded as the money one. Slight as the bond between patron and author had now usually become, the old tradition as to the responsibility of the great lord for his dependants still held sway. The later sixteenth century was a suspicious age, as will be shown later on; and authors relied upon the protection of a powerful patron as a sufficient answer to accusations political or moral. Spenser, dedicating 'Colin Clout' to Raleigh, entreats him to protect it with his good countenance 'against the malice of evil mouths which are always wide open to carp at and misconstrue my simple meaning.' Lodge dare not expose his poems to the ill-will of the world 'except they were graced with some noble and worthy patron.'² Edward Hake, when dedicating to Leicester his 'News out of Paul's Churchyard,' evidently has in view particularly the powerful

¹ 'Musophilus,' 313-19; 659-61.

² 'Fig for Momus'; dedicated to Earl of Derby.

protection thus procured for his book, 'beset with deadly hate.'

This was all very well so long as suspicion did not emanate from, or take root in high places: but occasionally patrons were called upon to face their responsibilities in somewhat serious fashion. If writers sometimes suffered from an unlucky chance allusion to the suspected favourite Essex, Essex himself had at times reason to wish himself less popular with writers. Here is an interesting letter relating a bit of Court scandal in 1595, exalted names being represented by cyphers:

My Lord,

Upon Monday last, 1500 (Q. Elizabeth) shewed 1000 (E. of Essex) a printed book of t—t, Title to a—a. In yt there is, as I here, dangerous praises of 1000, of his Valour and Worthyness, which doth hym harm here. At his coming from Court he was observed to look wan and pale, being exceedingly troubled at this great piece of villanie done unto hym. . . . The book I spake of is dedicated to my Lord Essex, and printed beyond sea, and 'tis thought to be Treason to have it. To wryte of these things are dangerous in so perillous a tyme, but I hope it will be no offence to impart unto you th' actions of this place.¹

Another mischief-making dedication to Essex is noted in March, 1559, in the correspondence of J. Chamberlain.²

Possibly in both these cases Essex was perfectly innocent and had not even seen the objectionable

¹ Letter from Roland Whyte to Sir R. Sidney, 25th Nov., 1595. Collins: 'Sidney Papers,' i, 357.

² Haywards' 'History of Henry IV.'

works. But the Earl of Devonshire found difficulty in disentangling himself from the difficulties in which Daniel, his protégé, had involved him by the acting of his play, 'Philotas' (1604). Malicious persons persuaded the authorities that it bore some reference to the unfortunate Earl of Essex (executed in 1601), and Daniel seems to have tried to prove his innocence by asserting his patron's approbation of the piece. The Earl, having been implicated with Essex, was sensitive, and remonstrated, and Daniel wrote to excuse himself. 'I said I had read some part of it to your honour, and this I said, having none else of power to grace me now in Court, and hoping that you out of your knowledge of books, or favour of letters, and me, might answer that there is nothing in it disagreeing, nor anything, as I proteste there is not, but out of the universal notions of ambition and envy, the perpetual arguments of books and tragedies. I did not say that you encouraged me unto the presenting of it (*i.e.*, on the stage); if I should I had been a villain, for that when I showed it to your honour I was not resolved to have it acted. . . .'¹ It is pleasant to know that between them the culprits must have satisfied the authorities, for 'Philotas' was published in 1605, the following year.

The unfortunate effects of the gradual breaking-up of the old system of patronage are but too patent. The uncertainty of the relation bred uneasiness and discontent. These feelings might be absent in the case of a man in Daniel's position, conscious of feeling and of inspiring genuine respect and confidence.

¹ Quoted by Grosart: Daniel's 'Works,' i, 23.

They are absent, too, in Shakespeare's case. His relations with Southampton, beginning with an ordinary dedication expressive of admiration and hope, ripened very rapidly into the affectionate intimacy which is the theme of his second dedication; and the worshipping love expressed in the Sonnets. There could be no question here of the relation of patron and dependant. The gratitude Shakespeare utters is for affection, not for a patron's benefits; what he asks for and offers is love—not bounty and praise. Jonson also betrays very little sense of holding an uncertain, difficult position. This is due, partly to the consciousness of his greatness, partly also, however, to a certain lack of sensitiveness. He never shrank from asking, because he felt he deserved, and because no delicacy of feeling checked him. Hence he boldly writes his 'Epistle Mendicant,' calling upon the Lord High Treasurer to note that it is 'no less renown' to relieve 'a bedrid wit, than a besieged town.' He feels it no dishonour, but a natural thing to send to King Charles 'The Humble Petition of Poor Ben,' that his pension of 100 marks may be increased to pounds.

But even Jonson takes pride in declaring that, though he accepts, he *chooses* from whom he will accept;¹ and to natures of finer fibre the necessity of asking was very bitter. Spenser was fortunately spared, for the most part, this unpleasing task; but he incurred the keenest humiliation of his life when, following Raleigh's advice, he went to lay his 'Faery Queene' before Elizabeth. Other men might prowl in antechambers day after day in the hopes

¹ To Sackville 'Underwoods.'

of snatching a little 'court holy water'—*he* has left upon record the bitterest words ever uttered by a suitor at Elizabeth's Court:

Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
 Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywist,
 That few have found, and manie one hath mist!
 Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
 What hell it is in suing long to bide:
 To lose good dayes that might be better spent:
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent:
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
 To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;
 To have thy asking, yet wait manie yeeres;
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
 To eat thy heart through comfortless despair;
 To fawne, to crouch, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
 Unhappy wight, borne to disastrous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend!¹

Such experiences—and it must be remembered that they were the ordinary lot of the literary man—were indeed embittering. John Lyly's despairing appeal to his Royal Mistress has been noted; Nash gives us in detail a picture of the galling treatment experienced by those poets who addressed them—

¹ 'Mother Hubbard's Tale,' ll. 891-908; (Pr. 1591). Perhaps Sidney's unfailing sympathy for the struggling man of letters was to some extent prompted by his own experiences. He, too, knew the bitterness of asking, and asking in vain, for much needed help. There is extant a pathetic letter from him beseeching Sir Charles Hatton to befriend him in a suit to Her Majesty. He hopes Hatton's good services will prevail, but if not, adds Sidney with reluctance, 'I will even shamelessly once in my life bring it to Her Majesty myself: need obeys no law!' (13th Nov., 1581.)

selves to patrons of lower rank. Nash is not thin-skinned; we feel that he would put up with the insults were bounty forthcoming; but contemptuous niggardliness arouses his ire:

‘Alas, it is an easie matter for a goodlie tall fellow that shineth in his silkes, to come and outface a poor simple pedant in a thredbare cloke, and tell him his booke is pretty, but at this time he is not provided for him: marrie, about two or three daies hence if he come that waie, his page shall say that he is not within, or else he is so busy with my Lord How-shall-ye-call-him . . . that he may not be spoken withal. These are the common courses of the world . . . Give . . . a dog but a bone, and he’ll wag his tayle; but give me one of my young masters a booke, and he will put off his hat and blush and so go his waie . . . I know him that had thanks for three years’ work . . . We want an Aretine amongst us that might strip these golden asses.’¹

Lucky, indeed, was Camden, who, more fortunate even than Daniel in having been early placed in a permanent position of independence, could say to Usher:—‘I never made suit to any man, no, not to His Majesty, but for a matter of course incident to my place; neither, God be praised, I needed; having gathered a contented sufficiency by my long labours in the school.’²

Sordid rivalry among authors was the inevitable consequence of the struggle for favour. Daniel, in his noble poem, ‘Musophilus,’ devotes a passage to

¹ ‘Piers Penniles,’ 1592. Grosart: ‘Works,’ ii, p. 130.

² Quoted, D. N. B.

lamenting the undignified competition for patronage. Because the number of writers has grown so great that there is not room for all, they 'kick and thrust and shoulder,' and quarrel 'like scolding wives.' Nicholas Breton expresses the matter in still more homely fashion, in his wish that—

. . . all scholars should be friends,
And Poets not to brawle for puddings' ends.¹

Jonson, with his Court pension, his reputation as masque writer, and his many noble patrons, was a great mark for envy. Nor was he at all grieved by this; in fact, he boasts of it, and uses it as an argument when asking for 'more,'² but he was not himself above envying others. He told Drummond that Samuel Daniel 'was at jealousies with him,' but the feeling seems to have been chiefly on his own side. He called Daniel 'no poet,' he parodied his verses, and he could not refrain from a somewhat childish expression of his annoyance that Daniel should be befriended by the Duchess of Bedford, and be regarded as 'a better verser . . . or poet . . . in the court account,' than himself.³

Nor was Shakspeare, in spite of the tie of strong personal affection which bound him to his patron, free from the literary rivalry which dogged the footsteps of all Elizabethan writers. One poet, at least, seems to have succeeded in stealing from him, by 'the proud full sail of his great verse,' some of

¹ 'No Whipping but a tripping.' Breton. In works, ed. Grosart, i. xxxiv.

² 'Humble Petition of Poor Ben.' Underwoods.

³ To Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland. 'The Forest,' 1616.

his patron's favour; Shakespere was blamed for being less assiduous in eulogy. The greater poet was not above the retort that at least his silence did no harm, whereas the words of others brought 'a tomb' where they were intended to 'give life.' But he betrays sensitiveness under this painful rivalry, beseeching his patron friend to judge 'who it is that says most.' Let others, he pleads, be esteemed for their 'gross painting,' their 'precious phrase,' their 'breath of words'; *he* would be valued for his 'dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.'¹

Amongst other evils entailed upon self-respecting writers by their dependence upon patronage was the inevitable accusation of 'mercenary flattery,' and 'fawning eloquence.' Nor are many of them to be wholly acquitted. When a man so highly placed as Francis Bacon is to be found soliciting from His Majesty a theme for treatment, with the remark:—'I should with more alacrity embrace your Majesty's direction than my own choice,'² we cannot be surprised that meaner writers should at times display servility. Even a writer so high-minded as Massinger apologized for his theme on the ground that his own 'low fortune' prevented his refusing 'what by his patron he was called unto.'³ From Churchyard, as later passages will show, we need not look for much self-respect, but the following shows him, though a writer of some repute in his own day, fallen beneath contempt. He is dedicating to Sir Walter Raleigh,

¹ Sonnets LXXXII-LXXXVI.

² 'Works,' ed. Spedding, 1874, xiv, 358. (20th March, 1620.

³ 'A Very Woman.' Prologue.

and conscious of having shown some servility, thus seeks to justify himself. 'And if the world say . . . I show a kind of adulation, to fawn for favour on those that are happy; I answer that it is a point of wisdom, which my betters have taught me . . . I take an example from the fish that follows the stream.'¹ After such an instance of moral debasement may perhaps fitly follow a reference to the dedication in which James I shows, on the other hand, his sense of his own exalted position. It being impossible for *him* to assume the properly humble attitude of a dedicator to any human being, he actually wrote the following irreverent and bombastic dedication: 'To the Honour of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father, the only *θεάνθρωπος*, Mediator, and Reconciler of mankind. In sign of thankfulness, His most Humble and most obliged servant James, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, doth dedicate and consecrate this his Declaration.'²

On the other hand, as the dedicator tended to fall into servile flattery, so, if he escaped this snare, was he liable to fall into another, that of impudence and shameless effrontery. Dekker points out that authors will without blushing claim acquaintance with men as patrons whom they scarcely know.³ A most flagrant instance of this is familiar to all, in

¹ 'A spark of Friendship,' 1588. Harleian Miscell., Series I, vol. iii, p. 248.

² 'Answer to the work of Conrad Vorstius on the Nature and Attributes of God.' Folio works, 1616.

³ 'News from Hell,' ed. 1606. Grosart: 'Works,' ii. (Dedication.)

the case of Stephen Gosson's impudent unauthorized dedication to Sir Philip Sidney of his attack upon poets and others in the 'Schoole of Abuse'—a piece of impertinence for which, as Gabriel Harvey declares, he 'was for his labour scorned.'¹ It is not perhaps so generally known that, in the year of Sidney's death, he doubled his effrontery by dedicating to the same lover of art another work in which he rendered thanks for the protection which Sidney's name had afforded to the earlier one!¹

Happily there were men who rose superior to these temptations. When we find a writer like Heywood, again and again, making of his dedication 'a due acknowledgement, without the sordid expectation of reward, or servile imputation of flattery';² we welcome the proof that he, at least, preserves the true poet's self-respect. Wither dedicated his 'Shepherd's Hunting,' to all the 'known and unknown sympathisers' who had felt for him during his imprisonment; and we honour the manly lines in which he says:

I have no minde to flatter; though I might
Be made some Lord's companion, or a Knight.
Nor shall my verse for me on begging goe,
Though I might starve, unlesse it did doe so.
. . . Oh! how I scorne
Those Raptures, which are free and nobly borne
Should Fidler-like, for entertainment scrape
At strangers' windows, and goe play the ape
In counterfeiting Passion when there's none.³

¹ 'Ephemerides of Phialo,' 1579. (Dedication.)

² Preface to 'The Fair Maid of the West.'

³ Wither's motto—*Nec habeo*. 1621.

His words suggest, what is only too true, that men of weak principle were betrayed by their necessities into even worse than servility—into a deliberate hypocrisy, a degraded pandering to the unworthy. That this was so is clear from the satiric portrait of the poet given in the ‘Pilgrimage to Parnassus.’ Draining his inspiration from the pint-pot, he exclaims: ‘Nowe I am fitt to write a book! Would anie leaden Mydas, anie mossie patron, have his asse’s ears deified, let him but come and give me some prettie sprinkling to maintaine the expenses of my throate, and I’ll drop out such an enconium on him that shall immortalize him as long as there is ever a booke-binder in Englande.’¹ It is by no means certain that Nash in his necessities was fettered by very high principles; evidently bounty is the one passport to his praises. If any Maecenas will bind Nash to him by his bounty, then will the writer ‘doe him as much honour’ as any poet ‘of his beardless years’ in England.² It is, perhaps, only fair, however, to interpret these and such like reckless utterances in the light of his evidently genuine devotion to art, as shown in other passages of his work.

The more scrupulous writers did their utmost to avoid the slightest imputation of fawning servility. They chose for patrons of their works personages of no particular public reputation; they dedicated to personal friends and benefactors, as thank-offering, not as bait; and they protested against the

¹ ‘Pilgrimage to Parnassus,’ c. 1600, ed. Mackay, p. 6. Is this a satire on Nash himself? See the ensuing quotation.

² ‘Piers Penniles,’ 1592. ‘Works,’ ed. Grosart, ii, 64.

undue servility of their less worthy fellows, by a courteous insistence upon the value of their offerings. Daniel writes to his patrons as to equals.¹ Chapman assures Sir Thomas Howard that the work he presents to him contains matter no less worthy the reading than any others recently favoured by great nobles;² and Webster, in dedicating the 'Duchess of Malfi' to Lord Berkeley, takes still higher ground. 'I am confident,' he says, 'this work is not unworthy your honour's perusal; for by such poems as this poets have kissed the hands of great princes, and drawn their gentle eyes to look down upon their sheets of paper, when the poets themselves were bound up in their winding sheets.' Such words go far to redeem the honour of the professional writer, soiled by such as Gosson and Churchyard!

Nor were these the worst of the evils attendant upon patronage. To servility and effrontery was added fraud. We owe to Dekker an interesting exposure of the tricks played by cheating knaves upon unsuspecting patrons. These rogues first get small pamphlets printed—generally of matter filched from other writers. They then procure the names of some large number of gentry, print copies of a dedicatory epistle with a different patron's name to each; then go round, and obtain as many fees as possible for this single dedication and pamphlet. If the supposed dedicatee is suspicious, and makes

¹ See his noble, thoughtful epistles to Lord Keeper Egerton, and to the Bishop of Winchester, and his Funeral Poem on the Duke of Devonshire. 'Works,' i.

² Dedication of 'Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois,' 1613.

inquiries amongst the stationers or printers, the wily knaves are prepared for him. They have already distributed amongst the trade a number of copies of the work, but without the dedication—for which, of course, they are awaiting permission! ‘Thus the liberality of a nobleman or of a gentleman is abused; thus their bounty is brought into scorn and contempt: thus men are cheated of their bounty, giving much for that . . . which is common abroad and put away for base prices.’¹

There is another point of view to be considered—that of the patron himself. To him, it is clear, the endless importunity of struggling writers must have presented a serious dilemma. Amid so many, how decide between their claims? How benefit any considerable number in any practical way? Yet how distinguish between them? Here and there a patron of genuine taste, and sufficient leisure could find means of discriminating: here and there chance placed naturally under his protection a man of real genius. But it is obvious that, for one reason or another, many patrons were driven to distribute their benefits widely, rather than to concentrate them and thus confer lifelong benefit, and that many were content with a perfunctory response to direct appeals. Sir Philip Sidney stands out among the men of rank of his time as one whose bounty was always discriminating and generous. Yet, as we know, he was a poor man; constantly in difficulties for lack of means. It was the genuineness and discrimination of his love of literature which earned him such warm and un-

¹ ‘Lanthorn and Candlelight,’ ed. 1609. ‘Works,’ iii. 237.

qualified tributes, and he has come down to posterity as the one literary patron to whom, though no rich man, all writers unite in gratitude. Nor can we forget that it was undoubtedly his influence that gained for Spenser the favour of Lord Grey.

To the average young man of rank or wealth, unburdened with love of art or letters, the perpetual appeal of the professional writer must have been simply an unqualified nuisance. He bore with it, as a burden incident to rank and fashion; he even, to a certain extent, encouraged it as a recognition of his own superiority, but it was inevitable that much patronage should be most grudgingly bestowed. Nash was probably perfectly justified in his complaint that 'there is not that strickt observation of honour which hath bene heretofore. Men of great calling take it of merite to have their names eternized by poets; and whatsoever pamphlet or dedication encounters them, they put it up their sleeve and scarce give him thanks that presents it.'¹ Thorpe's satirical advice to Blount on the correct behaviour of a patron completely bears out Nash's words.² Patronage, as a refuge for the writer, was moribund.

It died hard. Struggling authors could not afford to let it die. They would 'hang upon a young heir like horse-leeches'; they followed up the tracks of gouty patrons as if 'hoping to wring some water from a flint'; they even descended to flattering and pandering to lackeys, in order to gain admission to the presence of an unwilling great

¹ 'Piers Penniles.' 'Works,' ii. 13.

² Dedication of Marlowe's 'Lucan.' 1600.

man. Generations of needy authors begged, starved, and passed away before the day when Swift pilloried their shameless insincerity in his inimitable bookseller's dedication to the 'Tale of a Tub.' Generations were to pass before Johnson gave the *coup de grâce* to the long tottering system, by his scornful retort to Lord Chesterfield. Even a quarter of a century after this the help which Crabbe received from Burke, and through Burke's good offices from Thurlow, shows that neither the need nor the possibility of occasional patronage had quite died out. Though no longer a necessity, to the writer of established fame, it will probably never be quite superseded as long as rich men are generous, and unknown writers poor.

PH. SHEAVYN.

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